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GREAT AMERICAN FOUNDRESSES

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GREAT AMERICAN FOUNDRESSES

BY

THE REV. JOSEPH B. CODE, MA., S.T.B.

ST. AMBROSE COLLEGE, DAVENPORT, IOWA

WITHDRAWN

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SET UP BY BROWN BROTHERS LINOTYPERS
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TO

MY MOTHER AND FATHER

In regard to all statements made in this work concerning the holiness of its characters, humble submission is acknowledged to the judgment of the Church and especially to the decrees of Urban VIII and other Sovereign Pontiffs.

FOREWORD

THE true measure of greatness is sanctity. Very often it requires but little ability to lead on earth a life of achievement, crowned with honor, fame, or even riches. But to weave into the pattern of everyday existence the thread of eternal glory, to give to the mortal things of life the triumph of immortality, this is sanctity, and the sanctity that turns the world-scarred cabins of the soul into palaces of the King. It is the greatness of the saints.

He only is great, says Lavater, who, "after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson, and 'tells neither father nor mother of it.'" Because of this silence the world knows little of its greatest men, and still less of its greatest women. If this is so in regard to life in general, how much more true is it of those whose lives are hidden with Christ in God?

Cardinal Newman tells us that "hid are the saints of God." Sometimes, however, it is good for us to lift the veil that hides them from our eyes so that we may see something of their greatness, something of their sanctity. From this glimpse of eternity we perceive the power of silence and the value of humility; we see the glorified state of those who on earth made themselves unknown for Christ. We realize that the failures in such lives were only in the seeming and that their triumphs alone remain. We see the victory of Calvary, and the majesty of Tabor. We behold God Himself!

To lift the veil that hides a number of America's greatest women is the purpose of this volume. While engaged

in the preparation of a work of a similar nature I was urged to select a few of the oustanding American foundresses and present their biographies within the covers of one book. The selection was by no means an easy one. Any attempt to compress in one volume all of this kind of American hagiography would be too great an undertaking. Hence a choice had to be made; not a narrowed choice, but one that might well display the beginnings of the American sisterhoods through the life stories of their foundresses. It was of necessity that a number of the biographies had to be omitted; they will be given treatment later in a second volume. Especially had I hoped to include that of Mother Katharine Drexel, foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People. The story of Mother Katharine's life reveals her as one of America's greatest women. But her humility prompted her to refuse the honor of having her biography appear with those "of the saintly women who have already passed to their eternal reward."

Three of the foundresses whose biographies follow lived and died on the banks of the St. Lawrence. But their zeal has reached across the boundaries of Canada into many sections of the United States, where the work of their spiritual daughters has made them known and venerated these many years past.

The student will find in this work no detailed references to the documents upon which each biography is builded. In this I have kept in mind the average reader who prefers an uninterrupted narrative, since it is for him that this work is principally intended. Yet each biography has been prepared from original documents in the archives of the respective community of each foundress. All of these documents are available for purposes of verification.

I deeply appreciate the coöperation of those who in any way contributed to this work. In many cases the records

were so meager that at first it seemed impossible to gather sufficient material to warrant a representative biography. Like many others who toiled in the building of the early American church, the sisters of those days were too intent upon the task at hand to leave in written form the testimony of their labors. But from the most jejune records which in some way or other refer to the past achievements of these women, it was possible, with the aid of certain sisters of the community claiming the subject of the study as their foundress, to construct the story of how God was with these pioneer American religious in all their undertakings. In some instances the material furnished was so complete and the arrangement of it so satisfactory that it is being presented in much the same form as it was submitted to me. With each of the following I gladly share any merit that might accrue from the propagation of *Great American Foundresses:*

Mother Dugas, Superior General of the Grey Nuns of Montreal; her assistant, Mother McKenna; as well as Mother Verecunda, of the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart, for the data on Mother d'Youville. Mother Seraphim of the Holy Spirit, Prioress of the Carmelite Monastery of Baltimore; and Mother Aloysius of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Prioress of the Bettendorf Carmel, for the information given in the Mother Clare Joseph Dickinson biography. Mother Paula, Superior of the American Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul; and Sister Mary Augustine, both of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, for the Mother Seton material. Sister Mary Antonella, Loretto Mother House, Nerinx, Kentucky, for the matter that went to make up the Mother Mary Rhodes chapter. Mother Catherine, Superior General of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth; Sister Mary Joseph; and Sister Mary Ignatius, all of the Nazareth Mother House, Nazareth, Kentucky, for the Mother Catherine Spalding

biography. Mother Jane Frances, Superior of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation, for the facts about Mother Teresa Lalor's life. Mother Marjory Erskine, of the Maryville College of the Sacred Heart, St. Louis, whose notable work, *Mother Philippine Duchesne*, is the classic biography of the foundress of the American Religious of the Sacred Heart, for the chapter on this sainted woman. Mother Bernadette; and Sister Mary Bernard, of St. Catherine's Dominican Convent, Springfield, Kentucky, for the Mother Angela Sansbury material. Sister Mary Lambertina, of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of St. Joseph's Convent, Mount Carmel, Dubuque, Iowa, whose book, *In the Early Days*, provided the chapter on Mother Clarke. Mother M. Raphael, Superior General of the Sisters of Providence of St. Mary of the Woods; and Sister M. Viola, of the same community, for the Mother Theodore Guerin data. Mother Vincent Ferrer, Provincial Superior of the Sisters of Charity of Providence, Seattle, Washington, for the Mother Gamelin information. Sister Ignatia, of Manchester, New Hampshire, and Sister Mary Dolores, of New York City, both of the Sisters of Mercy, for the Mother Warde material. Sister Mary Gilbert, of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, for the data on Mother Durocher. Mother Mary Felix, American Provincial of the Religious of the Holy Child Jesus, Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania, for the biography of Mother Connelly. Sister Angela Lincoln, of the Ursulines of Montana, for the valuable information about her colaborer in Montana and Alaska, Mother Mary Amadeus of the Heart of Jesus. And finally Mother Rose Huber, for the material that made possible the chapter on Mother Alhponsa Lathrop, of the Dominican Sisters, Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer.

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Foundation, for their courtesy in allowing me to use material for which they hold the copyright.

To the Right Reverend Henry P. Rohlman, D.D., Bishop of Davenport, and my Ordinary, I wish to express my gratitude for the honor he has done me in writing the Introduction to this volume.

The life story of a faithful servant of God has often been the starting point in holiness for some of the world's greatest saints. I hope that the account of these women, great and saintly all, will stir up in countless souls a like courage; that it will fill their lamps with a divine love to light the way of the Bridegroom in a world that is dark with sin and sorrow.

THE AUTHOR.

March 25, 1929.
Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary
St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa.

INTRODUCTION

THE inventions and discoveries of the past one hundred years have wrought great changes in the daily life of the present generation. But nowhere have the changes been more apparent than in our own United States. Where to-day the latest conveniences of living and travel have revolutionized the daily program of the average American, a century ago a simple existence was eked out in cabins of logs amid the maze of virgin forests. Hence it is good for us who live in a world of comforts and pleasures undreamed of by our forefathers to consider the significance of this great change, especially in its effect upon our spiritual being. The life stories of the men and women of pioneer days in the New World are not only full of interest and edification, but they are in reality spiritual sedatives which tend to keep us self-possessed and clear-visioned in the dizzy and distracting activities of modern movements. There was, indeed, action aplenty in the old days; but then the occupations and absorbing interests of men were of a sort to strengthen character, to harden against fatigue and suffering, to spur on to generous labor and self-sacrifice. The account of the heroic men and women who dared and labored under circumstances that developed the finest qualities of soul cannot but inspire the men and women of our own day to emulation.

Among the truly great women of pioneer days none are more deserving of niches in the Hall of Fame than those who were the foundresses of religious communities for women in early America. The biographies of some of the

saintly women have been written at length by competent and sympathetic historians. But of others, little has been recorded and little told. It was a happy thought, indeed, that inspired Father Code to gather up the fragments of the life stories of the little known and to present them with the accounts of those whose achievements have already been told at greater length. Within one volume he has in this way made accessible to all the wonderful story of practically every one of our great American foundresses. In his foreword the author declares: "To lift the veil that hides a number of America's greatest women is the purpose of this volume." This is a laudable purpose, and one that deserves special commendation.

The sixteen chapters of this book tell of sixteen valiant women of profound faith, ceaseless activity, heroic self-sacrifice, and inspiring holiness. If it is true that examples rather than words impel to invitation, here is a volume that should do much good for the Church in America.

This work, no doubt, will be well received in many quarters. Members of all religious communities will welcome a book compressing within the covers of one volume information they have often desired concerning sisterhoods other than their own. For these pen pictures do reveal the spirit of each foundress and, as a consequence, give much of the spirit of her own respective institute. Moreover, the spiritual daughters of the one whose biography has been accorded a place in this symposium will be happy to see included therein the life of her whom they have learned to venerate as a mother. To all religious, however, the reading of these chapters will give an impetus to renewed efforts in their strivings for personal sanctification and in their zeal for the salvation of souls. For this book is not a mere collection of names and dates and isolated facts; it is far more than that. It is an intimate revelation of the inner workings of truly great souls, whose ambitions, hopes, failures,

disappointments, sorrows and joys are told simply and briefly. And what is more inspiring than the simple story of a great soul!

Priests, especially, will find this book useful. How often is not information asked of them about certain sisterhoods, their purpose, work, rule, and spirit! Here, then, is a book of facts of the right sort, for it not only informs, but at the same time inspires sympathetic understanding and enthusiasm.

But this work's chief claim for recognition is, undoubtedly, the boon it offers to priests and sisters alike in their efforts to awaken and encourage vocations to the religious life. That there is a great need for such inspiration and encouragement no one will deny. Many a parish priest realizes full well this truth when he endeavors to open a new school or tries to secure additional sisters for the one already established. Often he finds his efforts fruitless, because of the lack of laborers in the service of the Savior! There is not a religious community in America to-day that is not praying for more vocations. Many more sisters are needed, not only to meet the demands created by the erection of new institutions of charity and learning, but also to answer the calls for additional subjects to replace in those already established the laborers who have spent their lives for the Master. We may hope that *Great American Foundresses* will do an apostolic work in inspiring many young women to give their lives to their Blessed Lord and Savior in some religious household.

The laity, too, will profit by the reading of these intensely interesting biographies of American women. Not only will they come to a better understanding of a sister's life, but they will more fully realize the facts that the hardships and privations and sacrifices which our forefathers suffered for the sake of religion in the pioneer days of our country were borne bravely and gladly because of their intense love of

Jesus Christ and their unshakable faith in the divine mission of His Church.

We trust that the zealous labors that have produced this timely book will yield an abundant harvest in many hearts, of faith and hope and selfless love.

✠ Henry P. Rohlman
Bishop of Davenport

The Bishop's House, Davenport
March 19, 1929
Feast of Saint Joseph

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GREAT AMERICAN FOUNDRESSES

MOTHER D'YOUVILLE

OF THE GREY NUNS OF MONTREAL

To an age which yields homage to the hidden Saint of Lisieux sheltered in her cloister home, to the humble Curé D'Ars of quiet countryside, and to the ecstatic Apostle of devotion of the Divine Heart of Paray-le-Monial, the figure of Venerable Mother d'Youville, as she braved the perils of early Canadian life, struggled with governors and King in the interests of her beloved poor, and served humanity with invincible love and patience in its countless needs, presents at first a sharp contrast. Reflection, however, reveals the similarity that characterizes all lovers of the Crucified. The Little Flower's burning desire to spend herself in service was, in the providence of God, actualized in the career of Mother d'Youville. The gentle priest of the lowly shared with her his eagerness to spread God's Word among the poor. And finally, Saint Margaret Mary had in her an ardent disciple who was a pioneer in introducing into Montreal the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Mother d'Youville was of heroic ancestry. Her father, Christopher Dufrost de Lajammerais, a gentleman of Brittany who had come to Canada in the service of the French King, was distinguished in the campaigns then directed against the deadly Iroquois. Honors came to him rapidly, for his name was synonymous with loyalty, truth, and courage. Letters to the mother country spoke of him in high praise. The Marchioness of Vaudreuil, wife of the governor-general, writing to the minister of marine, said: "M. de Lajammerais has served with distinction in the war against the Iroquois, running the risk many times of being

taken prisoner and burnt alive by these barbarians." He fought his way to a lieutenancy, and in January, 1701, this intrepid soldier was united in marriage with Marie, the daughter of René Gauthier de Varennes. Her grandfather, Pierre Boucher de Boucherville, was formerly Governor of Three Rivers, to which position De Varennes succeeded, shortly after his daughter's marriage. Thus were united families distinguished for public service, and to their children were bequeathed those sterling qualities that make for good citizenship. Two of the sons of this marriage became priests and another accompanied their celebrated uncle, the explorer, Pierre Gauthier de Varennes, who discovered the Red River and the Assiniboine. The Grey Nuns, founded by the niece of this explorer, arrived one hundred years later, in 1844, on the banks of the Red River to devote their lives to the service of the poor Indians. Three daughters were born of this marriage, Marie Louise, who married Ignace Gamelin, Marie Clemence, who became Madame Gamelin Maugras, and Marie Marguerite, later to become one of America's great foundresses. The first great-grandson, known as Archbishop Taché, was the first to be elevated to the archepiscopal dignity in Manitoba. In the words of Count de Palys, he "added to the honor of the old Breton lineage of the de Lajammerais family the lofty distinction of a prince of the Church."

Into this noble, pious family, the Foundress of the Grey Nun Congregation, Marie Marguerite Dufrost de Lajammerais, was born on October 15, 1701. God watched carefully over her early formation, framing at once the nature of her environment and the tenderly wise desires of her mother to arouse in the child early in life the love of God and of His poor, united with unfailing fidelity to duty. When she was but seven years of age, her father died, leaving Madame de Lajammerais to wage daily battle with the proverbial wolf at the door. Through the influence of the

governor-general, the Marquis de Vandreuil, she obtained from the French King a pension of fifty pounds, the usual grant to officers' widows. Monsieur Raudot, the Intendant, and other friends came to her rescue, and through their assistance Madame de Lajammerais was able to send her eldest child, Marie Marguerite, to the Ursuline Convent in Quebec for two years.

The little girl, though but eleven years of age, left her home bravely to study far from the mother and the people she loved so fondly. How her mother must have missed the sweet little companion of her sorrows and her joys, the child-woman whose inherent might of soul was already manifesting itself in self-sacrifice and thought of others. Her teachers grew to love the girl. In the annals of the Ursuline Nuns of Quebec is contained the following:

> One of the most distinguished of our pupils of that period was Mademoiselle Dufrost de Lajammerais. She came to us in her eleventh year, gentle, religious, candid, and intelligent; and soon she won the sympathy of us all. She never lost a moment herself, and if she noticed less assiduity among her companions, she merely said: "These young ladies are better off than I. I have no father and my poor mother is anxiously awaiting my return home." Whereupon she redoubled her activity in her studies. . . . After remaining with us for two years, Mademoiselle de Lajammerais returned to her home, where her mother needed that angel of consolation.

In the light of future events, the following excerpt from the same annals has peculiar significance:

> From some mysterious intuition of the future life of Mademoiselle de Lajammerais, one of her teachers gave her "The Holy Way of the Cross," by Father Boudon, thus preparing her for the life of suffering that awaited her.

When she had returned home, she proved a source of comfort and strength to her mother and so wise a little counselor of brothers and sisters that her biographer, Father Sattin, remarks that it would be difficult to realize to what an extent she lightened her mother's task in the care of the other children. Her gifts, her sound judgment, her serious evaluation of life, won for her the respect and the confidence of all; while the simplicity of her manners, the sweetness of her disposition, and the extreme kindness of her heart which could leave unalleviated no suffering she met, made her a magnetic personality destined to achieve great things in her service of her neighbor.

As a young woman, her charm made her a social leader among the young people of Varennes. Many admirers sought her hand in marriage, and in 1722 she became the wife of Monsieur Francis-Magdalen d'Youville. He possessed a large fortune and was considered one of the handsomest men of Montreal. Quite naturally therefore her friends, at the wedding which took place in the parish church in Montreal August 12, predicted a life of happiness for the young bride. But bitter disappointment awaited her; instead of happiness in her new life, she found only sorrow and humiliation. Dwelling far from her own family, in the home of a mother-in-law so irritable through age that visitors were practically excluded from the house, the young bride was as solitary as a nun in her cloister, continual association with a peevish and capricious old lady not tending to enliven it. The mother-in-law died at the end of a few years, leaving a considerable fortune. Madame d'Youville looked for happier days now, but God had another cross in store for her. Her husband squandered in frivolity not only his own fortune but hers as well, so that she was obliged to have recourse to manual labor to support her family. Monsieur d'Youville was of a cold nature, and looked with equal indifference on the distress he caused his wife and on the

bodily infirmities to which she was subjected. Madame d'Youville bore all with unfailing patience. Not only she never reproached her husband, but she even preserved intact her kindness toward him.

At first she did not know the sweetness of adversity; but after five years of married life, won by the secret inspiration of grace, convinced at last that God alone was her consolation and support, she determined to renounce wholly the vanities of the world and to embrace a devout life. For this purpose, she placed herself under the direction of Monsieur de Lescoat, a Sulpician and the parish priest of Montreal, whom Providence had selected to be her guide on the road of perfection.

She had been leading this life of perfection for three years when her husband died unexpectedly on July 4, 1730, leaving her burdened with debts and the care of their two boys, sole survivors of six children. Nothing could embitter her soul or shake her confidence in God. She set to work with characteristic energy, opened a small store, and, while watching over the education of her sons, both of whom God honored by calling them to the priesthood, she paid off the debts left by her husband and gave unremitting consolation and material assistance to the poor, the sick, the prisoners, even courageously soliciting alms to bury criminals. Every morning she heard mass; every afternoon she visited the Blessed Sacrament. Deeper and deeper grew her tender love of the Eternal Father, a devotion that remains to this day with her Grey Nun daughters a cherished legacy of spiritual treasure.

One day, when talking over her heavy debts and other anxieties with her director, Monsieur de Lescoat, he said: "Be consoled, child. God calls you to do a great work, and to raise up a falling house." His words were a prophecy. The great work was the founding of her Congregation; the falling house was the General Hospital of Montreal,

restored by her and now known from coast to coast. Father de Lescoat died in 1733, and another Sulpician became the promoter of his apostolate, one whose name is forever blessed and revered by the Grey Nuns, the venerated Father Louis Normant. Of clear vision, keen prudence, calm judgment, and sound virtue, he was fitted to be the interpreter of God's will to Madame d'Youville in the series of trials her Eternal Father sent her. Father Normant agreed with the decision of his predecessor that Madame d'Youville was the instrument prepared by Divine Providence to rebuild the General Hospital, at that time under the care of the five surviving members of a Community of Hospitalers founded by Monsieur Charon forty years before, a charitable association now on the verge of ruin.

With the advice of her director, Madame d'Youville received into her home on December 31, 1737, several poor persons. This movement appealed to Mademoiselle Louise Thamur-Lasource, the daughter of a Montreal physician. Two other young women followed soon, Mesdemoiselles Catherine Cusson and Catherine Demers. Firm in their purpose and encouraged by the approbation of Father Normant who, as vicar-general, spoke in the name of the Bishop of Quebec, they rented a house and, with five poor persons, took possession of it, October 31, 1738.

Their first act in their new home was to kneel before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, begging her to accept their promise to serve to the end of their lives the most abandoned members of her Divine Son. A prayer and a few words of encouragement from Father Normant concluded the simple ceremony which constituted the humble beginning of the Grey Nuns of to-day.

In the rule of the Congregation it is written that no work shall prosper save under the shadow of the Cross. Such was the legacy left the Grey Nuns by their Foundress, whose life from childhood to the grave was marked by

suffering, trial and sorrow. The little Congregation was made at once the object of persecution. The sisters were ridiculed, even stoned in the streets. On one occasion, the Sacraments were denied them. The citizens drew up a petition to the Minister of Marine, protesting against Madame d'Youville and her foundation, a petition which had been signed by Monsieur de Beauharnais, the Governor, and the principal citizens of Montreal. Meekly, humbly, charitably, the Grey Nuns pursued their work, ever increasing the amount of their help to the poor. The opposition was allayed and difficulties seemed to be vanishing, when Madame d'Youville was reduced to inactivity by an infection of the knee. Only after seven years was she miraculously cured, as was testified by her companions.

The death of Sister Catherine Cusson proved a new trial, while the serious illness of Father Normant, following soon after, put to a severe test the trust of Madame d'Youville in Divine Providence. However, her confidence in no way abated, she made a special promise to the Eternal Father for the recovery of the friend and protector of the little community, and he was almost instantly cured. To fulfill her promise, Madame d'Youville ordered from France a painting of the Eternal Father which is still extant and cherished in the Grey Nunnery of Montreal.

Scarcely had her joy quieted when the house of the sisters was completely destroyed by fire during the night of January 31, 1745, leaving the inmates without a roof to shelter them. While the flames devoured the home, Madame d'Youville, as a real mother of the poor, apparently unconscious of the suffering she endured, standing barefoot in the snow, gathered the poor unfortunate ones around her and tried to comfort them. Up to that day, the sisters had retained personal possession of their goods, using in common only the income from their sewing. Standing in the snow, gazing on the smoking ruins that January

night, Madame d'Youville said to her companions: "We have lived in too much ease. Perhaps we have been too fond of earthly comforts. For the future, let us live more poorly, holding all in common." Two days after, the act of renouncement was drawn up and signed by Madame d'Youville and her companions. It is still kept in the archives of the Hospital and is signed by each sister making profession. It registers the promise to leave the world, to devote life and time and labor to the care of the poor, to transfer to them all worldly possessions, and to live bound by charity and obedience under a common rule.

Monsieur Fonblanche, a rich merchant of the town, provided the sisters at once with a house. Other charitable persons gave them beds and all urgently needed furniture, while the Seminary supplied them with food for over fifteen months. In a short time, the house proved too small for themselves and the poor they received, and so they moved to a larger one which they rented for three years. Monsieur de Beaucourt, Governor of Montreal, who had always opposed Madame d'Youville's institution, decided to take this same house as his residence. With no excuse save that the house was better adapted for a governor's home than for a hospital, he ordered the sisters to leave, threatening to call out the troops if they resisted. They were obliged to yield, accepting temporary shelter from a kind friend, Madame de Lacorne. They settled finally in a house near the parish church of Notre Dame.

While the sisters were struggling against misunderstanding and injustice meted out to them by the civil authorities, Father Normant was using his influence to increase their field of usefulness by obtaining for them the direction of the General Hospital. He had explained, on several occasions, to the Governor-General and the Intendant, how much good would thereby accrue to the people of Montreal. Powerful influences, however, were at work against him.

He was accused of dissuading young men from joining the Community of Hospitalers. This was an absurd charge, for the brotherhood had been forbidden for years to receive new members, because it was incapable of imparting the religious spirit to novices, even of providing them with necessary sustenance. Father Normant's battle and that of Madame d'Youville was wearisome. A journey to Quebec to visit governor or intendant was a serious undertaking; a reference to Versailles, appealing to the King, meant a delay of five or six months. But both were employed. Louis XV, however, was not eager to establish a new community of nuns in Canada, for, were it not self-supporting, it might tax the royal purse strings.

Tedious correspondence and wearisome delays finally drove the authorities in Canada to desperate action. When the news that the new governor had been made prisoner by the English reached them, they accepted the Hospitalers' resignation and offered Madame d'Youville the temporary administration of the Hospital with the promise, however, that if she accepted they would use their influence with the King to have the institution placed permanently in her charge. She was to receive, and account for, the revenues of the Hospital. The repairs that were deemed necessary in the judgment of experts were to be made; and she, her companions, their poor, and the two aged brothers, survivors of the Hospitalers and left to the care of sisters, were to be provided for out of the revenues of the Hospital at the public expense.

On entering on the administration of the Hospital, Madame d'Youville had more than twelve hundred panes of glass restored to the windows. She then began to provide clothing for the poor and to prepare wards for the aged, for incurables, for the orphans, for epileptics, for soldiers, for the insane, in fine for all classes of sufferers who appealed to her for relief. Her large-hearted charity knew

no bounds. She realized that no refuge existed for fallen women; they too had souls for which the Savior died. Madame d'Youville had twelve rooms in the upper part of the Hospital prepared for this purpose. No threat, no menace, evoked by this action of hers, influenced her in any way. Among other instances of her intrepidity is that related by her son, Reverend Charles d'Youville. A soldier, enraged at finding the unhappy victim of his passions taken from him, went to the Hospital, armed, intending to kill Madame d'Youville. One of the community warned her, begging her to seek safety in flight; but she went directly to meet the youth whom her unassuming yet courageous air so completely intimidated that he withdrew without even speaking to her.

So entirely did Madame d'Youville transform the Hospital that many ladies in comfortable circumstances requested the privilege of living there as boarders.

As yet the sisters dressed as secular persons, but in reality they were religious. The hours of rising and retiring to rest, the observance of silence, vocal and mental prayer, reading and other spiritual exercises, the common table, the service of the poor—all were regulated with precision. In their intercourse with one another, the sisters were cordial, deferential, and courteous; toward strangers, considerate and kind. In the difficult matter of paying visits, they allowed themselves to be guided by the prudent counsels of her, more mother than superior, to whom they yielded implicit obedience. They exercised continual humility of heart and mortification of the senses, the root and source of the highest virtue. A holy emulation in the path of religious perfection produced that childlike and candid simplicity that banishes affectation and egoism. The esteem in which they held poverty, obedience, and chastity was such that they had privately bound themselves by vow to strictest observance of these virtues. They kept alive these excellent

dispositions by frequent retreats, by fidelity to spiritual exercises, and by the daily practice of virtue. Their exemplary lives and, above all, their charitable devotion to the service of the poor, were the causes which led to the consideration and respect that all now felt for Madame d'Youville and her companions.

Perhaps no other period in the life of this venerable foundress shows to better advantage her splendid courage in the face of difficulties, her implicit confidence in the Eternal Father, than the time of storm and strife consequent upon her taking possession, even though but temporarily, of the General Hospital. The neglect, misunderstanding, and injustice with which the authorities treated her, met from her such determined gentleness, patient perseverance, and undaunted persistency that only one who labored for God's love alone could have displayed such magnanimity.

Her far-visioned plans, with the scope of the improvements implied, frightened the authorities both in Canada and at the Court. Monsieur Bigot, the new intendant, had visited the Hospital on his arrival and had expressed his satisfaction in everything he saw. Some time later, however, realizing the hostile attitude of the Court toward new communities and influenced to no small extent by the libertines of Montreal, he made up his mind to expel Madame d'Youville and her companions from the Hospital. The Court, influenced by economic reasons, desired the union of the General Hospital of Quebec with the Hôtel Dieu of the same city, and the corresponding union in Montreal. The Bishop, desiring to safeguard old communities, sought a middle course in the fusion of the Hospital of Montreal with that of Quebec.

Father Normant, ever on the alert, learned what was going forward, and petitioned at once the Bishop, the Governor-General, and the Intendant, explaining the serious

loss to the poor of Montreal that such an action would entail. The Bishop was won and promised to write the French Minister. The Governor-General, Monsieur de Lajonquière, did not take an active interest in the affair but allowed the Intendant, Monsieur Bigot, to rule the situation. Monsieur Bigot's determination to effect the union was impeturbable. Just a glance at his daring interpretation of Court orders assures us that he was ready to risk much to insure Madame d'Youville's loss. The French Minister's reply authorized the union of the hospitals in the name of His Majesty, but did not authorize the sale of buildings and possessions of the General Hospital and the surrender of the proceeds to the Quebec Community. The Minister's letter to the Bishop of Quebec was even more vague: "If the Quebec Hospital suffices not for all the sick in the colony, the Montreal Hospital may be reduced to an infirmary in care of two or three nuns from Quebec." However decision marked the Canadian, if not the Court, authorities. The former, boldly construing the Court orders, even beyond the phrases used, decreed the suppression of the Montreal Hospital. An ordinance to this effect was signed on October 15, 1750, but with subtle skill the public proclamation was postponed until the last boat of the year had sailed for France. On November 23, 1750, the public crier published it in the streets of Montreal with the solemnity of drums and trumpets attendant on such an occasion. The ordinance ruled that all the property, movable and immovable, of the General Hospital be transferred to the Religious of the Hospital of Quebec. These latter were to have the privilege of selling the buildings at Montreal with all movables of too little value to be transported to Quebec.

The morning of the proclamation Madame d'Youville had gone to make some purchases at the market. As she

returned, she was astounded to hear her name repeated several times by the public crier. She listened and learned the decree. It was a heavy blow, a public humiliation, an apparent overthrow of all the efforts she had made. Yet her heroic soul received the new cross calmly, submissively, patiently. Hers was the dynamic force of the electric current, silent, invisible, but irresistible, for she trusted God.

The people, now thoroughly appreciative of her efforts, murmured loudly against the authorities. A petition, drawn up by Father Normant, was signed at once by the principal citizens of Montreal, the Governor, Monsieur de Longueuil, the priests of the Seminary, the King's lieutenant, the mayor, the officers and magistrates, all eager to emphasize the expression of injustice done the poor by removing the Hospital built for their use, and that inflicted on the founders and benefactors by frustrating the good work to which they had contributed. The illegality of the ordinance was explained in the petition, for, ten years before the Hospital was originally established, Louis XIV had promised that it should be permanent in Montreal and that it could not be converted into any other pious work than that contemplated at the time of its foundation.

Indefatigable in her firm, though gentle, resistance to injustice, Madame d'Youville undertook a journey to Quebec, though the distance was long, traveling difficult, and the weather inclement. She was favorably received by the Governor-General who acknowledged he had signed the ordinance in deference to Monsieur Bigot, without realizing the injustice done the poor of Montreal. He wrote soon after, in this tenor, to the French Minister. Monsieur Bigot, however, remained unchanged. He treated her harshly and unjustly, declining to accept her accounts, and demanding that she sow the crops on the farms belonging to the Hospital before surrendering them to the religious of

Quebec. Madame d'Youville wrote the Bishop, but his only suggestion was to appeal to the King.

Meanwhile, during those trying weeks of apparently fruitless effort, Madame d'Youville and her companions saw all their movable goods, worth the expense of transportation, packed up and dispatched to Quebec. Yet they showed no diminution of their patient perseverance in a good cause, or of their humble unswerving trust in Divine Providence. Nor did God fail them.

The Court, for so long silent, spoke at length, July 2, 1751; a message was received by the governor-general and the Intendant, commanding that the sale of the Hospital be suspended, and stating that the government of Quebec had, in the ordinance of the preceding October, gone beyond the King's wishes.

This favorable change was brought about by Monsieur Conturier, superior-general of the Sulpician Fathers in Paris. As Seigneur of the island of Montreal, he deemed it his duty to maintain the General Hospital since the Seminary had originally given the land on the condition that the grounds and buildings should revert to the Seminary, were the Hospital ever closed. The superior-general enjoyed the King's confidence, and his assurance that the debt owed by the Hospital had been discharged satisfied His Majesty. The King's Letters patent, dated from Versailles, June 3, 1753, enjoined:

> That Madame d'Youville and her companions shall replace the Hospitaler Brothers in the charge and direction of the General Hospital of Montreal and in the enjoyment of all the rights and privileges which had been granted to the Brotherhood by the King's Letters patent, dated April 15, 1694:
>
> That the ladies administering the Hospital shall be twelve in number, amongst whom the different offices of the house shall, under the Bishop's authority, be dis-

tributed; and that new subjects shall be approved by him before their admission; that the administrators shall retain the right to their own property:

That they shall receive from the Bishop a rule of life; and in health and in sickness they shall be supported at the expense of the house.

This last clause was inserted at the request of Madame d'Youville who saw in separation of funds for the support of the ladies administering the Hospital and of the funds for the poor, a temptation for her companions to be too zealous to increase the community's means, to the detriment of the poor. Madame d'Youville, feeling the necessity of an inclosure for the Hospital, appealed with characteristic energy to the citizens. Every one aided, some giving skilled labor, others helping in carting and rougher work. Madame d'Youville and her companions carried stones and mortar. A wall 3600 feet in length was begun in May, 1754, and finished within four years. Madame d'Youville enlarged the Hospital by building a new wing, the church becoming the center of the structure; to the church, she added a sanctuary.

While these improvements were in progress, Bishop de Pontbriand made his pastoral visit to the house that, by a solemn act of episcopal authority, he might form Madame d'Youville's association into a religious community. The Bishop ratified her position of superior, decreed that there should be an assistant superior, and ordained both the establishment of a community room for the sisters and the appointment of a single confessor, save at the ember days. The rule Father Normant had given Madame d'Youville and her associates in 1745, in conformity with which they had lived ever since, the Bishop approved, placing his seal on the document containing it.

Some time before, with the advice of Father Normant, Madame d'Youville had devised a costume to be adopted

by the community; she now presented it to the Bishop who gave it his immediate sanction. It consisted of a gray camlet gown fastened by a cincture of black cloth, a black merino domino covering the head and shoulders, a simple cap of black gauze to shade the face, a ring and a cross of silver which completed the ordinary costume.

On August 25, 1755, Father Normant, now ecclesiastical superior of the new community, officiated at the first ceremony of clothing in Madame d'Youville's congregation. Ten constituted the first group of "Grey Nuns," and the public veneration and esteem was equaled only by the graceful expression of gratitude shown by Madame d'Youville to all who had aided her and her companions.

The Bishop, writing Madame d'Youville shortly after, addressed her as "Superior of the Ladies of Charity," remarking that the public would surely approve. As if by acclamation, however, the people clung to the more affectionate epithet of "Sisters of Charity" or the simple, even more familiar, "Grey Nuns."

The limited number of twelve was foreseen at once as insufficient for the future. The Bishop provided that the number should be increased as circumstances and the development of the community rendered it advisable.

To turn from exterior circumstances where the loveliness and strength of Madame d'Youville are apparent, to a direct consideration of herself may be appropriate. It was not her tall majestic stature, her comely well-cast features, her rich, finely colored complexion, that impressed most deeply those who met her; but her glance, keen but kind, full of grave sweetness, her modest, refined demeanor, her cordial warmth of heart and keen intuition. Her judgment was extremely practical; she was ever open to sound reasoning. She inclined to reflection rather than to speech. Tender, generous, she was always sympathetic with others, yet with that wise affection that can counsel sternly if severity

be required. Of her too might it be said: "Affability in no way weakened her authority; nor did severity on her part lessen love for her." Her piety was at once simple and staunch, for God had destined her to be a mother of the afflicted and abandoned. She was the strong woman of the Bible, opening her hands to the needy and stretching out her arms to the poor. Her trials strengthened her spirit and she brought to her work will power, zeal, and devotion that none but heroic souls can offer.

She spent her days in serving the poor unflinchingly; she gave the greater part of many a night to labor and to prayer.

One day, as she was busy, in very humble attire, making candles, the Intendant came to visit the convent. His approach was announced to her so that she might have time to rearrange her garb. She judged however that it would not be courteous to keep the Intendant waiting and appeared at once in his presence, gracefully excusing herself by saying that, had the notice of his visit preceded him, she would have taken care to be better prepared; that she could nevertheless receive his commands just as well in her working costume as if she were more carefully attired.

The sisters who lived with Mother d'Youville found invariable happiness in listening to her words. But one of her biographers adds:

> We should not think that the charm of Mother d'Youville's conversation or the tender affection she exhibited toward the Sisters diminished in the least her attention to their spiritual advancement or interfered with her solicitude for maintaining order and regularity in the Congregation.

Her life of toil was supernaturalized wholly, and the love that she bestowed on all around her she drew from the Heart of Our Lord to Whom she consecrated each day in

her morning meditation—or, rather, in her meditation that continued unbroken throughout her every day, for Mother d'Youville beheld God in all things and all things in God with a lively sense of the Divine Presence. Reverend M. Clément says:

> The great centre of the interior life of Mother d'Youville was the Eternal Father. In her communications with God, she had learned that the essential character of her Institute was a participation in this Divine Paternity, the supreme source of all charity, of tender solicitude, and of compassion which should ever animate her daughters in their labours.

With this spirit, her inner life glowed; by it, her outer life was vitalized. Like all the saints, Mother d'Youville had a special devotion to the Passion of Our Lord and she has left her children the daily invocation *O Crux, ave, Spes unica* as a part of their devotions of rule. She was a pioneer of the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Montreal. In 1749, a confraternity was established at the Hospital, carrying to the Western continent the glow of Paray-le-Monial. She placed an image of the Sacred Heart on the cross of silver with which she completed the religious habit of her Congregation.

Like Saint Teresa, she appointed Our Lady first superior of her community, confiding to her the keys of the Hospital, and entrusted the temporal interests of her Institute to Saint Joseph, its principal purveyor, who responded to her filial confidence with extraordinary favors. She was wont to come from prayer, inflamed with a love of God that must prove itself in love of fellow man. God was no abstract Being for her; He was her Father in heaven, her Master, close to her every moment. Her short, burning exhortations to her sisters renewed daily their generous spirit.

No crisis could daunt her high courage. When, in 1745, smallpox broke out and war levied its awful toll on life and health, Mother d'Youville threw open the doors of her Hospital to the sufferers. The expenditures consequent upon her generosity soared far beyond the receipts. To cancel the deficit, Mother d'Youville invited ladies to reside in the house as boarders. The high esteem now felt for her throughout Montreal, her charm of manner, and the delicacy with which she exercised the charity that reigned supreme in her character, drew many in answer to her invitation. Mother d'Youville and the sisters devoted all their free time to needlework and their earnings were the principal source of revenue for the convent. No labor was refused, so that it became a saying, when anything difficult was to be done: "Take it to the Grey Nuns." They supplied clothing and tents to the troops, made clothes for the Indians to be exchanged for furs, made altar breads and wax candles for the churches, bought tobacco in the leaf and prepared it for the market, sold lime, building stone, and sand, had cattle grazing in their fields, rented all possible outbuildings, employed a boat owned by the community as a ferry, in a word, neglected nothing that might turn to the profit of the poor.

Though thrift was an art with Mother d'Youville, avarice never swayed her. Employees were well paid and, to render them more contented, she was wont at certain times to make them handsome presents. This modest woman of two hundred years ago, who made the Golden Rule the philosophy of her life, might demonstrate to twentieth-century social economists the principles underlying peace between capital and labor, even perhaps offer a program.

Anecdotes abound, revealing Mother d'Youville's practical charity. In 1757, she learned that an Englishman had been captured by the Indian allies of France and, fearing

that he might be burned alive according to savage custom, she ransomed him for two hundred livres. He became a very faithful servant at the Hospital, acting as infirmarian of the sick Englishmen.

A little Irish girl with her mother was rescued from the very post to which they were tied to be burned. The child, educated at the convent, later became a Grey Nun.

Frequently parties of Englishmen, pursued by the French and hostile Indians, found themselves hemmed in by the walls of the town on one side and the river on the other. Their only hope was to take refuge in the Hospital where help ever awaited them from the sisters whose mission was charity to all. Often Mother d'Youville had the fugitives hidden in the vaults of the church until a favorable moment could be found for their escape.

On one occasion, a young English soldier, closely pursued by an Indian, took refuge within the walls of the convent. He dashed up the stairs leading to the community room where Mother d'Youville was working on a tent. She saw him enter, suspected the truth, and lifted the immense tent in her arms, motioning him to drop beneath it. Hardly had she spread it over him, when the Indian, tomahawk in hand, rushed in. Mother d'Youville calmly pointed to an open door leading in the opposite direction. Thinking the fugitive had escaped that way, the savage darted through the door down the stairs, along the passage, and out. The young Englishman did not forget, in the months that followed, what he owed Mother d'Youville. Two years later, his general, newly arrived, mistaking the wall of the Hospital for an intrenchment, ordered it to be bombarded. The young officer leaped forward. "General, you do not know who are living in that house. It is the home of noble and generous women who have often saved the lives of our men, nursed them, dressed their wounds, and restored them to health. I would have been the victim of an Indian's

rage, had not the Superior of that convent saved my life." The order was suspended and six officers were dispatched to the Hospital to find out the truth of the recital. Mother d'Youville received them with her wonted courtesy, showed them the wards of the Hospital, especially that of the English prisoners, and ordered refreshments for her guests. The officers returned to their general, pleased with their reception, bearing a respectful admiration for the splendid woman they had met who saw, in friend and foe alike, the image of her Maker.

Famine accompanied the war. The sisters curtailed their own supplies that the poor might not suffer. All eyes, as ever, were turned to the Reverend Mother. Her confidence never faltered; she exhibited unflagging courage and knew how to inspire it in the hearts about her. One day, when the sisters had neither bread nor money, they found, on entering the refectory, several barrels of fine wheaten flour. To quote a reliable writer:

> They did not know, nor could they even suspect, whence this assistance came. They looked upon it therefore as a miraculous intervention of Divine Providence. Mother d'Youville said simply, "How admirable is Divine Providence! Though ever on the eve of extreme need, we always have at least what is necessary."

Several eyewitnesses of the miraculous find attested, after the death of Mother d'Youville, the impossibility of transporting barrels of flour even into the building, much less into the sisters' refectory, without detection, with the number of people always moving about a crowded hospital. Neither the nuns nor the priests of the Seminary, whose kindness often aided the sisters, ever knew how the supplies reached their destination.

During those stirring times that ended in the surrender

of Canada to the English, the Grey Nuns lost two of their staunchest supporters, Bishop de Pontbriand who died in Montreal, exiled by the exigencies of war from his cathedral seat in Quebec, and Father Normant whose intrepid daring had made the community a possibility. The sisters gave to his obsequies a pomp hitherto unknown in Canada, and yearly observe with care his patronal feast on the twenty-fifth of August.

The conquest of the country by the English seemed a terrible disaster to the Canadian people. They feared religious persecution and total abolition of the French language and laws. Many families returned at once to France. Mother d'Youville wrote at this time:

> It is a great affliction for us to see this unhappy country becoming more and more abandoned. All the good citizens are departing. On every side, there are farewells to relatives, friends, and benefactors, with no hope of seeing them again. Nothing can be sadder. Each day brings new sacrifices.

She wrote of a friend on the eve of her leaving Canada:

> We lose her forever. It is several days since I went to see her or her family. I shall not call until I know she has embarked for I feel unable to say adieu. When she is gone, I will do my best to console her father and mother, her brothers and sisters; but I fear her departure will be a terrible grief to the family. I must stop—my tears blind me.

She wrote to one of the benefactors of the Hospital:

> As I have not the courage, on the eve of your departure, to call and wish you farewell, and to thank you, allow me to express in writing not only my own gratitude but that of my community toward you. We can never forget your kindness and charity; nor shall we omit to offer our humble prayers to God for your

safety. I trust you will write to us, and give us the address of your new abode.

To one of her nieces she wrote:

> Let us not speak of the sadness of parting but rather let us labour to meet in Paradise where our union will be endless. All our sisters send you thousands of good wishes. Sister Despins has just come in her large-hearted way to beg I may not forget to send you hers. The ladies also wish to be remembered kindly.

To the Abbé de l'Isle Dieu, she wrote:

> Pray to God for me that I may have the strength to bear all these crosses with resignation and to turn them to the best account. They are indeed many—the loss of our King, our country, our goods, and worse than all, the danger to which our holy religion is now exposed.

However, these fears, so largely founded on the sufferings of the Irish people under English rule, proved groundless in the case of Canada. Justice and fairness marked the policy of the English government. Once convinced of the sincerity of their new rulers, the Canadians pledged fealty to the English throne. "Fear God and honor the King" was still their maxim and, staunchly true to it, they refused to join the Americans in the Revolution of 1775. Firm in their allegiance, they enlisted in England's army and navy, vigorously repelling the invading forces of the American colonists. A little later, during the horrors of the French Revolution, they realized that what had seemed to human foresight to be the omen of danger, even of persecution, proved to be deliverance and salvation.

Mother d'Youville's charity grew in proportion to the increasing needs, augmented so sadly by the war. The care of foundlings seemed imperative at this time for they were

found on highways, crossroads, and streets, pitilessly abandoned and of course unbaptized. One very cold January day, when Mother d'Youville was crossing a rivulet near the Hospital, she came upon the body of an infant, immersed in the icy water, bearing in its throat the dagger with which it had been pierced. Her soul was filled with but one thought: "What ye do to the least of Mine, ye do it unto Me." At once she opened a department for the little abandoned ones and, at her death seventeen years later, three hundred and twenty-eight infants had been rescued. Mother d'Youville not only never refused a foundling but, although denied assistance by the English government to which she appealed for this good work, she even educated them until they were old enough to earn their living. Her resource was as ever the Eternal Father who, she believed, had inspired her to undertake the work and who, she knew, would not allow it to perish. The work has grown; up to the present day, the Grey Nuns have succored over a hundred and thirty thousand foundlings.

Her confidence was, from time to time, strikingly rewarded. One day a nurse, to whom one dollar of her wages was due, applied to Mother d'Youville for payment. Another sister was with the Superior, who realized she had only one dollar left but thought she was in justice bound to pay what was due the nurse. Putting her hand in her pocket to draw forth her last dollar, Mother d'Youville found there several other dollars which she knew no human hand had placed there.

Mother d'Youville had need of all her confidence for what lay before her. On May 18, 1765, a fire broke out in a building more than a quarter of a mile from the convent; as the Hospital was about four hundred feet from the nearest houses of the town, Mother d'Youville, feeling that God would spare the Hospital, the home of the poor, sent to the scene of danger all, both men and women, whom she judged

able to render any assistance. The flames spread rapidly, a hundred houses being ablaze in a short time. The breeze, quickened by the intense heat, had become a gale and carried the sparks far and wide. At last some fell on the dry cedar shingles of the convent and the church. The sisters hurried back to the Hospital, but it was too late. The roof was one sheet of fire. No hope of saving the building remained; all they could do was to carry out valuables. Several people came with carts under pretense of assisting them, but made off with forty loads of linen, beds, and other furniture. Other chattels were carried out but placed too near the burning building and were in large measure destroyed.

To Mother d'Youville's joy, for joy she found even in calamity, among the objects saved were the picture of the Eternal Father, brought from France, and the little brass statue of Our Lady which had been hers since her earliest work among the poor. She wrote later: "We have lost our furniture, linen, clothing, and beds. I feel sure we have not saved the twelfth part of what we had. What escaped belongs principally to the church. God has so permitted it —may His holy Name be praised."

Indeed the building and its furniture were secondary to her throughout. All her attention was centered in rescuing and sheltering the infirm poor and the foundlings. Surrounded by them, with no provision for the future, she said only, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord." Then she invited all to say the *Te Deum* kneeling in thanksgiving for this new visitation. At the end of the hymn, Mother d'Youville rose from her knees and spoke these remarkable words: "Take courage, my children; our house will never again be destroyed by fire." To the present day this prediction has been fulfilled.

Father Montgolfier with paternal solicitude secured the

kindly coöperation of the Sisters of the Hôtel Dieu. Father Feligonde, confessor of the community, assisted them in reaching that institution. Mother d'Youville, her companions, and one hundred and eighteen poor persons started for the refuge offered them through streets that were scenes of disaster and ruin. The cordial reception of the religious of the Hôtel Dieu went far to soften the sadness of the day. And the Eternal Father was ever close to them, as the following anecdote shows. After the fire, a barrel of wine, containing only one-third of its capacity, was found in the cellar. The wine lasted two months, that is, all the time Mother d'Youville and her family remained at the Hôtel Dieu, although the sisters and the poor were served from it every day. Kind friends helped too—the Sulpician Fathers, the Sisters of the Congregation, the Catholics of Canada, even of England, remote indeed in those days of difficult transportation.

With characteristic energy Mother d'Youville set to work to rebuild the Hospital; it was completed in 1767, for God continually manifested His blessing on her labors. "Providence," said Mother d'Youville, "ever admirable and possessed of incomprehensible means of relieving the members of Jesus Christ and of providing for all their wants, has become the object of my greatest confidence."

Bound by a promise to purchase new property, Mother d'Youville in this hour of distress signed a contract by which the Sisters of the General Hospital became owners of the Island at Châteauguay on which was built a home where the sisters and their poor might rest during the summer. At first the estate was but unbroken forest. Mother d'Youville, though seventy years of age, visited it often and supplemented the little "Manor House" already there with a stone barn still in actual use. Her decision to erect a larger gristmill for her tenants disclosed her powers anew. The first thing to be done was to clear the forest; then a

canal two hundred feet long had to be cut; the mill itself was built of stone and to it the nuns added a sawmill and other industrial establishments. The estate under such wise administration increased rapidly in population, and the industries became in time a source of considerable revenue to the Hospital. Mother d'Youville's keen judgment was proven seventy years later when it was decided to build a new mill. The engineer who was consulted for the purpose said that no better site could be found, although all the country was then cleared and surveyed, than the forest lot selected so long before by Mother d'Youville, and the new mill was built on the old site.

Nor did she use her executive gifts for the mere material alone. All her labor had God and His love for an end. In the evening, after a long day spent in superintending work on the farm or registering land rent, Mother d'Youville assembled the employees and the poor of the neighborhood to enkindle a spark of divine love in their hearts, the lowly beginning of those widespread institutions of her daughters throughout Canada and the United States, teaching divine love to all. She had an especial attraction for those who had few or no natural means of knowing and loving God. She often said: "To these unfavored ones you can never be too kind." She was convinced that to ameliorate physical misery alone is not sufficient. The moral side must be cherished to speed God's creature on the road to Heaven.

She therefore constantly exhorted the sisters to the love of a hidden life, to the combat of self-love, and to a life of perfect union. "All the riches of the world," she wrote, "are not comparable to the joy of living in union with one another"; and during these heroic times, though life was laborious and austere, it was never sad. Joy transfused the charity of the sisters. In the community life, the younger sisters saw in the older ones mothers whom they honored, respected, and assisted with delicate and affection-

ate attention. Mother d'Youville inspired and fostered this union by her own simplicity and confidence in her associates. She always held in deep respect the natural talents of her daughters, a characteristic of the truly great that contributed in no small way to the success of her Institute.

Humble, tender, dauntless, invincibly trustful, with charity united to unfailing patience, she was, with the poor, with her sisters, with the great ones of the world, ever sympathetic, affable, charmingly courteous; in misfortune, she was invariably confident. "It is God's Will; we must submit with a docile heart," was her favorite answer to news of loss or trial. With the art of a spiritual mistress, she glorified the commonplace and made of daily life a cloth of gold, a tapestry of majestic beauty.

In the autumn of 1771, when she was in her seventy-first year, Mother d'Youville's health began to fail visibly. In November she was confined to her room where she continued nevertheless to direct her community. In early December, the first stroke came, depriving her of speech and of the power to move. She rallied under the skilled care bestowed upon her and was able to take a few steps in her room, even to converse, though this with difficulty. The sisters stormed Heaven for her preservation, sadly stricken as she was, but the saintly Foundress spoke only her loved words, "It is God's Will, dear sisters; we must submit." A few days after the first stroke came the second, and the third, on December 23, proved fatal. Her last words, a benediction and inspiration to the Grey Nuns forever, were: "Dear sisters, be ever faithful to the duties of the state of life which you have embraced; walk in the path of regularity, obedience, and mortification; but above all let the most perfect union reign among you."

At the very hour of her death, Monsieur Jean Delisle de Lacailleterie, a well-known scientist of Montreal, was walking near the town wall on the riverside when, looking in the

direction of the General Hospital, he observed in the sky directly over the building a luminous, regularly formed cross. Surprised, doubting his own sight, he called to one of his friends to look in the same direction, and they were both convinced of the reality of this remarkable phenomenon. Monsieur Delisle exclaimed, "Ah, what else has befallen these poor Grey Nuns—is this a token of joy or of sorrow?" Others as well saw the cross and it was spoken of generally throughout the town when the news of Mother d'Youville's death was reported the next day.

The process for her canonization was introduced by decree of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, April 28, 1890, when the title of Venerable was bestowed upon her.

God has His adorable ways with His saints but one and all follow the way He sanctified, the royal road of the Cross. The Cross marked Mother d'Youville from childhood years, through matrimonial disappointment and difficulty, and through the vicissitudes attendant ever upon a newly founded religious congregation. But with His shoulders did He overshadow her and under His wings did she trust. Like the myrrh, she yielded rich perfume when wounded, the fragrance of unalterable trust in the Father whose love broods over His children ever with ineffable tenderness; she has left her spiritual children in the litanies of Divine Providence and of the Eternal Father, daily recited in every Grey Nun community, an expression of childlike, unfaltering confidence in God which she wished to be the characteristic virtue of her daughters.

An anonymous writer gives the following account of the part taken by the Grey Nuns during the epidemic of 1847, the year of the ship fever. The horrors of that period caused by the frightful famine and the terrible plague which followed and made Ireland desolate, can never be forgotten. The beautiful green fields of that ordinarily fertile country that year refused food to the population. Death in its

most frightful form stalked through the land, and thousands died in their cabins or lay uncoffined on the roadside. Hundreds and thousands of others fled across the sea to seek, on a foreign shore, that peace, plenty, and happiness denied them in the land of their forefathers. They turned their eyes toward America, the Eldorado of their fondest hopes; and bright was the picture which their imagination drew of a life in the Western World. Alas! they carried with them the germs of the contagious disease; many died on shipboard and were buried in the ocean's depths, where the foamy billows alone sang their funeral dirge; others landed on the shores of Canada only to succumb to the malady.

On the seventeenth of June, 1847, news reached the Grey Nunnery that hundreds were lying unaided and unattended on the shores at Pointe St. Charles. The Superior at this time, the venerable Sister Elizabeth Forbes, in religion, Sister McMullin, believing that there must be truth in the report, started, without delay, to visit the locality. She found to her astonishment and sorrow that, for once, the report fell short of the truth. Acting promptly, she collected all the facts and sent them in the form of a report to the emigrant agent, requesting power to act so as to relieve the fate of the unfortunate Irish immigrants. Consent was at once given, and she was authorized to act as she thought best, and to hire as many men and women as she deemed necessary to aid in the noble work; these assistants would be paid by the Department upon attestation by the sisters.

All preliminaries settled, Sister McMullin retraced her steps homeward with a heavy heart, for, like Abraham of old, she had gathered the fagots and prepared the funeral pile—the victims alone were wanting.

It was the hour of recreation. The sisters, old and young, were gathered in the community room, the conversa-

tion was animated, and from time to time, peals of laughter issued from one group or another. The Superior entered and the sisters arose to receive her. Having taken her seat in the circle, she said after a short pause: "Sisters, I have seen a sight to-day that I shall never forget. I went to Pointe St. Charles and found hundreds of sick and dying huddled together. The stench emanating from them is too great for even the strongest constitution. The atmosphere is impregnated with it. Sisters, the plague is contagious." Here the Superior burst into tears and with a broken voice continued: "In sending you there, I am signing your death warrant, but you are free to accept or to refuse."

There was a pause of a few seconds, during which each sister saw herself once more kneeling in imagination before the altar steps, again listening to the Bishop's solemn warning before she pronounced the irrevocable vows.

"Have you considered attentively and reflected seriously on the steps you are about to take? That from this time forth your life must be one of sacrifice, even unto death, if the glory of God or the good of your neighbor requires it?"

"Yes, My Lord; and I am willing to undertake the task with God's grace."

Such were the words once uttered by each of those who now were called upon to prove their fidelity. There was no hesitation, no demur. All rose and stood before their Superior. The same exclamation fell from the lips of each: "I am ready."

Sister McMullin knew the courage of her spiritual daughters as Madame d'Youville knew that of her companions. Eight of the willing number were chosen, and the following morning they cheerfully departed to fulfill the task allotted them. On arriving at Pointe St. Charles, three large sheds hundreds of feet long met their view.

In the open space between the sheds lay the inanimate forms of men, women and children, once the personification

of health and beauty, with loving and ardent hearts, now destined to fill nameless graves. More sick immigrants arrived from day to day. New sheds had to be erected. These temporary hospitals stood side by side, each containing about one hundred and twenty cots, in which the poor fever-stricken victims lay down to rise no more. Eleven hundred human beings tossed and writhed in agony at the same time, on these hard couches.

The number of sisters increased till none save the principal officers, the superannuated and those absolutely necessary to maintain the good order of the establishment, remained at the Grey Nunnery. The order of the sisterhood continued unabated, and until the twenty-fourth of the month of June no sister had been absent from the muster roll. On this eventful morning, two young sisters could no longer rise at the sound of the matin bell. The plague had chosen its first victims, and more followed hourly after, until thirty lay at the point of death. The professed nuns of the establishment, numbering only forty, could not suffice to superintend their institution, nurse their sick sisters, and assist at the sheds. There were at this time twenty novices who eagerly requested to be allowed to fill up the vacancies in the ranks. Their offer was accepted and side by side with the professed sisters did they toil and triumph —for what else was death when it gave the martyr's crown? Fears were entertained for the safety of the convent, fears that increased still more when seven sisters were called to receive their reward.

Overcome by fatigue and with aching hearts the remaining ones saw themselves obliged to withdraw for a few weeks from the scene, where the voice of sympathy and the hand of charity were so greatly needed. It was to their great relief that they beheld the good Sisters of Providence take their place at the bedside of the suffering and dying. Shortly after, the devoted Religious of the Hôtel Dieu obtained per-

mission of the Bishop to leave their cloister walls and assist in the good work.

Meanwhile the venerable Monsignor Bourget, the priests of the seminary, the Jesuits and several other members of the clergy, who from the first days had been unrelenting in their efforts to afford help and comfort to the poor exiles, continued their ministrations. Many were the grateful souls who carried with them beyond the grave the remembrance of their generous benefactors, not a few of whom soon followed to receive the crown reserved for martyrs of charity. Survivors recalled with feelings of love and gratitude the draught doubly refreshing, because held to their parched lips by the consecrated hand of a Bishop or by that of a devoted priest so worthy of the name of Father.

In the month of September the Grey Nuns resumed their heroic task at the sheds. They continued their charitable labors not only during the year 1847-48, but also later on when the cholera replaced the typhus. After the cross came the crown. The number of postulants to the religious life so increased during this same year (1848) that the motto of the community was verified: *In Hoc Signo Vinces.*

Mother d'Youville devoted her life ostensibly to works of charity; but she sought the good of her neighbor's soul as well as that of his body. Natural therefore is it for the Grey Nuns to have entered the educational field in which for over fourscore years they have now borne the heat of the day. All the branches of the Congregation have entered this field, the Grey Nuns of Montreal, of Quebec, of Saint Hyacinthe, of Nicolet; but in an especial way have the educational activities of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa, Pembroke, and of Philadelphia developed. For three generations the names of the Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, Ontario, of the Rideau Street Convent, Ottawa, of Saint Mary's Academy, Ogdensburg, and of Holy Angels Acad-

emy, Buffalo, been a household word in Catholic circles throughout the United States and Canada.

The Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart, the American branch of Grey Nuns, have their mother house in West Avenue, Oak Lane, a suburb of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. While preserving with loving solicitude the works of charity outlined by their venerable Foundress in the hospitals and homes for the aged and orphans they direct, they have devoted themselves whole-heartedly to the educational field in an especial way. "The field is white for the harvest" assuredly in America. So pressing a requisition has been made upon them since their organization as a separate branch in 1921, that they have opened eight new schools. They now have kindergarten, parochial schools, high schools, throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and New York; and d'Youville College in Buffalo, New York. This College, appropriately named for the far-visioned foundress of the congregation, breathes her spirit in its aims, for it essays to equip young women with special efficiency for the intellectual and social life of the nation.

Though all branches of the Congregation are distinct in government from the parent-stem in Montreal, the hearts of all Grey Nuns are closely allied in devotion to those of the original foundation. In the vast Grey Nunnery in Guy Street, Montreal, repose the remains of Mother d'Youville. They were conveyed there in October, 1871, and form a shrine of affection radiating the broad-souled ideals of Mother d'Youville, not only through the convent that shelters them with its great church and spacious wards devoted to the care of the aged and the orphans, but also through the establishments of the Grey Nuns of Montreal, over seventy-five in number that extend from the Atlantic to the Arctic coast—hospitals, nurseries, homes for the blind, the aged, the orphans, foundlings, and schools for the Indian children. The Grey Nuns have celebrated their

golden anniversary of labor near the Arctic and have located their last foundation but fifty miles from the coast in bleak northern Arctic lands. The charity of the other world that ever characterized Mother d'Youville, combined with the keenest appreciation of the newest methods this world has to offer, rests with her daughters as is evinced throughout their works, the latest proof being the foundation of the "Institut Radium" in connection with McGill University. The care of the foundlings, once so noted a part of the work of the great convent in Guy Street, has been transferred to a large establishment outside of Montreal where six hundred infants are cared for annually.

From the Montreal Grey Nunnery on through the great mother houses of Quebec and Ottawa and their dependent missions, through the mother houses of Saint Hyacinthe, Nicolet, Philadelphia, and Pembroke and their missions, the spirit of this saintly daughter of New France passes to-day to instruct the ignorant, to counsel the doubtful, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to ransom the captive, to visit the sick, and even to bury the dead.

Mother d'Youville's portrait, drawn in the pages of Holy Writ, remains to inspire the Grey Nuns in their service of Christ's little ones. She indeed is the valiant woman who did all things so well that her daughters now ask that she be given the fruit of her hands, for her works are praising her in the gates of God's eternal City.

MOTHER CLARE JOSEPH DICKINSON

OF THE CARMELITES OF MARYLAND

One hears a song in England, the country that once was "Mary's Dower," something like this:

> There's a land, a dear land, where the vigor of soul
> Is fed by the tempest that blows from the pole.

And in all that land of vigorous hearts, none are more staunch than those who have kept the Faith untarnished in spite of the persecution of centuries. Just as the Gulf Stream tempers the ocean's chill and enables this northern island to be a garden spot for exquisite roses, so God's protecting love surrounds England, creating there souls of rare beauty, whose fragrance gladdens the Church of His making.

In all this land "of flowers and showers," there is no more pleasant county than Middlesex, with its gently undulating meadows, its trim green hedgerows, its stately mansions, and its neat little cottages. In Middlesex, July 12, 1755, Frances Dickinson was born. The angels must have rejoiced that day, for the child was to do great things for God. His praises had been silenced in England's old gray churches; but Frances was to teach many to sing them in a new world. England's monasteries were ivy-covered ruins; but the Psalms that had echoed there would be heard in the cloisters of America. For little Frances was to become a woman of "vigor of soul." She was to aid in bringing Mary's own order across the sea, to give the Queen a sweeter and a fairer dower. Around her life was to cluster one of the loveliest chapters in the annals of the reli-

gious history of the New World, the establishment in far-away Maryland of the first American Carmel.

The parents of Frances Dickinson were fervent Catholics. They trained their daughter from earliest childhood in the fear and love of God. A great struggle must have gone on in her youthful heart between the claims of the world and those of Heaven, for she was of a high-spirited temperament, and was overflowing with humor and vivacity. But grace triumphed; and with all the earnestness of her generous, affectionate nature, she gave her heart unreservedly to Almighty God.

Understanding that she was called to Our Lady's own order, Frances sought advice, and was directed to the English Carmelite Monastery at Antwerp. She was only sixteen when she left her father's house and her native country to enter upon a life of complete seclusion. The young postulant wrote some lines—unskillful, the critic will say—but full of confidence in grace and diffidence of self, showing the trust and humility of one who was little more than a child in years, yet a woman in courage and resolution:

> Behold, my dear Jesus, a poor Volunteer,
> With Your chosen Spouses presumes to draw near,
> To offer the heart You are pleased to demand;
> Prepare it, my Saviour, for all You command.

The Carmel that received Frances Dickinson had been the house of preparation for many other valiant souls since the day of its foundation in 1619 by Lady Mary Lovell Roper, relative to England's martyred Chancellor, the Blessed Thomas More. This Antwerp Carmel was intended for Englishwomen who could not follow their religious vocation in their own land which so lately had been torn by the religious struggles, when monasteries had been destroyed and the religious driven into exile. Its first prioress had been Mother Anne of the Ascension Worseley,

the first Englishwoman to become a daughter of Saint Teresa. In the monastery's Profession-book is to be found many of England's noblest names. But none shed greater luster on this Carmel of the Lowlands than did that of Frances Dickinson. It is recorded therein that she received the habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on May 1, 1772, and was given the name of Clare Joseph of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. She made her vows the following year on the third of June, when she was but eighteen years of age.

Of her life in the Antwerp Carmel, few facts have been handed down. But few are needed. The daily life of the Carmelite is arranged for her, even to the smallest detail. And so for Sister Clare Joseph there was the habit of coarse brown serge, her cell a small uncarpeted room with walls bare, save for a crucifix and a holy picture or two, and the large wooden cross that has no Corpus because this cross is to remind the Carmelite that she herself is the victim. Sister Clare Joseph's bed was a straw pallet laid on planks. In the morning, at a very early hour, she joined the sisters in the choir. Her day was divided between mental prayer, the Divine Office, and manual labor. At nine in the evening, often doubtless when she was wearied by a day's work, the Matins bell summoned her to the choir, that she might remain awhile with her Lord, in reparation for the pain which His desertion by His friends had caused Him in Gethsemane.

Grace does not destroy nature, but builds upon it. Thus the ardent spirits that early asserted themselves in Frances Dickinson were not crushed in the religious life. Instead, they were gently trained to develop into beautiful traits of character that were to be a help and an inspiration to innumerable souls later to come in contact with her. Saint Teresa herself was "deliciously human"; and the same lovable characteristic is evident in her English daughter. With her fun-loving disposition, Sister Clare Joseph made light

of the heaviest trials. Her innocent merriment cheered others through the gravest difficulties; yet at the same time, she showed ardor and courage in putting into practice the lessons handed down by the Spanish Mothers. That she succeeded is evident from the fact that, from among so many exemplary religious, she was selected, as the embodiment of Carmelite perfection, to transmit the Order's spirit to America.

Before the war which secured American Independence, it was usual for well-to-do Catholics in the Colonies to send their sons and daughters to European schools for higher education, as there were no Catholic institutions in their own land. So it came about that many Americans entered religion in the Old World. In the Carmel of Hoogstraeten, a house which had been founded from Antwerp, was Anne Teresa Matthews, a member of one of Maryland's oldest and most influential families, and in religion known as Sister Bernadina Teresa Xavier of Saint Joseph. The Prioress of the Antwerp house, Mother Mary Margaret of the Angels Brent, was also a native of Maryland. Between these two American Carmelites a great many letters were being exchanged at this time relative to the founding of a Carmel in their native land. But strange to say, it does not seem that Sister Clare Joseph was entering into the project. Perhaps God's voice had not reached her as yet, and, all unknown to herself, others were perfecting the plans which were to make it possible for her to plant the seed of Carmel in the great land of the West across the sea.

American Independence came at last, and with it the opportunity of the exiled American Carmelites. Father Ignatius Matthews, a Jesuit laboring in the Maryland missions and a brother to Mother Bernadina, wrote as follows: "Now is your time to found in this country, for peace is declared and Religion is free." At the same time Father Charles Neale, also a Jesuit and a Marylander, was con-

fessor to the Antwerp Carmelites where his cousin, Mother Margaret of the Angels, was Prioress. For ten years he had observed the life that was led about him by the Carmelite Sisters and had conceived a great admiration of the Teresian spirit. Knowing the value of a house of contemplative prayer in a missionary land he aroused the interest of American friends, who finally sent a petition to Antwerp and Hoogstraeten that a convent of Carmelites be established in the New World. The sisters in Europe were overjoyed when the invitation came from their beloved Maryland. Immediately, plans were begun for the mission, and financial aid secured from one of the Antwerp Carmel's devoted friends and benefactors, Monsieur de Villegas d'Estainbourg.

It had been decided that Mother Margaret Brent should be the Prioress of the new foundation. But Mother Margaret died in 1784. In her place was elected Mother Bernadina Matthews. Sister Clare Joseph Dickinson then was chosen as her companion, this being done upon the advice of Father Neale, who recognized her superior ability and unusual talents. But nowhere is to be found in the accounts of the American foundation, that Sister Clare Joseph was concerned in the plans previous to the death of Mother Margaret. God, however, was directing this undertaking, which was to be of deep interest to His Church, and for eighteen years, in the solitude of the cloister, His grace had been fitting an instrument for the difficult task of the construction of Carmel in America.

The Bishop of Antwerp corresponded with Dr. John Carroll, Prefect Apostolic of the United States; and the necessary arrangements were made for the new foundation. Mother Bernadina was appointed Prioress of the newly organized community, and Mother Clare Joseph was named Sub-Prioress. With Mother Bernadina's two nieces, Sister Eleanor of Saint Francis Xavier and Sister Aloysia

of the Blessed Trinity, the two Mothers left the Hoogstraeten Carmel, Monday, April 19, 1790. They were accompanied by Father Neale, and also by Father Robert Plunkett, who, setting out for America at the same time, had joined the little band of missionaries.

As one considers the five ardent souls who were bringing Carmel's spirit to America, one is struck particularly by the completeness of the sacrifice required of Mother Clare Joseph. It is true that the three sisters from Hoogstraeten must have suffered at leaving their dear Carmel, where Mother Barnadina had been Novice Mistress and afterward prioress, and where all three were greatly beloved. But they, like Father Neale, were Americans, returning to their own country. The religious life does not destroy one's natural affections for kindred and native land. On the contrary, it intensifies while purifying and uplifting them. These Americans must have rejoiced at the thought of bringing Carmel's love and prayer and sacrifice to the service of their own people. But Mother Clare Joseph was going into exile for the second time. At the age of sixteen, she had left England that she might immolate her life to God. Now He asked another sacrifice, and she left the sweet seclusion of the cloister, which had been her home for more than eighteen years, to face unknown trials in the New World. She was the only one of the Antwerp Carmelites chosen for the expedition; and she must therefore leave, not only her first Carmel, but all her religious family, a family whose devotion and tenderness, as the Little Flower remarks, is undreamed of in the outside world.

But the Carmelite is the spouse of the jealous Lover Who requires the sacrifice of all save Himself. In her postulant days, Sister Clare Joseph had asked her Lord to prepare her heart for all that He required. She did not dream how much He was to ask of her. But she had made

a sincere offering; and now that her test had begun, she was not to be found wanting in it.

Saint Teresa, herself, in the long and difficult journeys she was forced to take in making her foundations, met the hardships and vexations incident to travel with a spirit which was joyous and even mirthful. The same delightful trait may be seen in Mother Clare Joseph, as one reads the extracts which have been preserved from her writings of this momentous journey. The party passed through Breda and Utrecht, arriving in Amsterdam on the twenty-first. At that time, prejudice was very bitter in the capital of Holland, and the nuns were openly ridiculed as they made their way through the streets of the city. They were obliged to remain in Amsterdam two days and a half, staying at one of the largest inns. Of this Mother Clare Joseph writes:

> The first night we had so grand and elegant a supper that good Mr. Neale could not eat for vexation. The two following days both our gentlemen went out to seek a dinner, whilst we remained in all our grandeur, with the best of everything, attended by servants at our backs. The figure we made was highly diverting.

The nuns arrived in Texel on Sunday, April 25, and there boarded the small vessel that was to carry them to their destination. *The Brothers* was the name of the ship, but the captain, a Scotchman named MacDougal, was anything but fraternal in his treatment of the passengers. Nothing could exceed his stinginess and want of consideration for his crew. From the first, the stock of provisions was all too scant; the bread was moldy, and the water looked so much like dish water that the nuns were obliged to strain it and let it settle for a whole day before they were able to use it. The Captain, whose name Mother Clare Joseph writes as "Mackduggle," told the passengers that he was bound for Philadelphia and New York, although he had no

intention of going to the former city. He had on board a small shipment for Santa Cruz, on the island of Teneriffe, one of the Canaries, and to deliver this cargo necessitated his going two thousand miles out of his course. At last the boat left Texel, and the great voyage that was to last two months was begun. It was the first day of the month sacred to Mary, the Mother who was to give the Carmelite missionaries proofs of her tenderness at every phase of the perilous trip. It was also the anniversary of Mother Clare Joseph's clothing-day. What holy memories flooded her soul as she recalled that blessed day when she became the Spouse of Christ! Her Divine Bridegroom had supported her during those eighteen years; and she knew full well that His unchanging Heart would still be her strength in the unknown land for which she was bound.

On the second day of the voyage, all the travelers, with the exception of Father Neale, were victims of seasickness. Their sufferings were increased, moreover, by the miserable fare set before them. But with that true missionary spirit which the Carmelite vocation implies, the nuns cheerfully made the best of everything. They were off the Bay of Biscay on May 9, and then entered the broad Atlantic. In nine more days they were sailing down the coast of Africa, and sighted the Canary Islands on the twentieth. For several days they endeavored to enter the harbor of Santa Cruz, but the weather was so rough that they found it impossible. More than once they were on the verge of shipwreck; but they had recourse to their Lady of Mount Carmel and to their other great patrons, and made promises in their honor. God rewarded their trust by granting them a favorable change of weather.

On May 12, when they had been about eleven days at sea, one of the nuns congratulated the Prioress on her prospect of soon seeing her brother, the Reverend Ignatius Matthews. But Mother Bernadina sadly replied that she

was not to have this happiness, as her brother had died the night before. It was true, as the Nuns were to learn on reaching America. Father Matthews had been called to his reward, May 11. Mother Bernadina offered this great sorrow as a sacrifice to draw down exceptional graces on the future American Carmel.

In those times, it was not safe to travel in the religious habit, so the nuns wore secular clothes. In *Carmel in America*, Bishop Currier writes:

> Mother Dickinson in her journal laughingly says that one June 3d, she was dressed in a fine silk petticoat and chintz jacket that had been given her in alms. It made her look so extraordinarily fine, she adds, that all her companions were jealous of her. The Prioress and her nieces went by the names of Mrs. Matthews, Miss Matthews, and Miss Nellie. The four Sisters generally supped in their room, whenever, as Mother Dickinson says, they could get anything to sup on. Poor Mr. Neale suffered much from rheumatism, which he jocosely said was a punishment for the Sisters' vanity.

The Carmelites kept so very busy in their little room that when one of the passengers on the boat, a Mrs. Ramsen, paid them a visit, she said the cabin resembled a sewing school. The sisters had several other visitors—four-footed ones, which were altogether uninvited. On one occasion, without giving any notice, a dog and a goat tumbled down into the cabin; again it was a pig, which had started on a tour of inspection, and landed on the sisters' table. Peals of merry laughter would follow the momentary shock. Thus, although the voyage was replete with privations, it was not likely to prove monotonous.

While the vessel remained in the harbor of Santa Cruz, the captain went on shore and spread the report that there

were four sisters on board who had escaped from their convent. Father Plunkett went to call on one of the ecclesiastical authorities of the place, and was asked why the sisters did not come on shore, to show their papers of permission from Rome. Father Plunkett banished the fears of the dignitary by explaining the mission of the sisters and inviting the ecclesiastic to visit them on board the vessel, as it was not becoming that the Carmelites should go on shore. Like their Mother, Saint Teresa, the nuns also enjoyed their narrow escape from "the Spanish Inquisition."

Returning from one of his visits to the town, Father Plunkett brought to the Carmelites gifts from a Community of Poor Clares. Among these gifts was a handsome set of mass cruets, with the names of Jesus and Mary inscribed in letters of gold. As a result of their good fortune, the nuns set about making arrangements to have the Divine Sacrifice said on board. Despite his severe sufferings, Father Neale entered into their plans, helped them to erect a temporary altar in his cabin, and remained up the whole night, in order to call the others for mass at three o'clock. The altar stone used on this occasion is still treasured in the Baltimore Carmel; it was a very ancient one on which many of the English Martyrs had offered the Holy Sacrifice. Father Neale consecrated a sufficient number of Hosts to administer the Blessed Sacrament to the little company throughout the remainder of the voyage, and so the sisters had their Divine Companion at their side for the remainder of the journey.

Had the weather continued as rough as it was at the beginning of their voyage, all on board would have perished with hunger, for about the end of May, Captain "Mackduggle" reduced his men to rations. More than once Mother Clare Joseph had occasion to smile at the Captain's stinginess. Both at Santa Cruz, and when the ship encoun-

tered other vessels, the Captain could have secured suitable provisions; but he would return with a bag of bread and a little cheese, or some tough meat and poor flour. And once it was a small bag of brown biscuits! But God was watching over them, and slowly but surely was guiding them to their destination. At last the vessel reached New York and the sisters disembarked, the first religious to come to stay in the young Republic of the West. Bishop Currier says of this event:

> After a passage of two months they arrived at New York on the second of July, Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. They had left Europe under her auspices on the first day of the month consecrated to her honor, and arrived in America on one of her feast-days. The Order of Carmel had thus begun its voyage to America with its glorious Queen; with her it continued it, and brought it happily to a close.

Father Robert Plunkett now took leave of the little party, and continued his journey by land. Father Neale and the four nuns, however, sailed from New York to Norfolk, and thence up the Potomac River. On Saturday, July 10, they arrived, late in the evening, at Brentfield, Charles County, Maryland. Ignatius Matthews came on board for a short while that same evening, to the great joy of Sisters Eleanor and Aloysia, who had not seen their brother for more than seven years. Early next morning, he conducted the party to the home of Robert Brent, who was the brother of Mother Margaret of the Angels, Mother Clare Joseph's former Prioress. Here the sisters were most kindly entertained by the Brents and the Matthews. After eight days, however, they went to the home of the Neales, where they remained until October. The house was entirely given over to their use, so they joyfully re-

sumed their religious garb, and began to live a community life. Their first conventual Mass was said July 21, 1790. This date is still annually commemorated as "Foundation Day" by the Carmelites of Maryland.

Bishop Carroll was in England during the summer of 1790. Doubtless with the purpose of interesting the great churchman in his new spiritual daughters, his cousin, a nun in the Carmel of Hoogstraeten, wrote to him, August 8, 1790:

> We heard that you, Honored Sir, had desired Mr. Charles Neale to return to Maryland with three or four religious of our holy Order, to make there a foundation of Carmelites; in consequence of which our worthy Superior, the Reverend Lord Bishop of Antwerp, chose our much esteemed superior, Mrs. Matthews, for the great work. Her two nieces and one of our Order at Antwerp accompanied her. . . . The grief as well as the great loss we have sustained in parting with so valuable and much esteemed a superior is greater than I can express. . . . I must acknowledge it is a subject of joy to me to hear our holy faith and religion flourishes so much in my native country, and that religious are permitted to make establishments there and live up to the spirit of their holy institutes. I am glad our holy Order is the first; though must own at the same time that myself and community have made the greatest sacrifice we possibly could in parting with its worthy Foundress. We have distressed ourselves very much, but confide Almighty God will be thereby more glorified. . . . I add no more on this subject, as I doubt not but you are apprised of the whole affair, it being undertaken by your desires and requests, etc.
>
> Honored Sir,
>
> Your obedient humble servant and cousin,
>
> Ann Louisa Hill.

John Carroll was consecrated Bishop of Baltimore by the Vicar Apostolic of London, August 15, 1790. Returning to America the same year, he soon visited the Carmelites, and from the first, took a paternal interest in their welfare.

> I had letters lately from Rome [he wrote to them]. I had given in mine an account of your settlement, and of the sweet odour of your good example. . . . The Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, having laid my letters before His Holiness, informs me that it gave them incredible joy, to find that you were come hither, to diffuse the knowledge and practice of religious perfection.

On the Feast of Saint Teresa, October 15, 1790, the sisters moved to a house that had been given them by Mr. Baker Brook. It was not far from the Neale homestead and, situated on a hill, it commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, near the quaint old Indian village of Port Tobacco. Father Neale had exchanged his own property for the Brook estate of about eight hundred acres, and this he presented to the Carmelites. The hill on which the house was built was called Mount Carmel, and the monastery was dedicated to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Father Neale undertook the management of the farm, and would drive about in a cart, collecting vegetables and attending to errands for the community. His habitual cheerfulness lightened many a trying hour. With his great admiration for the Carmelite Rule, he conformed to its poverty and mortification in many ways, sleeping on a straw pallet, and contenting himself with the plainest food. He was zealous in the spiritual direction of the sisterhood, and assiduous in training the novices according to the ideals of Carmel.

The first applicant to be received as a novice was Elizabeth Carberry, a native of Maryland, and the first person in the United States to take solemn vows. In 1792, on the first day of May, a day sacred to the little community as the anniversary of the Foundresses' departure for America, and also as the anniversary of Mother Clare Joseph's clothing, Miss Carberry made her profession, and was given the name of Teresa of Jesus.

According to Saint Teresa, a new Carmel if it is to be pleasing to God must pass through great trials. Hardships and sufferings were not wanting to the Maryland monastery. The house had been left unfinished, and the cost of material was so high that the nuns could not complete the building. During the winter, they would have to brush the snow from their beds before rising, for the loose rafters did not protect them from the inclemencies of the weather. But they set themselves to bear their trials bravely; and in their poverty labored with a will and joyously. They spent much time in spinning, and while at this work kept their breviaries or other pious books open before them. In this way, some of the nuns learned the psalter by heart. From the juices of plants they made water colors for their artistic endeavors. Books were rare; and when the breviaries they had brought from Europe were insufficient for the community, they printed others by hand, and bound them with sheepskin which they had themselves dressed. Mother Clare Joseph applied herself with great skill to the task of printing and binding prayer books. With the assistance and advice of the Jesuit Fathers, she compiled *The Pious Guide*, the first prayer book printed in the United States. Fifty of its pages are given to the compiler's titular devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

But to recount the exterior tasks accomplished by a daughter of Saint Teresa is but to speak of what is incidental in her history. Her true life, the thing which makes her a

Carmelite, is a daily, hourly, self-annihilation, in the course of a round of duties which the worldling would call monotonous—hours of mental prayer, spiritual reading, the divine office, humble household tasks performed in silence, acts of self-renunciation which no one sees, and which become so much a second nature that the Carmelite herself hardly notices them. Nothing here for the historian to seize upon! To write the life of a Carmelite, one would have to know that which is hidden from earthly eyes, the story of a soul's complete immolation, of sacrifices made, perhaps with quivering lips, but with a will that echoes the words of the great Carmelite Saint, the mystic John of the Cross: "O my love! All for Thee! Nothing for me!" It is the story of a mind uplifted to God in the silence of the cloister, listening to no earthly voice, intent to catch the faintest Divine whisper. And it is the story of a heart emptied of all other love save that which burns within the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

To write the life of a Carmelite, one should have to know of the gifts of conversion and repentance which her prayer and penance have brought to sin-stained souls; of the hope which, through her, has returned to weary hearts; of the light which has come to groping minds. And, above all, one should have to know the worth of those invisible roses from Heaven, the graces and inspirations which have been bestowed upon the priesthood.

Hence it is that the world will know but little of the life story of Mother Clare Joseph of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Yet a little of the mystic gleam of that most radiant flame of early Maryland's Carmel may be seen with the eyes of Faith when one remembers that in her case, also, was verified to a most eminent degree the age-old comparison of a Carmelite sister with the adoring Seraphim of Paradise. Tradition has it that Mother Clare Joseph, like the Sera-

phim, stood very close to God. Before His Face she remained quiet in adoration and praise. All that she had, all that she was, was laid upon her altar of sacrifice and consumed for the praise of the Godhead. To be burnt for the love of the Father, this was her office.

But Mother Clare Joseph's life was not an inactive one. And in this, too, she was of the earthly Seraphim. In the Old Law it is written that it was a seraph who was sent by God to touch the lips of the Prophet with a burning coal. He took living fire from the Face of God, for God is a consuming fire, and touched the lips of Isaiah, that he might proclaim God's word to men. This, the noblest kind of action, was the mission of Mother Clare Joseph. Prostrate before Him in continued prayer, she drew forth the fire of His being, to touch the lips of many of the early priests of the American Church. This Apostolic vocation, wherein she entered into the saving Will of God, should enshrine her forever in the affections and memory of the Catholics of the United States. She, too, came "to save souls, and to pray for priests."

To pray for captains of the Church Militant was, from the first, part of the life of the little community of Maryland's Carmel. On the road leading from St. Thomas' Manor to Georgetown, this first American Carmelite Monastery was the treasury of prayers for many of the early missionaries who stopped there for spiritual assistance. And who can estimate the value of this Carmel's coöperation with that great American training camp for God's soldiers in the New World, the venerable Sulpician Seminary of St. Mary in the city of Baltimore? Father Nagot, the first Superior of St. Mary's, sensed the importance of the near presence of a Carmel to the Seminary and wrote the following letter, under date of January 28, 1792, to the Carmelites:

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Having by permission of the Bishop read a letter written to you by the Bishop of Antwerp, the desire arose within me to enter into a union of prayers with you and your infant Community. The divine and most amiable Providence of Our Father Who is in Heaven has conducted us to this new land, that we may here adore His Holy Name, profess the faith of the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Roman Church in the midst of so many sects abandoned to all kinds of errors, and honor our Lord, present in the mystery of His love. He has called you to lead a life entirely devoted to retreat and contemplation, the life of Our Lord, hidden from the world, praying, weeping and immolating Himself in spirit to His Father for the world, during thirty years of His sojourn upon earth; while our object is to combine with the life of prayer and solitude, that of men chosen by Our Lord to work at the extension of His Kingdom, by forming ministers worthy of Him and of His Church. Let us then render to each other, in the spirit of that charity which Jesus Christ came on earth to extend, the assistance that we mutually owe to each other. What can be of more interest to the Spouses of Jesus Christ than the spiritual good of a little colony of Ministers of His Church, transplanted to a new world to form perfect adorers of His Majesty? Often at the feet of Our Lord, Whom we have had the happiness of possessing in our house for nearly two months, I unite myself to the prayers and holy works of the daughters of Saint Teresa, who are our Sisters in Jesus Christ. . . . I desire then to participate with my Community (we are now ten, five priests and five young men) in all your prayers, communions, and good works, and I offer you in return, however poor it may be, all I can give in our holy sacrifices, prayers, supplications and good works. I also offer you a participation in the indulgences granted by our Holy Father in the enclosed brief. They believe in Rome that the Communities here are more numerous

> than they are in reality. Since you are the first and we are the second, you should certainly enjoy the first fruits of the indulgences granted to the Religious of North America.

Christ asked of Frances Dickinson not only prayers but suffering. And to this great woman suffering was the food of love. In addition to the privations and sacrifices which were hers, because of the poverty of the little American Carmel, Mother Clare Joseph grieved to learn that the Carmelites of Antwerp and Hoogstraeten had been obliged to take refuge in England because of the baneful effects of the French Revolution which were at that time being felt in the Low Countries. But even this great sorrow was tempered by the hope that the prayers and sacrifices of Carmel in England would bring innumerable graces of conversion to souls in her own beloved land. Mother Clare prayed thusly, and dwelt in greater silence with God.

Bishop Carroll wrote frequently to his Teresian daughters; and in one of his letters the Bishop says:

> I am exceedingly pleased at the increase of your Religious family. Every addition to it I look upon as a new safeguard for the preservation of the diocese. Be so good as to request your virtuous Community to be assiduous in their petition to Heaven, that the Faithful may increase in number and piety, and the Pastors in zeal, useful knowledge and truly Christian prudence. It gave me much concern to hear of Mother Sub-Prioress' indisposition: I trust that God in His mercy will grant her relief, and preserve the rest of the Ladies in good health.

The "Mother Sub-Prioress" was Mother Clare Joseph, who suffered almost habitually from ill-health. But, with the courage of a Teresa, she made this suffering add to her

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merits, and followed the regular observance of Carmel's austere Rule, in spite of her indispositions.

She was most lovingly attentive to the care of Mother Bernadina, who, after having suffered silently for some time with a cancerous infection, was obliged to reveal her illness. Her life work was finished; and June 12, 1800, the first American Prioress peacefully gave back her soul to God. In the cloister of Hoogstraeten, she had prayed and hoped and planned for Carmel in Maryland. Now that it had been begun, its work of construction was no longer to depend upon Mother Bernadina, but upon the Co-foundress who had so energetically labored at her side. Bishop Carroll appointed Mother Clare Joseph Prioress, and told her to appoint the Sub-Prioress and the Discreets, the officers who are the advisers of the prioress. In thus giving her almost absolute control of her little world, the Bishop showed his confidence in her ability and judgment. That he was not mistaken was evident at the time of the Canonical Elections, for the nuns chose Mother Clare Joseph to govern them, and afterwards kept her in office for thirty years. Something of their loving attention to her, as well as the affection which she inspired in her former Antwerp sisters, the Carmelites of Lanherne, England, is contained in the following extract from a letter of Sister Teresa Coudrey, written to one of Mother Clare Joseph's community:

> I was just going to thank you for your very agreeable and affectionate letter when Reverend Mother claimed it as belonging to her being written in her letter; and besides her Reverence and all the Community are quite charmed both with the easy and pretty manner you describe your dear Rev. Mother's Jubilee, and at the ingenuity and cleverness with which you decorated and kept it. Indeed I am quite delighted that my dear American Sisters have thus excelled in their attempt to

honor their dear and amiable Prioress to whom under God they owe so much for their present happiness. Yes, my dear, I am sure, you are sensible how many cares and troubles it has cost her Reverence to procure your establishment, although she was not your first actual Superior; and I am sure you can never too much show your gratitude, respect and love to her, for the same; though I know all the reward she wishes and asks is that her dear children prove true and fervent daughters of our holy Mother Saint Teresa, and exact observers of the Holy Rules and Constitutions you have had the happiness to profess to; and this is a consolation which I don't doubt you each one strive to give your dear Superior. . . .

Pay also the particular compliments of Rev. Mother and all the Nuns to Mother Subprioress and the other dear Nuns who invented and so beautifully decorated the Recreation room, Choir, Refectory, and Rev. Mother's cell. To be sure your good Angels inspired and helped you, for no doubt it was a sight pleasing to them to see the love and union with which you were all exerting yourselves to celebrate the Jubilee of your beloved Mother's sacred Vows to her Heavenly Spouse, and sung their canticles with you, for I think it was impossible you should each have performed so well and properly, never having seen anything of the kind; at the same time it shows what a natural ingenuity and taste you all have.

Sept. 11, 1805, Sister Teresa Coudrey writes to Mother Clare Joseph:

We received your truly welcome . . . letters and those of your dear children with a joy nothing inferior, I assure you, to that you are pleased so kindly to express at the arrival of the box (whose contents Rev. Mother and myself and each one wished had been a thousand times more valuable and worthy of your

> acceptance). We had been anxious lest some new accident had prevented your receiving it at last; and therefore universal joy took place at the sight of your dear hand, and we could neither think nor speak of anything else at recreation, but affectionate effusions of the heart for you and yours; only our hearts were much grieved to find your health in such a precarious state, my beloved and dear Mother, and especially for the last attack your Reverence had just before the departure of the letters, which leaves us still in uncertainty if you are recovered, and is a very sensible pain to Rev. Mother and all, first for the true affection we have to your dear person, and second for the dreadful and I fear almost irreparable loss your Reverence would be to the new and flourishing plantation in the Vineyard of Mount Carmel. May Almgihty God be pleased long, very long, to preserve your dear life to gather the fruit of your labor in seeing your dear children flourish in all virtue. For my part, I feel more joy than I can express in seeing how our dear Blessed Lord has been pleased to bless your zeal and that of our dear Father Neale, and draw so many souls to His holy service in this our Holy Order. . . .

To Mother Clare Joseph must be given the honor of having been the chief instrument in introducing into America the particular devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The little Chapel of the first Carmel was dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and during her Superiorship Mother Clare Joseph had the consolation of seeing erected in it the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It seems fitting, indeed, that this first Carmel in America should propagate this devotion, for it seems particularly in accord with the Order's life of solitude and silence. Writing in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, of September, 1927, the Reverend John Corbett, S.J., has the following to say concerning this subject:

In 1792 application was made to the Holy Father to grant a plenary Indulgence for the Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi (the day designated by our Lord for the Feast of the Sacred Heart) and for the first Friday of every month to all the faithful who truly contrite after Confession and Communion, would visit on these days the chapel of the Carmelite Nuns and there pray devoutly for some time for the intentions of the Holy Father.

It has been the privilege of the present writer to examine the Papal document by which the grant was made. It is carefully preserved in the Carmelite Monastery in Baltimore. The audience in which the grant was made was held on July 28, 1792. The document bears an endorsement in the handwriting of Bishop Carroll as follows:

Baltimore, Jan. 1, 1794.

I hereby allow the publication of the indulgences contained in this grant of His Holiness for the chapel of the Teresian Nuns in Charles County, Maryland.

✠ J. Bishop of Baltimore.

The reason given by the nuns in their petition to Pope Pius VI was their desire to establish in these lands the devotion to the most Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. A Partial Indulgence of two hundred days, that could be gained twice each day by those who would pray before the picture of the Sacred Hearts in the same chapel, was included in the grant. To the Carmelite Nuns, then, belongs the honor of having obtained the first Indulgences to Americans in favor of the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Mother Clare Joseph tells of the increase of her little community in the following, written to Bishop Carroll, January 21, 1801:

On the twenty-ninth of November last I had the honor of addressing your Reverence a few lines . . .

wherein I informed your Reverence of the Solemn Profession of our third Lay Sister, Martha of the Holy Cross, alias Winefred Hagan, which took place in the above said month, as also of many solicitations from several who wish to join us in our happy solitude, amongst others Miss M. Bradford, who is to be admitted on the third of February, there being at present a vacant cell, and the Choir sufficiently enlarged by taking in the old Chapel, and building a new one, which though small is much admired for the neatness of its form and fashion. I cannot but flatter myself with the pleasing hopes that your Reverence, during the course of the ensuing summer, will find some leisure days to spend with your Teresian daughters on Mt. Carmel, and bestow on them the much desired favor of blessing their little Church or Chapel. Your heavy burthen being, as I hope, somewhat lightened by the assistance of your worthy Co-adjutor, the Rev. L. Neale, will facilitate the execution of the promise your Reverence was so obliging as to make us some years past.

A glimpse of life in the Maryland Carmel is given by Mother Clare Joseph in a letter to England:

We are twenty in Community. . . . Without rent or revenues we depend on Providence, and the works of our hands, productive of plentiful crops of wheat, corn, and tobacco, a good mill supplying our large and healthy Community with every necessary of life. . . . We raise a large stock of sheep, yielding a considerable quantity of wool, black and white, which we spin and weave, to clothe ourselves and Negroes. The situation of our monastery is pleasant, rural, and healthy, being on the top of a high hill. We have excellent water and a very extensive enclosure, containing nearly three acres of land. The place is solitary, suitable to our eremitical Order.

Mother Clare Joseph's reference to "Negroes" sounds strange to-day. But Bishop Currier says that many of the novices came from wealthy Southern families, and brought slaves with them, as part of their dowry, so that at one time the community owned about thirty negroes, who were lodged in quarters outside the enclosure, and did the work of the farm. The sisters treated the negroes with the greatest compassion and tender charity, instructing them in their religious duties and attending to their temporal needs. And, in their turn, the slaves loved the Carmelites devotedly.

Bishop Currier gives a description of Maryland's old Mount Carmel. He says that there were, besides the chapel, seven separate buildings, including the infirmary, priest's house, and kitchen.

> The buildings were of logs, or weatherboards, some inlaid with bricks, others with mud. They were all one-story buildings, but some of them were surmounted by an attic, with dormer windows. . . . In the rear of all the buildings stood the ice house, while a well, at a little distance from the same, supplied the Community with water. Towards the end of their sojourn at Mount Carmel, the Nuns erected a new frame dwelling having an upper story. . . .
>
> All the rooms in the monastery, except the one used as an infirmary, were unplastered. No fire was kept, except in the kitchen. In cold weather each Nun filled daily a small iron pot with burning coals, which she carried to her cell. A large pan of burning coals served to warm the choir. Each cell had a small window sash containing four small panes of glass. It opened on hinges, and was kept closed by means of a wooden button.

"A vocation to Carmel is a vocation to Calvary." God did not permit the community to live in uninterrupted tran-

quillity. He sent them trials and various sufferings resulting from unjust deals and disputed wills. There was a long and expensive lawsuit over the boundary of their property. The Carmelites won the cause, chiefly through the kind and disinterested offices of Roger Brooke Taney, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States. Mother Clare Joseph and the sisters regarded the crosses that these legal difficulties brought them as so many means of becoming like their Crucified Spouse; for they understood the apostolic worth of suffering, and knew that it was by this daily immolation that they were to win blessings for those who are actively engaged in battle for the interests of Christ.

When the Jesuits were reëstablished as a religious society in 1805, word reached the Maryland Carmel that their director, Father Neale, was about to be appointed to the newly established Novitiate of the Society of Jesus. At once the sisters stormed Heaven to divert this added cross from their shoulders, for they so needed their spiritual guide and father in God. Their prayers prevailed, for he continued as their director, even though in 1808 he became Superior of the American Jesuits. His solicitude for the Carmelites but increased as his other responsibilities multiplied.

Father Neale's brother, the Reverend Leonard Neale, who had been appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Carroll, and who later became second Archbishop of Baltimore, had established at Georgetown a Community of Visitandine Nuns whose first Superior was Miss Alice Lalor, in religion, Mother Teresa of the Heart of Mary. The sisterly relations between the Carmelites and the Visitandines may be seen from a letter written by Bishop Neale to Mother Clare Joseph, June 15, 1814:

> Mother Teresa of the Heart of Mary and the Sisters under her charge return their most grateful thanks to you and your worthy Community for the special

attention you have been pleased to testify towards them. They rejoice much that the sentiments and dispositions of their hearts towards you are so justly reciprocal and mutual between you. They return you many thanks for the treat you were so gracious as to send them. They will not fail to enjoy themselves on the occasion and commemorate your kindness. They are happy to be assured of your supplications to Heaven in their favor, and will not fail to offer up daily prayers to the Father of Mercies to draw down every blessing on you and your pious Community. . . .

A union of prayer was formed between the community at Mount Carmel and Mother Seton's spiritual daughters at Emmitsburg. Concerning Carmel's relations with Mother Seton, the following is recounted by an annalist of the Baltimore Carmel:

Among the many Novices who were received during these years, we must mention three who lived to celebrate their golden Jubilee together. They were Sister Teresa of Jesus (Sewall), Sister Ambrosia of the Heart of Mary (Jamison), and Sister Stanislaus of the Infant Jesus (Smith). Sister Teresa was the daughter of Clement and Eleanor Sewall, and the niece of Sister Teresa Carberry. She was born in Georgetown at the close of the eighteenth century, and was a great favorite of George Washington, who often held her in his arms when she was an infant. Her father had been an officer in General Washington's staff during the Revolution. She entered Carmel in 1817, and made her vows on Oct. 25, 1818, aged nineteen years. Sister Ambrosia (Catherine Jamison), and Sister Stanislaus (Mary Smith), were first cousins, but had been brought up as if they were sisters. Their Baptism, First Confession and Communion, entrance into Religion and Profession were made together; and both had been educated at St. Joseph's Academy, Em-

mitsburg, under the vigilant care of the Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. Mother Elizabeth Seton took the warmest interest in the future little Carmelites, and taught them many pious and helpful practices, some of which they continued all their life. They had the greatest affection for the holy Foundress, and her maternal love followed them into the cloister, for shortly before her death she sent them this little message:

"Now, dearest children, who called me mother so often, and so tenderly in our dear Lord, show your truly compassionate love and help my poor soul, so soon to meet its last judgment; pray for it now and when it is gone. . . . Yours, E.A.S. in Christ."

Sisters Ambrosia and Stanislaus never failed to remember her soul in prayer; but they also earnestly invoked Mother Seton's patronage, for they esteemed her as a saint.

Concerning Sister Ambrosia, Bishop Currier recounts, with great satisfaction, a little anecdote which tells much about Mother Clare Joseph's daughters. The winter had been unusually severe, and the pans of burning coals could not greatly alter the atmosphere of the Carmelite cells. Sister Ambrosia, who had noticed that the feast days of many Carmelite saints occur in the month of February, remarked one day: "Another saint of our order! I think they must have all died of cold!" Her droll remark was greeted with laughter, which, the Bishop tells us, cheered the sisters in spite of the weather.

This little incident serves to illustrate the spirit which Carmel's Foundresses brought to America, the spirit of the daughters of St. Teresa. For theirs is the courage that rejoices in the midst of suffering, the love that is "ashamed to find anything hard." St. Teresa could be "very merry" when her heart was full of anxiety and her body tortured with pain. Her gaiety is the inheritance of

her spiritual daughters. The smile in the radiant eyes of the Little Flower is telling the world that sanctity is not the deadening thing that the worldling thinks; it is the thing that brings Heaven's sunshine down to earth. And how well did not Mother Clare Joseph know how to bring the sunshine of heaven into the old Carmel of Port Tobacco!

Life was drawing to a close for Mother Clare Joseph, and in a letter to her dear sisters at Lanherne, England, she wrote, November 21, 1819:

> My friends are gone, and very soon do I hope to join them. . . . My health is but indifferent, although I am thoroughly recovered from the palsy with which I was struck on the 10th of March last, losing all at once the use of my whole right side. Since then I have had dangerous inflammatory colds, etc., all which have brought me pretty low; but thanks to God, the tender care of Dr. F. Neale and my truly affectionate children, I can in part follow the Community in some small duties. Pray for me, dear Mother Subprioress, that every pain, sickness and cross may be welcome to me from the loving hand of my Spouse.

On the side of this letter she has several invocations, concluding with the words: "Ye holy three Kings, guide this letter safe to Lanherne House!"

But before the sainted foundress of America's Carmel should pass the portals of the Presence Gate, it was destined that her soul should be further purified in an added earthly sorrow, the greatest sorrow that could have come to the aged Prioress. This was the death of the director of the Port Tobacco Carmel, Father Neale. Called to the Superiorship of the Jesuits for a second time his arduous labors and a number of severe illnesses brought on the fatal malady that resulted in his death April 27, 1823. His remains were interred in the community cemetery to rest with his Carmelite daughters to whom he had been the

American John of the Cross in more than one way. Father Neale's death was indeed a cross for Mother Clare Joseph; she could not conceal from her sisters the poignant sorrow that was caused by his passing. At this time she wrote of him: "I have had the pleasure and advantage of knowing him for almost forty years, and in all this time he has never changed."

Like many another virile soul who has borne suffering joyously, Mother Clare Joseph had a very particular devotion to the Sacred Passion. When, in the later years of her life, she was bound to her bed of pain, she kept her crucifix near her, and looked at it often and lovingly. A saint has said that they find death sweet who have lived a dying life, for death is a separation from all that is of earth. Daily, hourly, the Carmelite is called upon to relinquish all that is not of God, until at last she has learned to look only on the crucifix, and to despoil herself of all, according to His example. Then when the final agony comes, she longs to meet, as her Bridegroom, Him whom so many souls dread to meet as their Judge.

Mother Clare Joseph had written:

> Oh, let me waste and wear away
> With love of Thee, my God, I pray,
> Until I reach Thy mighty throne,
> And sing Thy praise in Seraph's tone!
> This is the height of my desire,
> In purest flames of love expire.
> Haste then, slow Time; soon let me see
> The Face of God eternally!

At last her desire was granted, and with the prayer: "Sweet Jesus assist me!" she went to meet her Spouse, March 27, 1830, in her seventy-fifth year.

Mother Clare Joseph's "vigor of soul" remained with her even to the end. With her order's prophet-founder, the holy Elias, she too could cry out in all the fervor of

her soul, "With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of Hosts." It was her zeal, especially, that made of America's first Carmel a house of prayer and solid piety, a house that came to be venerated by both the priests and the people of the early American Church.

Mother Clare Joseph's charity had caused her daughters to venerate her as a saint and to love her as the tenderest of mothers. They were overwhelmed with grief at her departure. But the loss was not felt solely by the community. Numerous letters of sympathy told how universal was the mourning. The following came from Bishop Flaget, of Bardstown, Ky.:

August 24, 1830.

Dear Sister Stanislaus:

With what concern did I not hear of the sickness, and nearly at the same time, of the death, of your so venerable and so worthy superior and mother. All the marks of esteem and religious affection she had given me, both with words of mouth and by writing, presented themselves to my mind in a crowd. My poor heart was truly overwhelmed, sometimes by deep sorrow, at another time with lively sentiments of regard and gratitude. The desolation of your fervent family must have been great; for if the people that only had a slight acquaintance with this Respectable Lady felt her death in so keen a manner, what did not those feel who knew her for many years, and who had been the witnesses of her eminent virtues. Religion alone in such painful circumstances can soothe our affliction. For we know that this Rev. Mother had run a long and very glorious race. She was ripe for Heaven. God has called her to Him, has freed her of all the bodily miseries that tormented her, and pours now torrents of delight into her heart, and shall pour them during the whole Eternity. These consoling reflections are not the result of mere imagination; they are the

natural consequences of our belief, and the most efficacious remedy to all our afflictions. Though I am persuaded that Mother Dickinson was not much in need of prayers after the wonderful examples of patience and charity she had given for so many years to her family, yet, as God may perceive spots in angels themselves, I have offered several times the Divine Sacrifice of Mass for the rest of the soul of so respectable a friend, and I will continue to remember her, and all her edifying family, in my memento. . . . As for you, accept besides my compliments of condolence, all the sentiments of gratitude for your kindness in giving me such interesting details, with which I remain,

Your most Obedient and affectionate Father in God,

✠ Benedict Joseph, Bishop of Bardstown.

The year following the death of Mother Clare Joseph the Carmelites of Port Tobacco bade farewell to their first convent home, the scene of those early labors, their Bethlehem in America, and moved to Baltimore. Their first Baltimore Convent was on Asquith Street, but in 1873, the year that saw the birth of the Little Flower of Jesus, in far-off Lisieux, they entered the present Baltimore Carmel on Biddle and Caroline Streets.

At the community's removal to Baltimore, many of the graves of those who had died in Port Tobacco were opened. The bones were placed in one coffin, so that to-day all the builders of the Maryland Carmel are resting together in Baltimore's cemetery of Bonnie Brae. It is fitting, indeed, that the ashes of Mother Bernadina and Mother Clare Joseph should be mingled. Mother Bernadina dreamed and prayed and hoped for America's Carmel, and finally Mother Clare Joseph's task to build upon the new foundation a contemplative temple worthy of the Lord. It was hers to direct the spiritual life of the community, to teach prayer and mortification, to point out to young aspirants

the Order's principles and ideals. The novices whom she trained were to influence a vast number of souls, for most of the Teresian houses in the United States were to be founded from her community or from its branches. America's Carmel honors Mother Bernadina as its first Prioress. But Mother Clare Joseph is the central figure in its early history.

A number of the early prelates of the American Church looked upon Mother Clare Joseph Dickinson as one of the great figures in the annals of religion in the New World. The saintly Bruté, first Bishop of Vincennes, and a constant friend to Mother Clare, one time wrote: "The first of all communities granted by God to our America, your prayers have called the others and blessed the whole land."

And later, when in the wilds of Indiana he was laboring like an Apostle for the establishment of Christian communities, he wrote again to Carmel:

> Ah! surely it would be in vain to speak even of my more distant hopes for these wilds, to see the honor of the holy vows adorn them. Most distant are they; but were I in Heaven at last, I think I would tell Mother Dickinson to ask with Saint Teresa, that Our Lord may grant His Church of Vincennes some part of the blessing that the old churches of Europe have so long enjoyed.

It was not given to the holy old man of Vincennes to see established in his poor diocese the spiritual daughters of Mother Clare Joseph Dickinson. But more than likely his desire persisted in the courts of heaven, for to-day there is a Carmel not far from where his blessed remains are awaiting the coming of the Savior. And this Carmel was founded from a branch of the Maryland community.

As one considers the religious of active orders, one beholds Christ passing through the streets of city or village, healing the stricken, pardoning the sinful, embracing the

little ones. But to understand Carmel, one must see Christ in the carpenter's cottage of Nazareth, doing commonplace tasks, but with His Heart ever uplifted to His Father; one must contemplate Him alone on the mountain top, where, amidst the midnight silence, the music of His Heart's adoration ascended to the throne of the eternal Godhead.

The secular priesthood, the active orders of religion, the splendidly organized and efficient workers in Catholic schools, colleges, hospitals, and charitable institutions, all those who form the flower of the Church Militant, agree in declaring that their greatest strength is prayer. It is through graces won by the prayer of sinless souls that young hearts hear the call of God, and gain courage to follow where God leads them. It is through prayer that new hope and fresh inspiration are given to those wearied in life's battle. Many a heroic priest laboring in a foreign land, many a missionary sister in the arctics or the tropics, finds consolation in the thought that the entire Church of God shares in the daily supplications and the daily sacrifices of God's prisoners of love in some far-away cloister. More than one thinker has said that prayer is to the Church what power is to machinery; and the power house of the Church is the home of the Contemplative.

Considering the great lack of religious institutions in America in the early days of its existence, some, with short-sighted human reason, might have thought that the first need was for active orders, to form the staffs of schools and hospitals. Such were needed, it is true; and they were to come in time. But "God's ways are not our ways." God begins at the beginning. In the Divine plan, Our Lord's public labors were preceded by the Hidden Life at Nazareth. So in the Church in the United States, the stupendous achievements of the active orders were preceded by the prayer and penance of Carmel. The story of the establishment of the first American power house of

prayer will always center around the life of Frances Dickinson, Mother Clare Joseph of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Every high-souled girl who has followed the rare and sublime vocation to Carmel, and who has found her life work in one of the communities founded from Baltimore; every priest who has gained inspiration from the help given by the prayers of these Carmels; every soul that has been granted, through them, a temporal favor or a grace of conversion, owes something to this great Foundress who braved danger and hardship to bring the order of Carmel to America. Not only was Mother Clare Joseph builder of a Maryland cloister but she was one of the builders of the nation. For much of the light and hope and love that belongs to the Church in America to-day had its beginning when a little sailing vessel from the Old World touched the shores of the New on July 2, 1790, the feast of Mary's Visitation. Since then America, too, has had her mystic virgins, lovely and generous in their service to the Bridegroom, who spend their days, like Mary of Bethany, gazing upon the beauty of His countenance.

MOTHER ELIZABETH ANN SETON

OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL

In the Maryland hills there was the breath of roses. The fields once white with tiny daisies were now abloom with lilacs, myrtle, pinks and white japonicas. Snowdrops in the grasses had been followed by wild strawberries, and iris bloomed along the hedges. The streams were bright with fish, and the lakes cupped deep with pampas grass and water lilies. The roads were fringed with bridal wreath and sweet alyssum. Cardinals and robins splashed red the woods of every spur and hill and intervening valley, while aisles of spruce were starred with white liana. By day the haze lay spread once more upon the Blue Ridge, a veil of silver, gray and deepening purple; then came an earth bathed white and gold in radiant Maryland moonlight. It was June along the Potomac, the Chesapeake and the Patapsco; the month of roses, stars, and Corpus Christi; the never-to-be forgotten June of eighteen hundred and eight which brought to Maryland, and to little children, the sweet-souled Mother Seton.

To Maryland, the "Land of Sanctuary," the home of a Calvert, a Carroll and a Gibbons, belongs the distinction of giving to the American nation one of its greatest women. Maryland had long been dedicated to the nobler ways of religious action when it was afforded another opportunity of strengthening its prerogative as America's first state, and for a number of years its only one, where religious intolerance had not been written into its constitution, or where the fanaticism of the Protestant sects had not been strong enough to bring suffering and persecution on Catho-

MOTHER ELIZABETH ANN SETON

lic citizens. With the coming of the first English settlers on the *Ark* and the *Dove* in 1634, under the leadership of a Catholic, Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, freedom of religious worship had been guaranteed all peoples. "Thus," says Bancroft, "religious liberty obtained a home—its only home in the wide world." With but few exceptions, and these exceptions the result of Protestant ascendancy and control of power, the years that followed were ones of religious progress and tranquillity. This was the condition of affairs in 1808 when the prejudice of Protestant New York made Elizabeth Seton an outcast from the scenes of her childhood. But in driving this gentle little woman into strange surroundings and unknown associations, little did it know that it was thus giving to a sister state in the southland a more secure and cherished place in the hearts of many American citizens. And on the other hand, little did Maryland realize that in receiving Mother Seton as an exile what a luster some day she would add to its already glorious palladium. Mother Seton came to Maryland, friendless and penniless, a stranger into this land of her adoption, to receive from it not only a home, but in God's good time the means whereby she would do a great work for His Church in America, and she herself mount higher on the ladder of perfection. For here, in the solitude of one of its mountain valleys, just where the Blue Ridge begin their march westward, she was to find asylum, to dedicate her life to the service of little children and to start her work for the poor and miserable—the hopeless poor, the saddened, the neglected—as America's first Sister of Charity. Hence it is that Maryland, Mother Seton's land of sanctuary, should always be remembered as the refuge of this holy exile, and the cradleland of Catholic charity in the New Republic.

Among the first of our American womanhood to consecrate herself to the active works of religion, Mother Seton

stands preëminent in the history of charity and education in this country. God seems to have destined her not only to be the foundress of a great religious community but also to inaugurate practically every work of social welfare in America. If this seems to be an exaggeration one need only to consider in detail the things she accomplished: because she opened the first free school for the children of the people she rightly merits the title of patroness of the parochial school system in the United States; because she sent sisters to take charge of the first Catholic orphanage in the country her place among the homeless little ones of Christ is in sweet security; and because her Daughters crossed half a continent in creaking vans and leaking river steamers to open America's first Catholic hospital her memory should be venerated wherever sickness and suffering receive ministrations. Colleges, academies, schools, orphanages, hospitals, homes for the aged and the incurable —these by the hundreds have come into being through her blessed inspiration. Yet where her Daughters erect the most imperishable monuments to the memory of this woman is in their own lives, often spent in out-of-the-way places where only God is witness to their zeal and devotion. They themselves are the reason for the firm hold they have on the affection of the American people. And it is because of them and the work they are doing that Mother Seton has come to be looked upon as one of the chief glories of the Church in the United States. Behold her, then, a typical American pioneer of native stock and education, refined, gentle, unafraid of difficult undertakings, the mother of children and the protector of motherless little ones, a woman of great vision and resourcefulness, one who knew how to suffer and to teach others how to bear trouble, one whose soul was profoundly religious. No wonder then that steps have already been taken, and prayers are being offered, that the day will not be far distant when she will be raised to the

honors of the Altar, the first canonized saint of the Church in America.

Mother Seton now rests in that same valley of loveliness where she spent most of her Catholic life. Her remains are in a tomb of white marble, lying at the side of those of her nephew, the Most Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley, like her a convert, and one time occupant of the ancient see of Baltimore. Here within sight of the purple ridges, she sleeps, at last in peace. Many have likened her final resting place to the valley of Assisi, that nestles in Umbrian solitude at the foot of the Carceri; about them both is an atmosphere of such holiness as to captivate even those not of the household of the faith. And just as Assisi for centuries has drawn to itself the devout of every age and condition of life, so has Emmitsburg begun to attract to its little churchyard the old and the young, the well and the sick, the clergy, the laity, and those outside of the Fold. As these pilgrims go about from shrine to shrine, they know that this is holy ground, every inch of which has been sanctified by toil and suffering, consecrated by deeds heroic. On one side they behold the long, low "Yellow House," almost hidden in its garden of hollyhocks and wild liana, the same humble abode to which the sisters came in 1809, on the Feast of St. Ignatius, and where Mother Seton found eternity just beyond its threshold. And then on the other side they see a doubly sacred place of pilgrimage, Mother Seton's last home on earth, in which she lived for more than a decade of years and where God found her when He came to give her everlasting happiness—the "White House" as it is called to-day, hung low with ivy, roses and clematis, and around which cluster the holiest of memories. Here in the valley, too, are the orchards and the meadow lands that stretch off to where the Blue Ridge bound the horizon; here the same tiny river winds its way from among the mountains, down past a spot called "Paradise," where tra-

dition has it Our Lady appeared some time in the eighteenth century foretelling the presence in this Maryland valley of Mother Seton's Daughters. Here is the great establishment of St. Joseph's, the mother house of her cornette Daughters, and here the school she founded, an institution that continues to exert an influence of the first importance on the destinies of Catholic education in America. This is Emmitsburg, America's Assisi, the resting place of one of the nation's greatest women.

But these picture scenes of the twentieth century, a far cry from those of the eighteenth, at whose close was born in the city of New York a little child who some day was to become the lovely Elizabeth Seton. The year of her birth, 1774, brought a train of events which later culminated in Lexington and Concord. Early in this year the English government passed the "Intolerable Acts," a series of unjust legislations directed against the freedom of the American people. But these repressive measures had merely quickened the determination of the colonists to endure no longer the yoke of British intolerance. Everywhere the torch of freedom was enkindling the fires of patriotism in the breasts of the harassed people. The American Revolution was in the making. The first Continental Congress convened in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, at Carpenter's Hall, as a formal protest against foreign tyranny and to plan for the future of a new nation. But if war and bloodshed encompassed the city of her nativity, it is safe to conjecture that the little one's cradle was shielded from the confusion and peril such events naturally occasion, and while Washington and Jefferson were endeavoring to lay the foundation stones of their great political structure the young Elizabeth Ann was waxing strong and lovely, the favorite daughter of the Bayley household. Doctor Richard Bayley, her father, was an eminent physician of wealth and

standing, and her mother, like her father, a member of one of New York's oldest families. The former was descended from a family of the landed gentry of Norfolkshire, England, and was attached to the staff of Sir Guy Carleton, one of the commanders-in-chief of the English army in America. Her mother, Catherine Charlton, was the daughter of the Reverend Richard Charlton, rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Staten Island. It so pleased God, however, that the child was never to remember the sweetness of a mother's love, for Mrs. Bayley died when Elizabeth was three years old. The child seems to have grasped something of this tragedy, for from the beginning she knew here was a loss that never could be repaired. But the years passed as they always do for children, fleeting hours of sunshine and little storm clouds, with scarcely a thought of the morrow and not much more of the past. Yet for Elizabeth they were somewhat different. She was her father's constant companion, and in her stepmother, Charlotte Barclay, daughter of Andrew Barclay and Helen Roosevelt, she found, as she later described her, a "woman of rare and sweet attainments." Moreover, she was living in a period of national unrest and disorder, with privations and sufferings that must have made an indelible impression upon her awakening intelligence. Her education rested, in great measure, on Doctor Bayley himself, for New York during the stormy years of the Revolution afforded little facility for the training of its children. The father devoted a great part of his time, theretofore given over entirely to the demands that his position as an eminent surgeon made upon him, to the all-important duty of forming the mind and heart of his daughter. Hence Elizabeth came to possess a solidity of understanding, the peculiar result of being trained by a cultured masculine intellect. Doctor White, in his biography of Mother Seton, furnishes an admirable

picture of the relationship that existed between Colonial New York's most prominent physician and his little daughter:

> Almost continually under the eye of her father, [she] conceived for him all the affection that a child can entertain for a parent. This unbounded attachment she manifested in various ways. Frequently, when at school, she would learn her task quickly, repeat it, and then watch a favorable opportunity of eluding the vigilance of her preceptress, in order to run down the street to meet her father, who passed that way, embrace him, and then hasten back before the old lady could notice her absence. She not only regarded him as her protector, but, with that generous disposition which knows how to appreciate a benefit, she repaid his anxiety and kindness with the practice of every virtue that could gratify the paternal heart. Filial piety was the spring of all her actions—the incentive to all her exertions. Though incapable of understanding the importance of study at her tender age, she valued her scholastic exercises because prescribed by her father. "French and music must have their hours," said he. This was sufficient to recommend them, and to excite her diligent application.

Father Reville, S.J., in his pamphlet, "The First American Sister of Charity," affords another angle of the little Elizabeth's disposition:

> As far as his (Doctor Bayley's) duties would allow, he presided over her studies. His word was law. The little New Yorker liked neither French nor music, and independent American that she was, flung her music book and her grammar aside, declaring that she would have no such foreign importations. But Doctor Bayley was an old-fashioned father, and even Miss Elizabeth Ann Bayley, loved, petted, and idolized though she

was, was not to be the mistress in this household. A word of warning soon brought the wayward little rebel back to the hated French and the neglected piano.

From childhood the religious tendencies in the soul of Elizabeth were clearly manifest. By nature religious, and inclined to piety, she showed an unusual love of prayer and self-sacrifice. She felt drawn to those practices in the Anglican Church which it had retained from Catholicism. She loved the Sacred Scriptures, finding especially in the Psalms and Isaias Divine founts of life and love, from which she drank freely. Next to the Bible, *The Imitation of Christ* held for her the greatest charm. Often she would take these favorite books to the seashore, or to the woods that surrounded her father's place at Craigdon-on-the-Hudson, or at the one at New Rochelle, and read for hours, learning many of their passages by heart. She had a particular devotion to the sacred person of the Savior; she looked upon Him not as the cold, unreal Christ of the Protestants, but as a Lover of souls and their Redeemer, kind, compassionate, understanding, yet withal the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity and divinely omnipotent. Whenever the sacred name of Jesus was pronounced in her presence, she followed the sweet Catholic custom of bowing her head. She wore a small crucifix on her breast as a token of love for her crucified Savior. She longed to be united to the Body and Blood of Christ and, although she knew that her own Church could provide nothing else but the mere elements of bread and wine as a figure of the life-giving reality, yet she prepared herself for their reception with the greatest fervor and gratitude. She loved to think of the guardian angels and prayed for their guidance and protection. She devoted some time every evening to an examination of conscience, going over carefully in her mind the thoughts and actions of the day, reproaching herself for

the faults she might have committed, and asking the assistance of her heavenly friends to lead her soul in the ways of righteousness to the feet of God.

Elizabeth was fifteen years of age when George Washington was inaugurated in New York as first President of the United States. Already she was blooming into the loveliness of womanhood, one of the belles of old New York. She moved in the best society of the day, yet she was not affected or imperious. Her character was forceful but gentle; her manner, even to the servants of the household, was most cordial. And her cheerfulness was so infectious that she was a general favorite of young and old alike. Yet there was about her a certain dignity and maturity of judgment that stamped her as most unusual for her age.

Elizabeth's choice for a husband was a handsome and wealthy scion of one of New York's oldest families, William Magee Seton, a young merchant of excellent character and business prospects. He had been educated in England and had received the broadening influence of travel on the Continent. His ancestors had figured for centuries in Scottish romance and history, whereas the American branch of the family was as prominent for good works as were the Old World members illustrious for deeds of valor. But if the name had been great in the past, it was to become far more glorious as a result of the alliance which took place January 25, 1794, when Elizabeth Bayley was united in marriage to William Magee Seton by Doctor Samuel Provost, the Episcopalian Bishop of New York.

The early years of Elizabeth's married life were filled with happiness and contentment. All the success that attended her husband's ventures she attributed to an Ever-bountiful Creator. It was in the dispensations of Providence, however, that the happiness of her home life should not continue much longer and that the most severe trials should follow in rapid succession. Toward the close of the

century the Seton interest in the markets of the day began to suffer because of the French spoliations and the general vicissitudes of mercantile life. But in the midst of these rising difficulties Elizabeth proved an inestimable support to her husband in his trials. The following prayer which seems to relate to this particular situation shows something of the strength of mind she exhibited under the strain to which the threatening financial ruin had subjected her:

> The cup that our Father has given us, shall we not drink it? O Blessed Savior, by the bitterness of Thy pains we may estimate the force of our love; we are sure of Thy kindness and compassion, if Thou so ordainest it, welcome disappointment and poverty, sickness and pain, welcome even shame and contempt and calumny. If this be a rough and thorny path, it is one which Thou hast trod before us. Where we see Thy footsteps we cannot repine. Even here Thou canst more than compensate us for any temporal sufferings, by the possession of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

The path that God had asked Elizabeth Seton to walk upon was, indeed, a thorny one. In June, 1798, her much loved father-in-law, the elder Seton, passed away. Elizabeth mourned for him no less than if she were his daughter. Then in the summer of 1801 the yellow fever epidemic made harsh demands upon her father, who some years before had been appointed to superintend the Quarantine Hospital established by the government to prevent any infectious diseases from reaching the growing city of New York. Doctor Bayley was to be seen everywhere among the sick and dying on Staten Island, where the vessels lately arrived from Europe were detained at quarantine. The disease finally struck down the physician himself, and Elizabeth, more fearful for his soul than for his body, made her way to the cradle of her infant Catherine, her fourth child,

and clasping the little one in her arms, raised it to heaven, at the same time exclaiming: "O Jesus, my merciful Father and God! take this little innocent offering; I give it to Thee with all my heart; take it, my Lord, but save my Father's soul." But God did not require such a sacrifice, for Doctor Bayley died with the Holy Name upon his lips, confident of mercy and of a reward exceedingly great for the charity he had exercised in his attendance upon the plague stricken. It was from this superabundant charity of her father that Elizabeth had imbibed an increased desire to alleviate suffering, a stronger love for those in trouble, and a greater determination to be of the highest service to every one who called upon her generosity. Already she had helped found the first charitable organization in the city of New York, "The Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children"; and throughout the city, because of her daily visits to the poor and her ministrations to the sick and dying, she was known as the "Protestant Sister of Charity." To Doctor Bayley, therefore, in a certain sense America owes its first Sister of Charity.

After her father's death, Elizabeth seemed to grow more fervent in her religious practices. There was a deepening in her spiritual perception and a greater desire to know in all things the will of God and how to fulfill it. It was well for her to seek this knowledge, for greater crosses were to try her soul in a crucible of suffering. The financial difficulties of her family instead of lessening constantly increased, and a decline in her husband's health became manifest. Physicians urged a sea voyage for the invalid if he were to regain his former vigor and thus be able to retrieve his fortunes. Such a journey in those days was fraught with dangers that now seem staggering, but to Elizabeth it was the only course to follow. The sunny skies of Italy began to beckon William. He remembered from years before the kind hospitality of the Filicchi brothers, distinguished mer-

chants of Leghorn, and their many subsequent invitations to return for a protracted visit. Yielding to the urgings of his physician and friends he began immediate preparations for the voyage. Elizabeth felt that her place was at the side of her husband, and although her going with him necessitated a separation from her children, yet she did not hesitate to make the sacrifice. As in the past and in all other situations, here too her selflessness and courage never faltered. She decided to take her eldest child, Anna Maria, now nine years old, for she felt that the little one, who was never robust, would benefit by the sea voyage, and perhaps be of assistance in the care of her father. The three Setons set sail from New York, on the *Shepherdess*, October 2, 1803, for the land that was to be for the wife and mother a land of sorrow and separation yet at the same time a land of wonders, supernatural and faith-giving. If Elizabeth Seton were to enter it a Protestant she was not to depart until her heart had become thoroughly Catholic, and her soul ready to be received, as she later expressed it, "into the Ark of Peter."

After an uneventful voyage, the *Shepherdess* dropped anchor in the port of Leghorn, just as the Angelus was sounding over the city. Unfortunately, however, the vessel was the first to bring news of the yellow fever, then prevalent in New York, and as it had sailed without a health certificate, its only passengers, the Setons, were ordered to the Lazaretto or quarantine hospital. Here the invalid was placed upon a ship's mattress on the damp stone floor where for six weeks he suffered day and night, constantly growing weaker, until his death was expected almost any moment. During this great ordeal the constancy, and tenderness exercised by Elizabeth was heroism of the highest order. Her journal relating the incidents of this period of quarantine is one of the most beautiful contributions made to Catholic literature in modern times.

It is an unaffected record of a great sorrow and an heroic devotion, of a perfect submission to the Will of God in all things, and a sincere desire to come closer to Him who was permitting these sufferings. It reveals her as a model wife and mother, a prefiguration of what later she was to accomplish as America's first Sister of Charity. On December 19, the Setons were allowed to leave the Lazaretto for a house in Pisa, overlooking the Arno, but scarcely had the Glorias of Elizabeth's first Catholic Christmas ended when death came for William. He passed away December 27, 1803, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn.

The home of the Filicchis in Leghorn had preserved the memory of William Seton as he had appeared in the days of his youth. This same house welcomed his widow and orphan the day after his death. The poignancy of Elizabeth's grief rendered her almost insensible to her surroundings. As she herself said, "My soul was roaming among the clouds, winging its flight toward William and ceaselessly repeating: 'O God, Thou art my God. Here I am alone in the world, with Thee and my dear little ones. But Thou art my Father and doubly theirs!' " And God did not leave them comfortless. Not only did ministrations of the Filicchis heal some of the wounds of their tender hearts, but Elizabeth experienced something of the solace the Catholic Church affords its children in times of sorrow. For the first time in her life she witnessed the actual workings of the Church in the genuine Catholic household in which she found herself, and felt something of these workings when she accompanied the Filicchis on their visits to the churches of Leghorn and Florence, or when they stopped at quiet roadside shrines to attend Mass or receive Holy Communion. She experienced them again when she came to know the meaning of those strange processions, when through the streets the coming of a priest

in cassock, stole and surplice was announced by the tinkling of a bell, and when the passers-by would kneel in adoration of their Jesus who was being carried as Viaticum to the dying. Elizabeth would kneel, too, and pray the while that, if her Lord was really passing by, He would bless her and be her guide in this time of trouble. From Antonio Filicchi she learned how to make the Sign of the Cross and with what awe did she not trace for the first time, on her forehead, this symbol of man's redemption. She became familiar with many of the prayers and practices that Catholics hold most sacred, experiences that could not but have a most salutary effect upon her heart and intelligence. Up to this time she little imagined a more secure way to reach Heaven than that which she had been taught to follow. But now that the crudeness of Protestantism had shaken her previous certainty about it, she began to pray that if she were not in the right way God would graciously lead her to it. Meanwhile, His grace was never wanting. He continued to unfold before her the superior claims of the Catholic Church, with the result that in a few months she made rapid strides in the knowledge of Catholicism and her soul advanced far along the road of holiness. Already she began to long for a union with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; already she had found in the Blessed Virgin a second mother. In a moment of excessive distress she wrote at this time:

> I opened a prayer book of Mrs. Filicchi which lay on the table, and my eyes rested upon the prayer of Saint Bernard to the Blessed Virgin, begging her to be our mother; and I said to her, with such a certainty that God would refuse nothing to His Mother, and that she could not help loving and pitying the poor souls for whom He died, that I felt really I had a mother, which you know my foolish heart so often lamented to have lost in my early days. From the

> first remembrance of infancy I have always looked, in all the plays of childhood and wildness of youth, to the clouds for my mother; and at that moment it seemed as if I had found even more than her in the tenderness and pity of a mother; so I cried myself to sleep in her heart.

Grace had entered the soul of Elizabeth and would have led at once to a formal retraction of Protestantism had not her immediate departure from Italy prevented. The little ones at home were calling her and she could stay away no longer. She and Anna Maria set sail on the *Flamingo,* April 8, with Antonio Filicchi, who was unwilling to see her make the long ocean voyage unaccompanied. They spent the time on board by considering the exterior practices of the Catholic faith and discussing certain points of dogma which still perplexed Elizabeth. For fifty-six days the ship moved westward, and all the while, on board and in the quiet of her cabin, she united her prayers with those of her dear friends in Italy, thus fortifying herself against the struggle she knew to be awaiting her in America. And when the *Flamingo* reached New York, June 3, 1804, she clasped to her bosom her four other children and then courageously faced the days that lay before her.

Back in New York Elizabeth soon learned that the Seton fortune had been wrecked and that the upkeep of her little family depended entirely upon her relatives, who at first were willing to accept the burden, but upon learning of Elizabeth's Catholic sympathies, made their assistance conditional upon her adhering to the Episcopal communion. But Elizabeth's convictions had been shaken to their very foundations and in some way or other she decided that she must build anew, even on the Rock of Peter if necessary, if her soul was to find peace and contentment. The fierce struggle of truth went on in her soul against all that she

held most dear. When her people realized that a change had really taken place in her convictions they rose up as one against her. She begged for the truth and the courage to follow it. From her place in St. Paul's Church and in Trinity, where she attended the Protestant services, her thoughts would travel to the poor little Tabernacle in old St. Peter's, on Barclay Street, New York's first Catholic house of worship. She knew that it held the same Treasure that caused the erection of the Old World's greatest temples. She knew that its cross was beckoning to her with an insistency that brooked no refusal. Yet she dare not pass beneath it as a worshiper, although her heart was with the little Catholic congregation, poor unfortunate exiles of Erin, whose faith was identical with those loved friends of Italy, identical with the faith which proposed itself to her heart as that of Christ's own revelation. How she envied these first New York Catholics as she saw them hurrying to early morning Mass, there to receive, as she had often seen the Filicchis receive in their chapel on the Arno, their Lord and God in Holy Communion. They were at peace, whereas her own soul was being torn with conflict. But even in this disturbed condition of mind she realized that it is only when mortals descend to the depths of suffering that they can hope to ascend the heights of sanctity. While she was not striving for great holiness, yet good Christian that she was she knew that God had His own designs in permitting her this agony. Kind and persuasive words of friends and relatives had given way to reproaches and maledictions, to be followed by a silence that was to be a signal of complete abandonment. Yet she was firm and unyielding.

It was God's will that Elizabeth Seton should be the sport of conflicting sentiments in order that her ultimate triumph over error might be rendered the more signal, and that her affections might be more perfectly disengaged

from creatures. On one hand was Bishop Carroll whom the Filicchis had informed of the spiritual struggles of the widowed convert, making of her the object of his prayers and solicitude. On the other the Reverend Mr. Hobart, her lifelong friend and now her pastor, besieging her with arguments in favor of the Anglican doctrines and attacking bitterly those of Catholicism. Confused by the latter's reasoning, to which were added the love and affection she held for him and for her Protestant relatives, she suffered the temptation to go on as before in the Anglican communion. The faces of her children haunted her whenever a decision to become a Catholic became more imperative. She knew that peace would follow any sacrifice she would impose upon herself, but she must hesitate to inflict upon her little ones unnecessary suffering. So crucified was her soul in this contest that she cries out in her anguish: "It will end by destroying my life if protracted much longer." Not many are privileged to ascend those heights where with outstretched arms stands the bleeding figure of the Crucified. As the days passed with all their added trials and struggles, Elizabeth did not ask the reason for this intense suffering, but kept on, sometimes crushed to earth with the apparent hopelessness of the situation, yet again lifted high by invisible hands of love and understanding. But always was her trust supreme, and even if she were being led from the persons and places most dear to her heart, her faith told her that there would be compensation a hundredfold at the end of the journey on which she knew Christ was taking her.

It was on the feast of the Epiphany that the star of faith illumined the darkness of her soul and pointed out clearly for her the path that she was to follow. Opening a volume of Bourdaloue's sermons, her eyes fell on words that seemed to be addressed to her alone, that morning of the Manifestation.

O you who have lost the star of faith! . . .

On and on she read, the words of command as well as direction, to seek out God in the simplicity of her heart and to consult His priests that they might teach her the science of sciences, that of finding eternal salvation. When she closed the book her resolution had been taken. Some years later she wrote of this day of spiritual triumph:

> O you who have lost the star of faith! The anguish, the distress which rushed upon me anew like a torrent! To see a Catholic priest! Oh! it was my supreme desire, my only desire on earth.

On March 14, 1805, after making a formal abjuration of heresy, Elizabeth was received into the Catholic Church at the hands of the Reverend Matthew O'Brien and in the presence of Antonio Filicchi who offered himself to God as a security for her promises. She returned home, she says:

> . . . light of heart and cool of head, the first time these many months, but not without begging our Lord to wrap my heart deep in that open side, so well described in the beautiful Crucifixion, or lock it up in His little Tabernacle where I shall now rest forever.

Then came the preparation for her first confession. In this she found no great difficulty, for, as she wrote, "truly my life has been well culled over in the bitterness of soul these months of sorrow passed." Following the sacrament of reconciliation she exclaimed:

> Oh, how awful those words of unloosing after thirty years of bondage! I felt as if my chains fell as those of Saint Peter at the touch of the divine Messenger. My God, what new scenes for my soul!

In thinking of her approaching Communion Elizabeth wrote:

> Annunciation Day, I shall be made one with Him who said "Unless you eat My Flesh and drink My Blood, you shall not have life in you!" I count these days and hours—yet a few more of hope and expectation, and then . . . How bright the sun these morning walks of preparation! Deep snow or smooth ice, all to me the same—I see nothing but the little bright cross on St. Peter's steeple.

The memory of her First Holy Communion never passed from her mind. Annually she sanctified its anniversary with special acts of gratitude to God, recalling that day of days when she exclaimed:

> At last God is mine, and I am His. Now let all go its round. I have received Him. . . . I feel all the powers of my soul held fast by Him who came with so much majesty to take possession of His little poor kingdom. An Easter Communion now, in my green pastures amidst the refreshing fountains for which I thirsted truly.

Once Elizabeth had been received into the Catholic Church her separation from old-time friends and companions became complete and final. But in the Filicchis, Bishop Carroll and a few other devoted Catholics, she found means to face the crisis that had now come upon her. Although poverty had succeeded Seton affluence, and the most bitter opposition from friends and relatives made the future dark and foreboding, yet she was never disheartened. She opened a little school near St. Mark's Church on the Bowery, but due to rampant anti-Catholic feeling, it was a failure. Then she contemplated removal to Canada where her little ones might have the advantage of a Catholic education and she some rest and spiritual consolation. But America needed her in those days, just as it needs her daughters to-day; for then, as well as now,

there were little children without a Christian education, the poor and ignorant the object of little consideration. And here again God's Providence was clearly manifest in the life of this great American foundress.

Father Du Bourg, of Baltimore, Superior of the American Sulpicians who had said mass one morning toward the close of August, 1807, in St. Peter's Church, New York, was particularly struck with the spirituality of one woman, a widow so she seemed to be, in her deep mourning of those days, who had approached Holy Communion. Following the mass, Father Du Bourg had scarcely inquired of the pastor the identity of the unusual communicant when she was ushered into his presence. It was the widow of William Seton, he was told, whose remarkable conversion was still on the lips of many Catholics and non-Catholics in New York, Baltimore and elsewhere. Father Du Bourg listened to the story of her trials and touched with the pathos of this recital asked her to come to Baltimore, which as yet had no Catholic school for girls. Elizabeth prayed over the proposition before making an answer. She wrote to Bishop Carroll, who in turn consulted Fathers Cheverus and Matignon, both of Boston. All subscribed to Father Du Bourg's plan although nothing was done until the following spring, at which time it was finally decided that Elizabeth should remove to Baltimore, and, in a house adjoining St. Mary's Seminary, open a school for the Catholic girls of the city. She loved New York, with its old familiar scenes and the dear haunts of childhood and young womanhood, but her heart was in her new-found faith, and so she did not hesitate to go among strangers in a new land and begin life all over again. On June 4, 1808, she looked at her birthplace for the last time and bade farewell to the graves of the loved ones whom death had deprived of a part in this domestic tragedy. The leave taking must have been painful, for Elizabeth once remarked that

> the nearer a soul is truly united to God, the more its sensibilities are increased to every being of His Creation, much more to those whom it is bound to love by the tenderest and most endearing ties.

But whatever were the heart pangs that early June morning when the little sailing packet took her and her children from the port of New York, it is safe to say that they were wiped away forever when eleven days later, on the eve of Corpus Christi, she saw in the distance the wooded shores of Maryland, and the lights of Baltimore sent out the welcome of her new-found home. The following morning she first set foot on the soil of Maryland and a little later reached St. Mary's Seminary, just as the choir was singing the *Kyrie Eleison* as a part of the ceremony of consecration of the seminary chapel. Elizabeth and her children entered the building and witnessed the glorious scene before them. To the mother this was but another manifestation of God's goodness to His outcasts, and of their happy reception she wrote at the time that: "Human nature could hardly bear it. Your imagination can never conceive the splendor, the glory of the scene." To-day the Chapel of old St. Mary's Seminary, on Paca Street, Baltimore, the premier institution for the education of the American clergy, is a sacred spot to all those who love and venerate Mother Seton.

The house to which Elizabeth had been led by Bishop Carroll and Father Du Bourg was, in her own words, "very neat, placed between two orchards, and two miles from the city." It had the advantage, likewise, of standing close to the chapel, which was open "from dawn until nine in the evening." Here in September she commenced her little school, where a number of boarders and as many, if not more, day students asked admittance. In a short time she was joined by three young women who, attracted to the

Baltimore convert, wished to dedicate their lives to the education of children.

The days of summer passed and the hills of Maryland put on their most vivid colors. Elizabeth was very happy in her new-found work, so very happy that she began to look forward to the time when in a more solemn manner she could consecrate her life to the God who had lavished His graces upon her. This opportunity presented itself before the close of 1808, when a Mr. Samuel Sutherland Cooper, a convert and a student of St. Mary's, offered a certain amount of money to Father Du Bourg for the advancement of the Catholic religion, asking if Elizabeth would be responsible for the undertaking. On the same day that Mr. Cooper made his proposal to Father Du Bourg, Elizabeth approached the priest on the subject of enlarging her work of education and told him that she had seen Mr. Cooper kneeling directly in front of her in the chapel that very morning and wondered if he would give the money necessary for the undertaking. Father Du Bourg knew that God's hand was in this planning. Continuing to look upon the affair as a manifestation of the Divine Will and after making of it the object of a constant thought and prayer, he brought the two converts together. An agreement was readily effected and thus the great work of St. Vincent de Paul in America was launched within the shadow of St. Mary's Seminary.

Meanwhile, the little house on Paca Street continued to welcome other aspirants to the spiritual life until there were six: Cecilia O'Conway, daughter of the learned Irish schoolmaster, Mathias O'Conway, of Philadelphia, Maria Murphy, niece of Matthew Carey of the same city, Mary Ann Butler, Susan Clossy, Rose White and Catharine Mullen. Then came Cecilia and Harriet Seton, Elizabeth's young sisters-in-law, who loved her dearly, the first a Catholic,

the second soon to follow in her sister's footsteps. Elizabeth, on the other hand, was being hailed on all sides as the mother of a new and spiritual family, whose proudest distinction would be to wear the badge of Christian perfection. Yet she was so penetrated with the awful responsibility of her position that she feared her unworthiness would spoil, in some measure at least, the plans God had in mind for the little community. This sense of inferiority caused her to kneel one day before her sisters and tearfully confess the most humiliating actions of her life. Then, with eyes raised to heaven, she added:

> My gracious God, you know my unfitness for this task. I who by my sins have so often crucified you. I blush with shame and confusion. How can I teach others, who know so little myself and am so miserable and imperfect?

Father Du Bourg decided that the time had come for the society to assume as far as it was practicable the form of a community. No particular religious institute had yet been adopted but it was judged proper that Mother Seton should bind herself, at least for a time, by some special act of consecration to the life she had embraced. To this end she made a vow, privately, in the presence of Bishop Carroll to embrace poverty, in whose arms she desired to live and die, and from which, indeed, she had no means of escape; to promise chastity so dear and lovely that she esteemed it her true delight to cherish it and, above all, to bind herself to obedience, the true protection and safeguard of her soul.

It was Bishop Carroll who gave to Elizabeth the sweet name of Mother. She had heard it spoken by her children from the time they had been able to form their little thoughts into words. Now it had taken on an added significance. Mother of the souls entrusted to her care! The

title with all its sweetness and dignity filled her with fear. But again those who gathered around her—her spiritual children—so strengthened her against this temptation of unworthiness that she became in every sense all that the name of Mother implies. Even those not of her household learned to love the little widow living the life of a religious in the school on Paca Street and spoke of her only as Mother Seton.

After Father Du Bourg's appointment by Bishop Carroll as Superior of the new institute, it was agreed that the community should be called "Sisters of St. Joseph," for Mother Seton wished to place her undertaking under the special patronage of the foster father of the Savior. At this time the sisters adopted a habit not unlike that worn by some religious Mother Seton had seen in Italy. The dress of black had a short cape, and the headdress consisted of a white muslin cap with a crimped border, with a black crêpe band around the head, fastened under the chin. It was understood, of course, that this arrangement was merely provisional, and was to continue only until a decision had been reached by the superiors regarding the exact nature of the institute. But the very fact of the adoption of any sort of a religious costume was of no small significance in the evolution of the new community, and when sisters appeared for the first time in their habit on the feast of Corpus Christi, 1809, in the chapel of the Seminary, Father Du Bourg was overcome with joy at the sight of the newly adopted conventual garb, for he had long desired to see this outward manifestation of the religious nature of the new institute. Just when the cap of white was changed to that of black, the costume in which Mother Seton appears now in practically all of her photographs, is not definitely known. There is a tradition in her community, however, that Mother Seton herself never wore this black cap, but that she retained the first headdress of

the Paca Street community. It is regrettable that no actual photograph of Mother Seton as a religious is extant to-day, for the current reproduction so familiar to American Catholics was made after her death. The features are true to the reality in the main, but the costume is not hers, nor is it like the one she wore as Mother of the Sisters of Charity. But this matters little, for even at the mother house in Maryland where the black cap was a familiar sight for almost half a century, the habit worn by the sisters is no longer black, nor is the headdress like that of the early days. Instead, the habit is of blue and the headdress the white linen cornette, which was adopted by the Emmitsburg community some twenty or more years after the death of Mother Seton.

Baltimore must ever be remembered as the birthplace of the American Sisters of Charity, although it was ill-suited at the time for a school such as intended by those interested in the new sisterhood. The Sulpicians wanted the school to remain near the Seminary but Mr. Cooper argued in favor of Emmitsburg, a little village about fifty miles northwest of Baltimore, close to the Pennsylvania border line, and lying between the upper stream of the Monocacy River, a tributary of the Potomac, and the Catockin chain of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Mr. Cooper's idea ultimately prevailed. Father Du Bourg went to Emmitsburg and, about a mile south of the village, found for sale a farm, which he purchased for the sisters. Hither they prepared to move in the summer of 1809, the exodus beginning on June 21 when Mother Seton bade farewell to the little house on Paca Street, past whose closed doors to-day hundreds of her cornette daughters go as they continue the work which she inaugurated within the shadow of old St. Mary's. Mother Seton pioneered the way, in company with her lovely young daughter, Anna Maria, and with her sisters-in-law, Harriet and Cecilia Seton, and one

of the sisters, Cecilia O'Conway. The journey of fifty miles, made in a canvas-covered, creaking wagon, was a happy one, despite the heat and dust and the thousand inconveniences they occasioned. But Mother Seton was on her way home, and the very joy of it caused her to rediscover that delightful humor so evident in her before the trials of the past few years had almost crushed her naturally buoyant spirit. After telling how they were obliged to walk the horses all the way and how they themselves had to walk nearly half the time she adds that

> the natives were astonished as we went before the carriage. The dogs and pigs came out to meet us, and the geese stretched their necks in mute demand to know if we were any of their sort, to which we gave assent.

After a two days' journey there came into view across the pastures the Emmitsburg valley, still beautiful with lingering springtime, sweet with the odors of dew and hedge and growing crabgrass. The sky was a deep azure, with scarcely a cloud in the entire heavens. The day was streaming red and orange in the east, and as the travelers came closer to the mountains they saw cut out ahead of them great purple forms dwindling away to the westward. They crossed the little Monocacy River, gurgling and splashing and tumbling on its rush to the Potomac, down through aisles of cedars, oaks and blossoming magnolias. About them blooms of the peach and plum trees had given way to the first fruits of summer; and underneath, the Virginia strawberry lay jeweled in its bed of moss and calycanthus. Vagrant honeysuckle was running riot over the rose hedges, and to right and left liana and scarlet jasmine reached out in trailing clusters to where thorn apples and rhododendrons peeped through the thickets. Here and there purple passion flowers lay in a bed of smilax and myrtle, or shared quiet woodland trails with chaste

kalmias and begonias. Already, for it was early morning, the thrush and cardinal had roused the whole countryside, now from the choir heights of a gigantic cedar or catalpa, then from the purple pit of blooming iron weeds. The sound of the mass bell of Mount St. Mary's came floating across the valley. Mother Seton took in the scene before her. Always held fast by her natural penchant for the beauties of nature, this time she was overcome with the sense of God's unfailing Providence. For a while the sisters were domiciled in a log dwelling which Father Dubois had furnished them on the mountain, since their own home on the Fleming farm was not quite ready; but on the feast of St. Ignatius they moved to the valley, where to-day all of them, save one, are sleeping.

Summer came and went and autumn dusted brown the hills with blooms of chestnut. The days of harvest drifted on—peaceful, quiet. Meanwhile, the life at St. Joseph's passed very much the same, only sacrifice was added to each day's living. But as Mother Seton said, the daily Mass, and the happiness of possessing the Blessed Sacrament in Its tiny retreat, made it possible for them to love these inconveniences which otherwise would have been insupportable. "So earnest was every heart," she continues, "that carrot coffee, salt pork, and buttermilk, seemed yet too good a living." The revenue of the institution was not commensurate with the expenditures, and hence the community was soon reduced to a destitute condition. The bread was of the coarsest rye, and the coffee made of carrots and sweetened with molasses. "For many months," one of the sisters wrote, "we often did not know where the next day's meal would come from." On Christmas Day that year they had for their dinner smoked herrings and a spoonful of molasses for each sister. The house was poorly constructed and in the lofts where the sisters had their beds, the snow came in and covered them as they

slept. But all these privations they welcomed as marks of divine protection. Often Mother Seton would exclaim: "Ah, my sisters, let us love Him—when we shall be in our dear eternity, then we shall know the value of suffering here below."

Madame DeBarberey in her *Elizabeth Seton* says:

> The Sisters, moreover, were asked to use any old clothes they might have, colored or not, in order to save their religious habits. Fuel cost almost nothing, yet they economized on heat as much as possible. In the midst of all these privations, the community, peaceful and trusting in God, redoubled its fervor and remained holily cheerful. Owing to a pious emulation, they seemed least concerned with the things they lacked. They became accustomed to forgetfulness of comfort and well-being. They learned to endure the cold, to consider themselves sufficiently covered with a thin coverlet, and to take pleasure in wearing old garments, patched in a hundred places.
>
> So earnest was every heart (said Mother Seton) that carrot coffee, salt pork, and buttermilk seemed yet too good a living.

But if sufferings came to Mother Seton, even in her new existence, consolations likewise were never wanting. Shortly after the removal to Emmitsburg, she had the happiness of seeing her sister-in-law Harriet Seton embrace Catholicism. The young girl had followed Elizabeth to Maryland, intending to return to New York after she had made a short visit with her sister-in-law. But grace triumphing in the soul of the young woman, she became a Catholic. This being done she knew it folly to return to her Protestant associations and so she decided to remain indefinitely with Mother Seton. The following December, however, she died at St. Joseph's and was buried in the little woods near the sisters' dwelling, the first to find a resting place

at Emmitsburg. The following year Harriet's sister, Cecilia, died in Baltimore where she had been taken to more competent physicians. On April 30, 1810, her body was removed to St. Mary's Chapel, a spot that was becoming by its associations dearer and dearer to the heart of Mother Seton. With admirable resignation, the latter took her "darling Cecilia" back to the valley and placed her at the side of Harriet.

In February of the next year, 1810, the sisters took up their residence in their new house which had been built in order to take care of the increasing community. It was of logs, two stories in height, and faced the south. The day following the removal to the new home Mother Seton formally opened her school, to which a number of children sought admission both from the village and from the surrounding country. In June the total number of pupils was forty, and before the close of the year the boarders alone had increased to thirty. Although the institution was originally intended for the education of the poorer classes, the indebtedness of the house and the want of adequate support rendered the admission of the rich unavoidable. As time went on the increased expenses threatened the very existence of the institution, but the generosity of friends, especially that of the Filicchis, rescued it from many dangers, and although it had to struggle, it gradually became the instrument of extensive good in the hands of Divine Providence. For even in Mother Seton's time its reputation reached into many sections of the country. Students were numbered from far and near, and the names of children of the first families of the land could be found on its register.

To insure the solidity of the new foundation, Mother Seton and her Superiors, after much prayer and reflection, decided to model it on the institution of the Sisters of Charity, founded in France in the sixteenth century by

Saint Vincent de Paul. This great apostle of organized charity had made it possible for women to lead a religious life in the world and to secure their own salvation by ministering to the wants, both spiritual and temporal, of their fellow creatures. They were not to be called "religious," for as their founder remarked in one of his conferences: "Who say 'religious' say cloistered and the Daughters of Charity must go everywhere. You are not therefore religious."

Likewise had he decided that they were to have no monasteries, save their hospitals and the homes of the poor; no cloisters save obedience; no grille, save the presence of God; no veil, save that of holy modesty; no chapel, save the parish church. Their vows were to bind them but for one year; consequently at the end of that time they were obliged to ask permission to renew them, so that their life of devotedness might have the crowning merit at each recurring anniversary of a voluntary assumption of the sweet yoke of charity, and that many vow days might be theirs in their service to the Master. From the French Sulpicians, all of whom had known the Sisters of Charity in the Old World, Mother Seton learned how the humble shepherd of the Landes Hill, because of his deep-rooted love for the Blessed Virgin and his compassionate heart for his fellow men, had brought into being the Sisters of Charity. The words of Lavedan, one of St. Vincent's latest biographers, had not as yet been formulated, but the story that Mother Seton heard was essentially the same, that, inspired by the Holy Spirit and through his devotion to the Mother of God, Vincent had "created that masterpiece of love, the Sister of Charity . . . the good fairy whom God sent one morning from heaven to remain on earth forever even to the final destruction of the world." [1]

[1] Lavedan: *The Heroic Life of Saint Vincent de Paul,* New York, 1929, p. 208.

Mother Seton was thrilled with the prospect of such a consecration. She listened eagerly to the tales of heroism in which these gray-clad, white-bonneted women of the Old World had figured so prominently for over a century. And what appealed to her practical nature was the knowledge that the Sister of Charity does not fast nor spend her time in contemplation; she must be active and never resting. As Lavedan expresses it:[2]

> Others might be called to a life of silence and contemplation, of kneeling and adoring, but this was not her vocation. Vincent did not ask it of her. He expected her to be active, to talk, to laugh, to sing songs, rather than canticles, and to be found everywhere that life was busiest. So absorbing must her work be to body and soul, that he took from her the time for piety, as though it were a penance, . . . that her habit is of blue and white, in order to honor the Mother of God, that he crowned her with coif of the purest linen, with great wings on either side to make her journey easier; that she wore no veil—that is for the cloistered religious—but that her eyes would be protected from the world by two white walls meeting in a point straight ahead of her line of vision, so that she cannot lift her eyes without directing them toward heaven, that everything leads her in that direction.

Mother Seton must have contrasted this masterpiece of spiritual symbolism with the little cap of crimped linen her own daughters were wearing. And woman that she was, did she not also wish for this romantic crown of Vincent's fashioning? This will never be known. But what is known, without much investigation, is that with all her heart she wanted to become a real Sister of Charity, a true daughter of the Christlike Vincent. And so negotiations were begun. Bishop Flaget, of Bardstown, Kentucky, was commissioned

[2] Lavedan: *op. cit.*, New York, 1929, p. 209.

to secure for the American community a copy of the Vincentian rules and if possible secure the assistance of the Mother Society in the correct establishment of the Seton sisterhood. Bishop Flaget was partially successful. He secured a copy of the rules and constitutions, but sisters from the mother house were prevented by the French Government from leaving Bordeaux, where they were to sail for America in company with Bishop Flaget. The rules and constitutions were carefully examined by Archbishop Carroll and Father Dubois, the latter as Superior of St. Joseph's, and Father Nagot as Superior of the Sulpicians in Baltimore. After a few slight changes they were presented to Mother Seton and her sisters for adoption. This they did, following up the important act with an election of superiors. Mother Seton was chosen head of the community, which office she held by successive elections until death. The habit of black, the provisional dress of the sisterhood, was retained in its entirety, for the real Vincentian costume could only be given by sisters from the mother house itself. This was expected on a number of occasions during the years that followed, but each time obstacles prevented the original plans of the founders from being completed. It was not until after Mother Seton had passed away and the dress and cap of the early days had become recognized throughout America as a religious costume that St. Vincent's own habit, the white and the blue, the proper uniform of his children, was adopted by the Daughters of Mother Seton, first at the old home in the Maryland mountains and then throughout the entire country. It was at this time that the American Sisters of Charity became affiliated with the original society of St. Vincent, thus accomplishing at this later date what had been denied to Mother Seton in her lifetime. The American sisters had the same rule, it is true, and had kept it to the letter, but a rule without the spirit of an Order avails

but little. This spirit was supplied in 1850 when American sisters went to Paris and returned to Emmitsburg after a protracted stay at the mother house. Since that time the Daughters of Mother Seton in America form two provinces of the worldwide organization of St. Vincent and are under the direction of his present-day successor.

No sooner had the rule of St. Vincent been adopted at St. Joseph's in 1810 than all went to work to make of themselves Sisters of Charity in every respect. No one was more fervent in this striving than Mother Seton. She became a living example of that wise rule, upon which practically every active order in the Church is based to-day, that of honoring Jesus Christ as the source and model of all charity, by serving Him corporally and spiritually in the person of the poor, whether sick, children, or prisoners, also that of honoring the infancy of Christ by forming children to virtue and sowing in their minds the seeds of useful knowledge. Joining the exercises of an interior spiritual life with exterior employments, she aimed at Christian perfection and exhorted those around her to the practice of holiness. She endeavored to inculcate into each member of the sisterhood the fundamental principle of St. Vincent, that the spirit of the community is its very life, and that it must be a continual practice of humility, simplicity, and charity. To the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience she did not find it difficult to add that of service to the poor. For, years ago, she had so consecrated and dedicated her life to God. Ever since that time the poor had been the special objects of her attention and with St. Vincent she considered "the sick the blessing of the house."

Some one has said that Mother Seton walked through life at the side of an open grave. Before her own death she saw those Setons who had followed her into the solitude of Emmitsburg pass away. And although she grieved over

the graves of Harriet and Cecilia, when she was called upon to close the eyes of two of her own children, Anna Maria, in 1812, and little Rebecca, in 1816, her chalice was filled to overflowing. The former had begun to fail during that severe winter of 1811-1812, and, seeming to realize that she was not to get well, her greatest desire was to be a Sister of Charity and thus to consummate on the threshold of eternity the sacrifice she had made of her heart to God some years before. Father Dubois permitted the child to make her vows on January 30, 1812, and thus she became the first professed member of the American Sisters of Charity. Archbishop Carroll had visited her about this time and upon returning to Baltimore wrote the following to Mother Seton: "In viewing Anna almost as the happy inhabitant of another world, one felt for her an awful respect."

On the morning of March 12, she asked her little sisters, Catherine and Rebecca, to sing her favorite hymn. They consented to do so but the tremulous strains soon died away in sobs. Mother Seton kneeling beside the bed pressed the crucifix to the lips of her dying child, but as the death agony became more intense some of the sisters gently led the Mother to the chapel, where, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, she remained until the soul of her child had passed away. Anna was buried on March 13, only a few days remaining until she would have attained her eighteenth year. The sisters and pupils wept bitterly as the body was placed beside those of Harriet and Cecilia but Mother Seton remained silent and tearless. After the grave was covered over, she raised her eyes to Heaven and said slowly: "My Father, Thy will be done"; then she turned silently away.

Here it was, too, in the little woods to the rear of the sisters' house that four years later she laid to rest her youngest child, her darling Rebecca, who died in 1816 at the age of fourteen. Mother Seton saw the little one's

health quickly disappear, but her grief was somewhat tempered with the added realization that her child had already reached an eminent degree of sanctity. Father Bruté, the chaplain of the sisters, perceived this also and once remarked that no greater holiness had been seen in the valley of Emmitsburg. When Rebecca finally died Mother Seton grieved for her as might be expected of a mother; but even in this great anguish of heart she never once forgot her *Te Deum*. Her own room looked directly on the woods where all these loved ones slept, where her eyes were turned, so she said, "twenty times a day—first thing in the morning, last at night," for it kept up her heart "to think of those beautiful joyous souls."

Mother Seton's zeal for souls prevented her from being content with the narrow confines of the Emmitsburg valley, and she, like many of God's greatest saints, longed for a more extended apostolate. The opportunity finally came in 1814, when the services of the Emmitsburg sisters were solicited for an orphan asylum in Philadelphia, and a second time in 1817 when they assumed charge of a like institution in New York City, the first links in that golden chain of love and devotedness that brings East and West, North and South, to Emmitsburg and to Mother Seton.

But her crowning glory, perhaps, came in 1818 when she opened a free school for the children of the German church in Philadelphia, the first free parochial school conducted by sisters in America and the pioneer of the great parish schools that to-day rise under the shadow of the churches of the United States, the best promise for the future of American Catholicism. Hence it is that historians and educators proclaim Elizabeth Seton the organizer and patroness of the parochial school system in America, she whose daughters in recent years did not hesitate to launch one of the greatest undertakings in the educational world to-day —the foundation of the present flourishing society of Catho-

lic graduates, the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. It was indeed meet that from St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Mother Seton's own convent school, venerable for years and holy deeds, should emanate in 1914 an organization that would successfully unite the great army of trained daughters of the Faith for the betterment of the educational status of Catholic women throughout the United States. This seems testimony of a nature most convincing that the work of Mother Seton in the field of Catholic education is of the first importance. Prophetic indeed were the words of the holy Cheverus, Bishop of Boston, which he addressed to Mother Seton when he learned of the establishment of the Sisters of Charity:

> How admirable is Divine Providence! I see already numerous choirs of virgins following you to the Altar. I see your holy order diffusing itself in the different parts of the United States, spreading everywhere the good odor of Jesus Christ and teaching by their evangelical lives and pious instructions how to serve God in purity and holiness. I have no doubt, my beloved and venerable sister, that He who has begun this work, will bring it to perfection.

Within the short space of ten years since their foundation the Sisters of Charity were established not only at Emmitsburg, but beyond the mother house they were "diffusing the good odor of Jesus Christ." At home and abroad Mother Seton was the guiding spirit of the religious life of the sisters. If she had been exercised by many and severe trials, she was found ready to accomplish God's will, because her thoughts were always centered on eternity. Eternity was continually before her eyes, ever on her lips, and still more in her heart.

> Eternity [she writes to a friend] Oh how near it often seems to me. Think of it when you are hard

pushed. How long will be that day without a night, or that night without a day! May we praise, bless and adore forever!

And again she writes:

Alone on a rock this afternoon surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, adoring and praising Him for His magnificence and glory, the heavy eye could find no delight. The soul cried out O God! give yourself. What is all the rest? A silent voice of love answered, *I am yours.* Then, dearest Lord, keep me as I am while I live, for this is true content—to hope for nothing, to desire nothing, to expect nothing, to fear nothing. Death! Eternity! Ah, how small are all the objects of busy, striving, restless, blind mistaken beings, when at the foot of the cross these two prospects are viewed!

She looked upon Calvary as the rendezvous of all true Christians. Speaking to a friend of the trials God had sent her she says: "For that I bless Him most of all. Where would I now be if He had not scourged and bound me? If I get to His Kingdom what matter now? Faith, faith, my dear friend, the Captain marches on. Oh, yes, we follow, we follow."

One of the chief characteristics of Mother Seton's piety was her love of the Cross. The time had now come when she would behold it for the last time, for she was about to climb her final Calvary. In 1818 she suffered an attack of illness from which she never entirely recovered, and in the summer of 1820 she was confined to her room for four months with a disease that baffled every effort of her physicians. But by her frequent reception of Holy Communion she made this period of inaction one of the greatest happiness. Christ in the Blessed Sacrament had become more than ever her treasure and support, the chief object of her

longings. So great was her joy at the anticipation of Holy Communion that once when Father Bruté entered the room and placed the Blessed Sacrament on the table prepared for It, her countenance, before pale, began to glow with animation, and no longer able to control her emotions, she burst into tears and sobbed aloud, covering her face with her hands. Father Bruté said to her: "Peace, Mother! Here is the Lord of Peace. Do you wish to confess?" "No, no; only give Him to me," she replied with a fervor that showed something of the great desire to be united to her Savior.

The time had come for an eternal union, for the work that God had given her to do had been long finished. Her children no longer depended upon her efforts for their livelihood and education. William, the eldest, had entered the navy with the rank of midshipman and was seeing service on the *Macedonian* in the southern Pacific; her other son, Richard, was with the Filicchis in Italy learning the commercial business, for which these Italian merchants were noted; whereas her daughter, Catherine, now a lovely girl of twenty years, had not only endeared herself to the sisters and pupils at St. Joseph's, but had become a favorite of the best society of Baltimore and Philadelphia. And hence looking about her, on her children and her community, the dying mother felt a peace altogether unknown to her during these last years of struggle and intense suffering. As the winter of 1820 advanced she withdrew more and more into silence and meditation seeing nothing, "save the blue sky and the altars." She was but forty-seven years old and the sisters were often inconsolable in the thought of losing her before the age they might naturally have hoped to see her attain. Perceiving their sorrow she would say to them: "May His Will be done, may His Holy Will be done!" She had them read to her the books she loved the best; the lives of St. Vincent de Paul and his co-worker

Blessed Louise de Marillac, Mother of all Sisters of Charity, wherever they may be; and passages from the score of works she herself had translated from the French. Often, all would join in her favorite hymn, "Jerusalem, My Happy Home," her own composition, and one that gives so great evidence of her deeply poetical soul as to merit for her considerable recognition as a literary woman even if she had left no other writing to posterity.

As the Christmas of 1820 passed, it became evident that she would never be able to rise from her bed again. The New Year brought on increasing weakness. In the early morning of the first of January, when the sister who was watching by her bedside pressed her to take a prescribed potion, she refused by saying: "A Communion more—and our Eternity!" and fasting, waited for the coming of the morning when she received her Lord for the last time. Toward midday of the second all were summoned to the sick room, the busy work at the mother house having been stopped, for the sisters believed Death to have entered the sick room of their Mother. Only a few of the community could gain admittance, but through the open door the others could see the radiant face of the dying saint transfigured with brightness of eternity upon it. All during the time that Father Dubois administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction Mother Seton kept her eyes toward Heaven and, when the priest had finished, exclaimed with the fervor of a soul that realized the meaning of each unction, "Oh, how thankful!" In the profound silence that reigned in the death chamber the sisters seemed to read what was passing in her soul at that moment. All that day she rested—silent, happy. Toward midnight of the third she became worse and the household again assembled at her chamber, those who were unable to gain admittance kneeling in the passage outside of it. The blessed candles burning at her bedside revealed her features beautifully tranquil, the look of suf-

fering gone forever. Her daughter, Catherine, knelt very near her, the only one of her children to witness the glory of her passing. When the prayers for the dying were finished Mother Seton asked for her favorite prayer of submission:

> May the most Holy, the most Powerful and Most Amiable Will of God be accomplished forever.

And finally for the prayer of St. Ignatius Loyola, which she loved so dearly:

> Soul of Christ, sanctify me.
> Body of Christ, save me.
> Blood of Christ, inebriate me.
> Water, flowing from the side of Christ, purify me.
> Passion of Christ, strengthen me.
> O good Jesus, hear me.
> Within Thy wounds hide me.
> Permit me not to be separated from Thee.
> From the malignant enemy defend me.
> In the hour of my death call me;
> And bid me come to Thee
> That with Thy Saints I may praise Thee
> Forever and ever. Amen.

The sisters began the prayer, but overcome with grief were unable to finish it. The room was filled with the sounds of quiet weeping. Mother Seton, alone, remained calm, and with an unutterable joyousness of voice finished the prayer herself. Then she called upon Jesus, Mary, and Joseph to support her to the end, and after repeating that Holy Name which above all others she had so loved even from her childhood she breathed her last, so quietly, indeed, that those about her could not name the exact moment of the passing of her soul.

A long silence followed during which the White House was, in truth, the chamber of the dead. The flickering lights of the candles revealed something of the peace that

had come into the soul of the blessed foundress, for on her countenance was a look unknown to earthly pilgrims. The remembrance of it was to be for her daughters a heritage forever, a reminder of those lessons of holiness she endeavored always to impress upon their understanding. It was to recall the Divine sanction to trials and temptations joyfully borne for the sake of Christ, an incentive for them to meet such likewise in the years that were to follow. It was to bring before them the peace which surrounds the final hours of those who have lived and suffered as Christians worthy of the title. And finally it was to remind them that if they so lived and bore their sufferings, death when it came would be in nowise terrifying.

Mother Seton's body was laid to rest in the quiet woods at St. Joseph's, in company with her children Anna Maria and Rebecca, and her loved converts, Cecilia and Harriet. A cross and a rose tree were placed to mark the spot of her sleeping, and innumerable hearts prayed God to give her rest and peace and everlasting happiness.

The winter passed and soft breezes from the southland told that spring had come again to the valley. Once more the foliage grew dense upon the Mountain and the endless haze lay spread again upon the Blue Ridge. The days grew long and hot but the wistful, star-filled nights brought peace and rest, and coolness from the heavens. Again the hollyhocks colored the courtyard near the Stone House and the roses came to "Paradise"; a wood violet bloomed on the grave of Mother Seton. June had returned once more with all its loveliness and color, and with it this year brought a happy traveler to Emmitsburg. Mother Seton's eldest son, her beloved William, had finished his cruise in the southern Pacific, and all unaware of the sorrow that had come upon him was hastening to St. Joseph's. The letter

he had written his mother from aboard the *Macedonian*, in sight of the Boston lighthouse, had preceded him to Maryland:

> My dearest Mother,—My dearest desire seems about to be fulfilled; happiness, like a star which gleams through a wild and stormy night, appears to rise before my eyes! But, alas! the horizon does not clear, and my poor star trembles, as if it would be obscured by clouds. You can imagine with what anxiety I await the reception of the first lines that you will write me. Your last letter was dated the month of May, 1820. That is more than a year ago. I dare not let my thoughts rest on the changes a year may bring. Do write me soon, and tell me how you are. Embrace Kitty for me. My regards to my friends at the Mountain. I keep my long stories for the time when we shall be together; or rather, to speak truly, I feel my heart so full at this moment that I can say no more.

Stopping neither in New York nor Baltimore, not even in the little village of Emmitsburg, he hurried on to St. Joseph's. He saw the house of the sisters before him, and the roses, too, that his mother had mentioned in her last letter. He left the highroad that passes the mother house and then he skirted the woods where the dear dead were sleeping. All unmindful of the loveliness of the summer about him, forgetful of everything but the all-satisfying joyousness of again seeing his mother, he turned into the pathway that led to the White House. But halfway to the dwelling he saw Father Bruté approaching. The priest was silently weeping and in his hand he held a letter, the seal unbroken.

This affliction called for silence, for in great sorrows human words bring little consolation. Yet the wounds in William's heart required the attention of the saintly Bruté,

for they were deep and open and bleeding. Suffering supreme, indeed, was this, a suffering that could be assuaged only by the solace of the "Angel of the Mountain." It was from him that William learned of his mother's last days on earth and of her holy and happy death. Together they went to the little convent cemetery and knelt at her grave on which violets were already blooming. It was the hour of the Angelus and all the bells of Emmitsburg were sounding. Long and sweet they flung their silver music on the air. The college high on the mountain rang out its salutation and was answered by the convent in the valley. And from across the sunset woods the bells of the village joined in the vesper hymn to Mary. To William at the grave of his loved one they brought a message of peace and consolation, for they too were proclaiming that forgetfulness of self and love for others which had so characterized the life of his mother. Father Bruté and William listened to the message, and the young man carried it away in his heart. The two returned to St. Joseph's only when the shadows began to creep over the valley, and the mountain began to shimmer crimson and purple against the approaching dusk.

In the years that have intervened since the death of Mother Seton there has been evidence aplenty of the divine workmanship in the make-up of this great woman. It has continued to manifest itself not only in the works that she dared to inaugurate but especially in the lives of those thousands of Sisters of Charity who have followed in her footsteps. They have spread into almost every section of the United States, beacon lights of sacrifice and courage in the vortex of American civilization. Out across the Indian hunting grounds to the very outposts of civilization they have carried their Seton message of helpfulness to others. When pioneer strength and determination were flinging westward the boundaries of a nation, they joined the caravans that crossed the plains and mountains, and boarded the

early boats that slowly plied the waterways of the country, going to give the best that was in them to the moral and intellectual growth of the American commonwealth.

It was less than a score of years after the death of Mother Seton that four of them braved the dangers of the Alleghanies and going down the Ohio entered the land of the Mississippi to open in St. Louis, in 1828, the first Catholic hospital in the United States. A hazardous undertaking this journey across the trackless wildernesses of the mountains and the Ohio Valley; but they had heeded the words of the holy Bruté:

> To trust and go on, for what is fifteen hundred miles to God and has any establishment begun to prosper otherwise than by a parent destitution of means? Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not.

And so the sisters began in the direst poverty, a work that not only made them the American pioneers of Catholic hospital service, but one that has so progressed until to-day they conduct over sixty hospitals and sanitariums throughout the United States.

When the Asiatic cholera swept the land in 1832, baffling all the resources of human skill, the sisters went out as nurses from the mother house at Emmitsburg, some of them never to return to the valley. And to-day monuments erected by municipal authority are standing in a number of American cities in memory of these women who fell martyrs in the service of their countrymen.

When the Civil War brought its desolation to both North and South, the sisters left St. Joseph's for the improvised war hospitals, the long marches, and the sordid scenes of the battlefields, ministering to the opposing armies all along the routes followed by the two forces in their struggle for supremacy. Many of the sisters gave not only their

services but their lives and when the war was over and the sisters returned to their classrooms and hospitals, the impression they had made on the hearts of the soldiers was one never to be effaced; its splendor attracted the attention of the entire American nation.

Then came the war with Spain and again some of the sisters were called upon to make the supreme sacrifice, dying "sword in hand," as St. Vincent would have styled it.

During the World War five thousand daughters of St. Vincent were nursing the wounded and dying of French battlefields alone, whereas the Emmitsburg sisters, furnishing ten of their community for service in Italy and Austria, gained the distinction of being the only American community to do overseas work. Besides this honor, the only American woman religious to give up her life while on duty overseas was one of Mother Seton's daughters, who to-day rests, not in Flanders Field, but in an almost forgotten grave on the banks of the Seine.

And while American battlefields have seen the white cornettes of the sisters of Emmitsburg, the foreign mission field, too, has felt the blessing of their presence. China and its neglected missions claimed the first sister of any American congregation when one of Mother Seton's daughters left the mother house at Emmitsburg for that land where pagan temples overshadow the cross of Christ. That was toward the end of the last century; since then a score of American Sisters of Charity are participating in that great work of redemption which had been carried on by English and French members of the order for almost a hundred years. Japan, Peru, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, likewise, have asked for assistance; in the latter place, the sisters answered a call sent out without success to almost every community of the United States by the Redemptorist Fathers who are in charge of many American missions in Porto Rico. Here, in Mayaguez, the sisters have opened two schools for the

children of the people, conducting them from the beginning according to the best American educational principles.

An eminent Jesuit not long ago said: "The Sisters of Charity can be switched on to any good work in the American Church and they always get there. What the sisters start, that they finish, the secret of their success being trust in God; in other words, they practice spiritual common sense." A great trust in God was indeed required for the new work the sisters were asked to assume in 1894. At this time the Lord of the Lepers reached out His pleading hands to the Valley of St. Joseph, and called the Daughters of Mother Seton to the heroic task of ministering to his loved outcasts, isolated on a neglected plantation about eighty miles from New Orleans on a peninsula in the Mississippi River. Four cornettes were seen one day boarding a Mississippi steamer for the colony, where they are laboring to-day, the pride of the American Church and the objects of wonderment and veneration to all those who know about them. The Sisters of the National Leprosarium are in the immediate service of the United States Government, as are also those of the community to whom the Government has entrusted the great United States Soldier's Home Hospital in the National Capital, where they act as nurses to the ill and infirm war veterans.

These are but mere suggestions of that full work of which Mother Seton laid the foundation, a work that is carried on with an all-encompassing scope of spirit that excludes no charity. A college, academies, central and parochial high schools, graded schools attached to parishes and to the community's orphanages, homes for foundlings and for the aged, hopistals for the sick of body, for the sick of mind, and for incurables, day nurseries, settlement houses, foreign missions, schools for the negroes and catechetical classes for the mountain children, all these, and the crowning glory—the lepers—are the objects of a versatile and

resourceful charity, that had its beginning in the heart of Elizabeth Seton.

Scarcely had the mortal remains of Mother Seton been consigned to the grave in 1821, when her confessor, the saintly Father Bruté, enjoined the sisters at St. Joseph's to gather together and preserve in an especially prepared place the effects of their holy foundress. "Preserve all carefully and gather up the fragments lest any be lost, for some day how precious they will be." And in his memoirs he wrote, under date of July 5, 1821:

> I will say as the result of my long and intimate acquaintance with her, that I believe her to have been one of those truly chosen souls (*ames d'élite*) who, if placed in circumstances similar to those of Saint Theresa, or Saint Frances de Chantal, would be equally remarkable in the scale of sanctity. For it seems to me impossible there could be a greater elevation, purity, and love for God, for heaven, and for supernatural and eternal things than were to be found in her.

In his great wisdom Father Bruté was the first to realize that Mother Seton in stamping out self to give place to God was to live for all times and in a particular manner in the minds and hearts of countless millions. In the years that have followed the added glory of her name and memory has borne out in a truly marvelous manner the truth of his predictions. In 1907 the first sessions of the ecclesiastical court created for the purpose of investigating into the heroic holiness of her life were held at the suggestion of His Eminence, the late Cardinal Gibbons. Since then certain definite steps have been taken toward the canonization of Mother Seton, whom American Catholics hope to see raised one day to the honors of the Altar.

In considering the life of Mother Seton it is not irrelevant to remark that she has served as the model and in-

spiration of other American communities for women, who to-day are doing a labor of love that furnishes an added luster to the memory of this remarkable woman. Two of the communities—the Sisters of Charity of New York and the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati—had as their first superioresses women who received their early religious training in St. Joseph's Valley; three other communities —the Sisters of Charity of New Jersey, the Sisters of Charity of Halifax, and the Sisters of Charity of Greensburg—owe their inception to sisters who were members either of the New York or Cincinnati institutes. These five communities are known as the "Black Cap" Sisters of Charity, for they have adopted a habit something like that worn at St. Joseph's, during the lifetime of Mother Seton. They have substantially the rule of St. Vincent de Paul and in tracing their origin indirectly to the Emmitsburg foundation honor it immeasurably because of what they are doing for God and society in the American Republic.

But when one speaks of Mother Seton to-day, one thinks immediately of Emmitsburg, and one cannot think of Emmitsburg unless there comes a picture of this valley of loveliness, down among the hills of Maryland, with its great mother house and novitiate, and its white-winged Sisters of Charity. Here it is to this New World's Assisi that scores of young women come each year to prepare themselves for the work that lies before them as Daughters of Mother Seton, and to receive that universal badge of charity and devotedness, the white cornette of St. Vincent's fashioning, that same unique religious headdress which has been immortalized by the great Lavedan of the French Academy in the following passage: [1]

> There is no place it has not visited. It has made more than once the tour of the world. Its course is

[1] Lavedan: *op. cit.*, New York, 1929, p. 216 *et seq.*

bounded only by the limits of the earth, it has seen all climes, it has become international and yet remained French. It has plunged into the depths of suffering and has achieved the heights of emotion, of pity, of sacrifice, of art, of poetry. Whether in the person of a soft-eyed Sister Rosalie or of some nameless girl known to God alone, it has been engraved, painted, sculptured, honored, sung. It is to be found in the Annals of the Faith, it is painted on the walls of churches, and immortalized in the pageantry of stained glass.

Botticelli and Fra Angelico are the poorer for not having known it, but at least the good Willette has discovered it and cornettes are scattered like butterflies in the Parce Domine of the Butte. There is a heroic quality about the cornette that brings it to the front in great historical moments, in those of terror as well as those of glory. In the advent of war, pestilence, revolution, those storms from which the rest of us think only of escaping—crouching or rushing for cover—it sets forth, spreading out its wings as though like a bird it would hover over the stretcher of some wounded one to whose service it comes; not merely the dove of the ark, but of the trench, of the barricade. It places a screen of white before the agony of the soldier and the beggar, of the crushed aviator breathing his last and offers him a retreat. One sees its flutter in railway stations, in third-class apartments, and at the great seaports, upon boats under steam for China or for Africa. When at the behest of the "Mother Superior" it remains in town, it makes gayer the schools, the workshops, the hospitals; it is the flower of the day-nurseries; it plays hide-and-seek with the orphans.

And constantly the miracle renews itself. In all its movements, in all its encounters the cornette keeps intact its perfection of form, its immaculate whiteness. All impurities fall away from it. No one has ever seen on any one of these coifs the slightest spot—

except on the occasions of wounds and death, when its whiteness is stained with the blood of others, or of her who wears it. It follows with the noise of fluttering leaves the candles and banners of a religious procession, or it flaps with excitement as it follows the games of children; it knows street cries and the movement of crowds; everywhere it is respected, sacred—and unique.

Among the thousands of coifs of all kinds to be found on the heads of women in religion, upon earth as well as in heaven, it has easily the first place. Magnificat! One has but to say "a cornette," and every one has understood. It is she! It can be no one else. It is the good Sister, the Sister of Saint Vincent de Paul.

In America, too, the cornettes have taken flight and spread everywhere. Go up and down the Atlantic seaboard, north to where the pines of Maine greenwall the cold Atlantic, or else to where the flowers of Florida and the negro cabins of Carolina tell you that you are in the southland, turn your eyes westward over the Alleghanies and the valley of the Ohio down into the fertile lands of the Mississippi, or high again across the Rockies to the shores of California—in all these places you will find detachments of this world-wide army of trained charity workers whose first days of consecration were spent in the Valley of Emmitsburg, women who are none the less faithful to the memory of Mother Seton because they associate with her the great St. Vincent, but who earnestly believe that in carrying the torch of the master they are but reflecting glory on the work of the disciple. And because they have placed this work of Mother Seton under the honorable banner of the humble Gascon priest of the seventeenth century they know that the cause of charity and education in America shall never fail; that it will shine as the stars for all eternity.

MOTHER MARY RHODES

OF THE SISTERS OF LORETTO AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS

It is a significant fact that of Mother Mary Rhodes a short note written to her brother just before her death is the only relic of her whose faith and heroism made possible the foundation of Loretto. She lived, she labored, and she died. What a strange epitaph for so great a woman! To the world such an inscription would suggest that her life was fruitless and a failure. But in reality it was a life most fruitful and blessed. While furthering God's work she contrived like another John the Baptist her own decrease. She considered herself only an instrument raised up by Divine Providence to assist in the beginning of a project which was to answer a crying need of the times. In her humility she attributed all to God and counted herself as a useless servant, always disclaiming any credit of the foundation of her sisterhood. This spirit of self-effacement kept from the annals of early Loretto days much information regarding the beginnings of the community and its foundress. And then the fire that left the sisters homeless shortly after the death of Mother Rhodes took away completely all that they had endeavored to collect about the first days of Loretto.

But while the life story of Mother Rhodes will never be found in the documents of the early days, it is known from the lives of that little group of women who with her planted the seed of Loretto by the waters of Hardin's Creek; from the lives of those who in succeeding years have nurtured it and watched it grow and spread beyond the hills of Kentucky, across the plains of the Mississippi, and still farther

westward past the towering Rockies, to where the Sierras meet the sea. The history of the Lorettines, then, is the truest biography of Mother Rhodes. Her work has prospered; her life was not a failure. And although no relic, other than the simple note to her brother, has been given her daughters to reverence, not even a portrait revealing her personal appearance has been bequeathed them to cherish, yet she is a living reality to the women who follow much in the same path she cleared for them in the wilderness of early Kentucky.

In the foundation of the Loretto sisterhood there is another figure that can never be disassociated from that of Mary Rhodes, for it stands out gloriously triumphant in the annals of religion and education in Kentucky. This is the Reverend Charles Nerinckx, zealous, indomitable and saintly missionary, one of America's greatest Apostles. Charles Nerinckx was born on October 2, 1761, at Herffelingen, in Brabant, Belgium, being the eldest of fourteen children. His father was Sebastian Nerinckx, a physician, and his mother Petronilla Langendries. In 1762, Doctor Nerinckx and his family moved to Ninove, in East Flanders, where Charles began his primary studies at the age of six years. At twelve he entered the College of Enghien, and in 1774 passed on to Gheel, later completing his philosophical course at Louvain. His studies in theology were made at the Mechlin Seminary, where he was ordained priest, November 4, 1785.

The superiors of Father Nerinckx felt that he was one to whom they might entrust duties of no little responsibility. He was appointed vicar of the Metropolitan parish of St. Rumold where he distinguished himself for his priestly zeal, well-balanced character, and growth in piety and knowledge. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Mechlin promoted him to the pastorate of the important Church of Everberg-Meerbeke, although at the time Father Nerinckx was only thirty-one

years of age. According to a letter written in 1803 by the Princess Gallitzin to Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, Father Nerinckx's labors in this parish were such as to proclaim him

> truly the father of every one of his parishioners . . . that his flock had such a veneration for his person that he controlled, so to say, every household, and that he was loved and cherished especially by the children.[1]

These were encomiums which were later repeated of him by Bishop Spalding with regard to his ministrations in Kentucky.

These happy conditions, however, were disturbed by the French Revolution. Father Nerinckx refused to take the oath demanded by the government, for in so doing he felt that he would be violating his conscience. His arrest was ordered, but through the loyalty of his people he was able to make his escape disguised as a peasant. He found a refuge in the Hospital of St. Blaise, Dendermonde, in the diocese of Ghent, where dwelt his aunt, Sister Constantia Langendries, whose community and hospital had been spared because of the services the sisters were rendering the government. For six years he remained in hiding, his continued safety depending solely on his caution. The days were spent in the attic of the hospital, whereas the nights found him among the sick and dying who had been deprived of the ministrations of religion.

When conditions became more settled Father Nerinckx could have returned to his pastorate of Everberg-Meerbeke, but his soul had undergone a great change. He longed for a free scope to carry on his priestly labors, a place where God's work would not meet the interference of His ene-

[1] *Archives of the Sisters of Loretto,* Loretto Mother House, Nerinx, Kentucky.

mies. The New World with its souls crying out for salvation beckoned him with an insistence that admitted of no refusal. On September 20, 1803, while concealed in his father's house, he wrote to Bishop Carroll offering himself for the American missions. The reply contained assurances of welcome and Father Nerinckx began preparations for his journey. On July 2, 1804, he bade farewell to his aunt, then superioress of the hospital. At Amsterdam he was detained for some time, but this disappointment received compensations, one of which was a visit from the Princess Gallitzin, who came a twelve days' journey to see him and to give him messages of maternal affection for her reverend son, Father Demetrius Gallitzin, then laboring as the apostle of western Pennsylvania. Father Nerinckx arrived in Baltimore, November 14, 1804, and after a few months spent at Georgetown College, he was sent by Bishop Carroll to the missions of Kentucky.

Kentucky had been settled only nineteen years before by Catholic colonists from Maryland. The state was a large one, and the Catholics numerous, but only one priest was to be found in the vast territory. This was the Reverend Stephen Theodore Badin. The settlers were calling for the word of God to be preached to them, for the sacraments to be given to them, for the Lord's own Self to be tabernacled amongst them. Suffer what physical privations they must they could not reconcile themselves to the absence of the priest and the consolations of religion. They longed for another priest to assist Father Badin, for then they knew the opportunities for practicing their religion would be increased. They were pioneers of the Faith in the West, pioneers whose lives were those of real heroes. No better picture can be given of them than in quoting from the beautifully written history of the Sisters of Loretto: [2]

[2] Minogue: *Loretto, Annals of Century,* New York, 1912. p. 6 *et seq.*

> No child of Kentucky but is familiar with the history of the days of the pioneers. We know of the lordly trees felled for the construction of the cabin, the chimney built of mud and wattles, the earthen floor, and the loopholes for its defense against the wild beast and the Indian; of the stockades; of the perilous labors in the field, where the musket was carried along with the hoe; of the rude fare so hardly gained; of the rough apparel secured by such toil: all this and more we have been taught of the struggle made by those heroic men and women to plant civilization on the Western frontier. But only outlines has the most industrious historian given us of that period of travail, out of which a great and glorious Commonwealth was born. Some figures stand out splendidly on the canvas of that time; some incidents are revealed that shall command love and veneration while valorous deeds and acts of honor shall appeal to the souls of men. But who shall ever know of the hidden heroes? Who shall unfold from the silence of the past the lost stories of their lives? Who shall tell us of the toil of the men, the suffering of the women, the repression of pathetic childhood, experienced by the dwellers of those first rude habitations of Kentucky, whether amid her mountain fastness, the ample reaches of her Bluegrass Belt, or the picturesque hills and long, sequestered valleys of her Maryland District! Sacred for us should be the spot that held one of those poor cabins, and more beautiful in our eyes than the shafts of marble that mark the last resting-place of our latest born to fame, should be some poor slab, crumbling to decay, that points to us where one of those unknown heroes sleeps.

These were Father Nerinckx's charges; this was the scene of his spiritual labors.

When Father Nerinckx left Georgetown he was in the

company of some Trappist monks who had decided to locate in Kentucky, but the Trappists traveled too leisurely for the missionary, and he parted company with them. Alone he went down the valley of the Ohio, arriving at St. Stephen's, Marion County, July, 1805, where Father Badin welcomed him with outstretched arms and gave him the greetings of a brother missionary of the Cross. Within two months after his arrival in Kentucky, he began the formation of a teaching order of women. In September of 1805, when he took charge of Holy Mary's on the Rolling Fork, he wrote from the residence of Father Badin that twenty young women were ready to follow him next spring to his new residence, thirteen miles distant, that his intention was to give them a house near the church, if the Bishop approved, and that they would be able to support themselves by spinning, weaving, and sewing; finally that "the *Lovers of Mary,* as I intend to call them, would not be bound by solemn vows, and some of them would be intrusted with the instruction of poor children and slaves." This project failed, however, through the apathy of those whom the movement was intended to benefit. But the failure spread no icy chill upon the aspirations of Father Nerinckx. Talking the matter over with Father Badin, he assured the latter that the work must ultimately succeed. In fact, so convinced was Father Badin that he set to work to procure the necessary means to make such an establishment, and urged Father Nerinckx to assume its spiritual direction.

Writing to Bishop Carroll under date of March 21, 1807, Father Nerinckx says:

> Father Badin seems to approve very much of the institution about which I wrote to your Lordship some time ago. . . . The undertaking is a difficult one, and should not be entrusted to my littleness; but I cannot deny its utility. . . . There is every reason to be

> anxious about a holy director to be put at the head of such an undertaking.[3]

Writing also to Belgium, about this time, Father Nerinckx again refers to this urge of Vicar-General Badin, and to his own fear of assuming direction, adding:

> By request of the Vicar General I have begun the framing of some rules of life for the members, and I might practice some of them myself with profit. I call the society *"The Friends of Mary."* After their own sanctification the principal object will be to provide teachers for our Catholic schools, and a third object will be to take care of the sick, irrespective of religious belief.[4]

As Kentucky was under the jurisdiction of Baltimore it was necessary for Father Badin to lay the plans of the proposed sisterhood before Bishop John Carroll. He left for Baltimore in August, 1807, and great was his joy when the Bishop approved of the undertaking. Immediately after Father Badin's return, early in 1808, the building of the convent was begun on a tract of one hundred acres, donated for the purpose by a certain Mr. Dent. It was to be a school for girls and another house was to be erected later for the shelter of orphans. Under date of February 23, 1808, Father Nerinckx writes to his parents in Europe that his

> convent is seventy feet long, and will have a chapel about as long and wide as the house, surmounted with a turret. Some outbuildings will be added. It is situated one mile from Father Badin's house. Six or seven of our young ladies have applied to be the first religious, but it seems there are many more who are anxiously watching how the undertaking will succeed,

[3] *Archives of the Sisters of Loretto,* Loretto Mother House, Nerinx, Kentucky.
[4] *Ibid.*

and who will join the community as soon as it is an accomplished fact. May God bless what has been begun for His honor and glory; His providence is our only reliance.[5]

The convent was completed and the little company of sisters were all but ready to take possession of it, when it was reduced to ashes, shortly after Pentecost in the year 1808. This was the beginning of that trail of fire which seemed to pursue Father Nerinckx and his Lorettines wherever they built their cabins of logs. Father Badin, who had exhausted all his resources in the buildings, was now without hope of ever accomplishing anything in that way, and turned again to his missions.

To Father Nerinckx there came at this time an added anguish of soul, that of his proposed appointment as Administrator-Apostolic over the Church at New Orleans. This prevented any dwelling of his mind upon his disappointed hopes regarding the sorely needed sisterhood. But the pleadings of the humble missionary as to his unfitness for the appointment to New Orleans were heeded and the cross was lifted. He was permitted to remain in his lowly position on the missions in Kentucky and to continue his labors among the early colonists. Hope was born again in his soul, because the love of his people was so all encompassing.

And then there began the unfolding of the Divine plan. The birthday of Loretto was approaching, for Mary Rhodes, living until then in Maryland, came to Kentucky to make that place her home. She was born in Maryland and had received a convent education; just where, there is no record. Tradition has it that she was a pupil of the sainted Mother Lalor, foundress of the Georgetown Nuns of the Visitation. Her brother, Bennet, and a sister, Nancy,

[5] *Ibid.*

had emigrated to Kentucky with the Maryland colonists, the former, who was married, living with his family on Hardin's Creek, whereas his sister had taken up her home with their cousin, James Dent. Returning to Kentucky after a visit to the old home in Maryland, James Dent was accompanied by his sister, Mary, who finally went to live with her brother on Hardin's Creek. Here she saw her brother's children growing up without schooling of any kind and, what was even worse, with but little religious instruction. There was no hesitation on her part, no indecision. She taught them, and then she reached out to the children of the neighborhood and taught them likewise. With the blessing of Father Nerinckx, she opened her first school in a log cabin, which had no floor, and whose roof let in the rain and snow upon the children and the teacher. But the joy of one who was doing God's work made the little cabin school a veritable paradise.

The number of the children increased to such an extent that Father Nerinckx feared for the health of the young teacher. He offered her as an assistant, Christina Stuart, a young woman who, like Mary Rhodes, was desirous of employing herself in some worth-while project. There was sweet accord in the little school on Hardin's Creek. Soon the teachers perceived in each other the call to a life of perfection and, all unconsciously though it may have been, they approached the hour of sacrifice set aside for them from all eternity. Adjoining the school was another cabin, and here they moved their few earthly belongings, a folly to the worldly-wise, but what wisdom was it to those who had learned to know God! Scarcely had they begun their new undertaking when they welcomed Nancy Havern, the third on the long list of Lorettines. They offered themselves, as religious, to Father Nerinckx, and the priest in turn offered them to God for His Church in Kentucky.

In his journal Father Nerinckx briefly tells the beginning

of what later developed into this purely American Order, the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross:

> In the year 1812 Miss Mary Rhodes of the State of Maryland, being with her brother, B. Rhodes of Washington County, Kentucky, on Hardin's Creek, wished to open a school for the instruction of her own nieces, and any other girls whose parents might desire to take advantage of the opportunity of giving them a Christian training. She spoke to the priest, Rev. Charles Nerinckx, who at that time had charge of St. Charles' congregation, and he readily granted her request. He saw in this the hope of shielding the girls from the dangers subversive of morals, so prevalent in schools where boys and girls are taught promiscuously and with no rules of separation.
>
> The little school was started in a poor neglected cabin and it met with success. The number of children increased, and proper attention to the pupils called for the care of other teachers. Soon Miss Christina Stuart offered her services, and a little later a third teacher came.
>
> The sight of three young women joined in the same work revived the old idea of a convent, and it was thoroughly talked over. The project was laid before the Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, and he willingly consented to the plan. Miss Nancy Rhodes, who was afterwards the first superior, bought the small tract on which Loretto is built for $75, and gave her negro, who was sold for $450. A subscription of some hundreds of dollars was made up and the congregation was called upon to assist in putting up a more convenient house. In the beginning of July, 1812, the first log was cut for the new convent.
>
> Great difficulties, hardships and labors were met at every step, but such is the lot of every pious undertaking. The community increased, the houses grew in number, and the schools continued, yet they had noth-

> ing to depend on but the sole providence of God and the gracious protection of the Blessed Sorrowful Mother Mary. The revenues from the school were very low, and many could pay nothing as some were poor, and some were orphans, and the work of the sisters brought in but little, so Providence and the Blessed Virgin were the principal benefactors of this great undertaking.[6]

The foregoing brief account is supplemented with the following excerpt from the "Rules of the Society and School of Loretto, Kentucky," printed in London in 1820, which give precise data as to place and time of the foundation:

> A small spot of land, of about 50 acres unmeasured, indifferent for natural conveniences, bought by Sister Anna Rhodes for $75 for the Society, about the Chapel of St. Charles, on Hardin's creek, County of Washington, Kentucky, United States of America, called *Little Loretto*, was begun the 25th of April, 1812.[7]

These cultured women, unconsciously laying the cornerstone of the Loretto foundation, experienced true enjoyment in one another's society and in the work which Divine Providence had so unexpectedly opened up for them. In God's name they were gathered together and the Holy Spirit found their souls generously responsive to His whisperings. The desire that they might become nuns fired the heart of each; consequently they asked Father Nerinckx to allow them to attempt the practice of the conventual life. Father Nerinckx acquainted the Bishop with their desire; and Bishop Flaget, who had been appointed Bishop of Bardstown, in giving hearty approval, asked Father

[6] Howlett: *Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx.* Techny, Illinois, 1915, p. 246 *et. seq.*

[7] *Archives of the Sisters of Loretto,* Loretto Mother House, Nerinx, Kentucky.

Nerinckx to take upon himself the direction of the little community and to form it to the religious life. Warmed by the sun of the Bishop's authorization and cultivated by the skilled hand of Father Nerinckx, the mustard seed of Mary Rhodes' planting began to sprout and send its roots into the earth. Father Nerinckx fittingly appointed Mary Rhodes the directress of the little company, but he would appoint no regular Superior, he said, until such time as they might number five or six, when they could have a regular election.

The first to signify her desire to follow the example of the happy trio was Miss Nancy Rhodes, the sister of the prime mover in the new enterprise. A Miss Ellen Morgan, esteemed acquaintance and friend of the other women, was teaching a small number of children in her mother's house, near Holy Mary's, and she, too, would join them as soon as her school would close. A sixth was Miss Sarah Havern, a sister of Nancy Havern, of the original three.

Father Nerinckx announced to the congregation at St. Charles one day that he was about to establish formally the new society of Loretto. The date fixed was April 25, 1812, and on that day before the altar in the little log church, the three young women knelt offering themselves in immolation to the missionary who alone had labored so long in the wilderness. This action of theirs, purely voluntary as it was, stamped them forever as among America's greatest women, great with the greatness which is measured only by Eternity.

On June 29, Father Nerinckx vested and veiled the first Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross. Those who were received were Mary Rhodes, Christina Stuart, Nancy Havern, Nancy Rhodes and Sarah Havern. The coveted veil was later given to Ellen Morgan on the twelfth of August following. On June 29, 1812, the sisters returned from St. Charles' Church to their log cabin convent to elect

a Superior. Their deliberations were quickly concluded. They elected Nancy Rhodes, she who in religion was known as Sister Ann, to be "Dear Mother," as their rule enjoined that she should be called. "You have chosen the youngest among you," remarked Father Nerinckx. The reply he received came from the lips of the foundress herself, Mother Mary: "If she is the youngest she is also most virtuous." [8] Humble, unassuming, selfless Mary Rhodes! To pledge herself to obey the youngest and the frailest in her little company of Lorettines. Such glorious self-effacement speaks of the lowliness of Bethlehem, of the sacrifice of Calvary!

But the wisdom of this choice was never questioned during the brief space of Mother Ann's superiorship. The beginnings were replete with suffering, privation, sickness and many trials, yet they were all borne with a heroism that was inspirational. Their trust in Divine Providence and the Sorrowful Mother of Jesus merited for them the right to their cherished title of *Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross.*

At this period of the Society's formation there occurred that which drew forth from the religious an expression of American spirit and decided for all time the destiny of the young community. Father Nerinckx's humility made him doubt his ability to guide the infant community and he proposed that the sisters invite from Europe, for this purpose, nuns long schooled in the spiritual life. The sisters remonstrated with their father and declared that they desired no other guide than himself. Father Nerinckx did not press the matter upon them, but he could not feel at ease until he had laid the affair before the Bishop. Bishop Flaget agreed with the sisters, and the Society has continued, as the Bishop decided it should begin, without affiliation or connection with any other.

[8] Minogue: *Ibid.,* New York, 1912, p. 33.

Their rule was drawn up for, and presented to them by, Father Nerinckx. It had all the marks of a religious rule and constitutions.

From the beginning the sisters were exhorted to place unlimited confidence in Divine Providence. Upon this solid foundation was their every work to be begun and carried to completion. Of this they were unceasingly reminded; for ever on the lips of Father Nerinckx and Mother Rhodes was the exhortation and assurance, "Do not forsake Providence, and He will never forsake you." There was read to them daily, from the altar, their "Morning Manna,"

> O Dear Sisters and Scholars!
>
> Love your Jesus, dying with love for you on the Cross! Love Mary, your loving Mother, sorrowing at the foot of the Cross! Love one another, have only one heart, one soul, one mind! Love the Institute, love the Rules, love Jesus' darling humility!

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was one of the many rich heritages of the Society. In union with the Agonizing Heart, the sisters prayed very solemnly every day at three o'clock for those who were dying. On Thursday night, adoration of the Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament was held in relays of one hour for all from night until morning prayers of Friday. The Feast of the Seven Sorrows in Passion Week was chosen as the patronal feast, to be celebrated with Solemn High Mass and all-day exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Weekly Communion was the rule. Communion was to be received, also, on certain other "Feasts of the Society," which were specified as being, besides the general feasts throughout the year, the Feasts of the Sacred Heart and of the Holy Name of Jesus, the Feasts of the Immaculate Conception, Nativity, Annunciation, Assumption, Presentation, Visitation, Purification, and

Holy Name of Mary; of St. Mary Magdalen, St. John the Evangelist, and St. Dismas.

The sick were to be tenderly cared for, and the dead buried in the religious habit, without coffin, and the *De profundis* was to be recited daily for the deceased one until the next death. At their regular visits to the graveyard, the sisters were to open with their own hands and to keep open the grave for the next whom the Lord would call.

Charity, love and concord were specially inculcated, and cheerful obedience as to God Himself, an angelic chastity without the least blemish, in imitation of the Queen of Angels, a poverty disengaged from the least affection to ownership in any kind of property, a charity of union and peace with everybody, a strict silence to converse with Jesus and Mary under the Cross, a great desire to see religion and morals improve through the care and instruction of young girls, and especially of poor orphans.

> The Sisters of the Loretto Society, being by vow and necessity obliged to all kinds of labor for their own support and that of the orphans, must take it for a certain principle, that next to spiritual duties their first, their most important, and their most solid devotion is their particular charge of office, however mean and inconsiderable it may be in itself. All particular devotions that interfere with this are illusions. Learn, then, to consider it as the employ God has appointed for your sanctification—as the true way in which He will be honored and served by you—as the thing to which He has annexed your perfection, your quiet and your salvation. Hence it follows that, although some things are of a more sublime nature than others, yet as all our merit, as we have seen above, and all perfection consists more in doing the will of God than in the things themselves, you shall merit more in performing any external and corporal work according to

> His will as declared by obedience, than in converting souls or praying according to your own will. Thus Christ our Lord Himself preferred for many years obeying His blessed Mother and Saint Joseph in sweeping the house and other external works of Nazareth, to converting souls and publishing the glory of His Eternal Father by preaching and miracles. Your rules, then, and their spirit ought to be your constant meditation, the exactness of this performance your only ambition, the love of God your main intention, and may the reward be your eternal salvation!

When the Society was but in its third year, its rules, which had been signed by Bishop Flaget, were taken to the Holy See by Father Nerinckx, September, 1815. The Sacred Congregation, well pleased with the new Institute, on April 1, 1816, took the little Society under its "special protection" and bestowed upon it marked favors and privileges—the first American religious congregation to be thus approved.

The new Institute had been well guided through the trials and hardships of its beginning and had been placed upon a solid foundation by Dear Mother, Ann Rhodes. She had improved their humble home, putting it in a fit condition to receive those who had already made known their desire to enter the school as boarders. Lofts were arranged in their cabins where the sisters could sleep, and the beds for the boarders were laid on the floor of their living rooms at night, and removed to the "high shelf" in the morning. One room was kitchen and refectory combined; the table was made of boards nailed on a stump that had been left standing in the middle of the cabin, and probably used for a like purpose by the former tenants. A work table was made from the half of a log with the split side upward, and supported by four legs set into the lower side with an auger.

Hardly had the place been put in readiness when the

boarders came, some of whom were orphans; yet no one was turned away as long as there was room. No feeling that hardship was their lot found place in the minds of these children, daughters, some of them of Maryland's best families, and who afterward took their places in the first ranks of Kentucky society. Not only were they contented, but they were happy beyond the power of realization. This happiness and contentment in the school had companionship in the spirit of joy that animated the little community and filled the heart of Father Nerinckx. Delightful evidence of the interest the priest took in the proper training of the children is treasured in the archives of the mother house, in remaining fragments of reports which he required of their conduct during his absence.

The school, meantime, was growing beyond all expectations, and the erection of new buildings became a necessity. Father Nerinckx called upon St. Charles' congregation for assistance. His appeal met with a generous response from the neighboring people, and to the sum thus pledged Father Nerinckx added the proceeds of his own sacrifice of a negro slave, whom he sold into the service of another master. A difficulty lay in the fact that the settlers, though the best intentioned, could provide but little money. Gifts of corn, wheat, and pork were all they were able to make. But these givers, humble though their gifts were, head a long list of American benefactors who, together with those of Europe and especially of Belgium, are many times a day remembered in the prayers and suffrages of the Society, a sacred duty religiously fulfilled even at the present time.

The early members of the Society have handed down the following details regarding the new buildings—the "mission compound." The first log was cut on that memorable day of first clothing, June 29, 1812, and notwithstanding the greatest difficulties and hardships, the work progressed satisfactorily. A description of the first conventual build-

ings at Loretto is given in the *Life of Father Nerinckx* by the Right Reverend Camillus P. Maes:

> The trees around the two little cabins were felled and hewed for house-logs, thus at the same time clearing the ground on which the two rows of buildings were to be erected, and having between them an extensive square yard. The sisters themselves subsequently cleared this yard of stumps by chopping them away and burning them down into the ground. Father Nerinckx made the plan of the buildings and staked out the place where each one was to be erected. Nor did he spare his strength. Many a log which the united efforts of three men could not move was lifted by his powerful arms and thrown out of the way. He labored with his own hands, and put his shoulder to the timbers when they were raised up. The foundation timbers, or sills, having been placed in position, stone hauled from Hardin's Creek was built up under them as support or underpinning, and afterward the crevices were filled in with mud and straw. Through reverence for the One who was to dwell therein the logs intended for the walls of the chapel and house connected with it were hewed. The different buildings were erected at a small distance from each other, forming two rows of houses on two opposite sides of the square yard. The first house to the right of the entrance of the yard was the school, and the one opposite in the left-hand row of houses was Father Nerinckx' dwelling. Like the school, the space between the rooms formed a little entry protected by weatherboarding. He built most of his own dwelling-house by himself, and the entire work done on it by others only cost him six dollars and fifty cents!
>
> His kitchen, the second building in the left-hand row, being smaller, was soon finished, and his old cook, who was living in the neighborhood, came to take possession of it, carrying the priest's meals to St. Charles'

sacristy, where he was still living. The poor woman also made herself very useful to the Sisters, carrying their messages, and doing their errands to the neighbors when necessary. Whenever home, Father Nerinckx came over and assisted at the building, lifting and raising logs, preparing mortar and plastering the walls in the very primitive fashion of the day, viz., filling up the empty spaces between the logs with handfuls of clay mortar, which displayed for years afterward the imprint of his fingers. Having finished his own house, he left his sacristy residence at St. Charles' and moved to Loretto. One room of his house served him for sitting-room, study, bedroom and refectory, the other one being reserved for the accommodation of the bishop or of any priests who might visit him. . . .

The building next to the school on the right-hand side of the entrance to the grounds was the church and convent. It was two stories high, and consisted of two square cabins with upper rooms; the space between the cabins was weatherboarded in, and thus formed a rather neat looking chapel. When finished it was blessed and received the name of Little Loretto, in honor of Our Lady of Loretto, in Italy, for whom Father Nerinckx had a most tender devotion. The two rooms at the sides of the chapel were intended for the use of the community, but they were not finished till about two years later.

The schoolhouse was soon occupied by the boarders and day-scholars. A similar double cabin next to the convent was used for kitchen and refectory, and the church not being completed at the time, the same room was also used for dormitory, and the second one fitted up as an oratory. The altar and statue of the Blessed Virgin were transferred to it, and Mass was said in it by the Director whenever home from missionary duty. Thither also sisters and children repaired for their daily devotions. The building fronting this one in the

left-hand row, and like it in all respects, was reserved for a workroom, and was used, as necessity required, for guests' room and for infirmary.

Father Nerinckx now enclosed the buildings and yard with a rail fence, thus dividing them from the garden that extended to the summit of the hill, the opposite portion of which stretched to the brink of the creek, and its declivity was utilized as an orchard, which the holy priest set out with his own hands. The large square yard was leveled down and sowed in blue grass, thus giving a neat and pleasant appearance to the whole. Finally, at the other side of the church he paled in a small plot of ground, which was to serve as a graveyard for the Sisters, and in the middle of it he planted a large cross surrounded by an evergreen arbor with shrubs, trees and flowers. He now tore down the two old log cabins, and with the serviceable lumber built a small double cabin at the further end of the yard, which was used for a neat-house.

All of these improvements were not completed at once. Winter came on while the convent was in course of erection and many privations were endured by the sisters who showed themselves women of courageous resolution.

It is related [says the *Annals of Loretto*][9] that their original cabin home having been removed to make way for the new buildings, they, having no place of abode, put up the logs again with their own hands. The wood that warmed them during that winter, and many a subsequent winter for that matter, they cut and hauled home. Poverty the direst was theirs. They knew what it was to experience cold and hunger, and with the dawn of every morning met fear of the future face to face. And yet they never quailed. Never once did they look back, never did they doubt. Trust in Providence and Providence will never desert you.

[9] Minogue: *op. cit.*, New York, 1912, p. 41 *et seq.*

This was the motto their Director gave, and they inscribed it on their hearts.

But a greater trial than poverty and suffering that first year of its existence held for the young community. Death, at whose feet have fallen hopes as fair and fond as were sustaining those young women, battling for the existence of their Society on the sparsely settled frontier, was to come among them. Early in the summer they caught a glimpse of its forerunner, sorrow, as they looked on the face of Mother Ann Rhodes, where a color too bright for health showed at times on her cheek and a light too brilliant burned in her dark eyes. Slowly but sternly came the knowledge that the days of their Superior were numbered, and well then might desolation and surrender overwhelm them. From the hour she had first come among them she had been their inspiration and their guide, and their instinctive recognition of her superiority had made them select her for their Superior when, reasonably, their choice should have fallen upon her sister, or one of her two first companions.

Yet never did the spirit of Mother Ann Rhodes reveal its lofty character more clearly than now, as around her began to fall the shadows of the closing hours. She looked death in the face unafraid, and, summoning all the strength she unconsciously had been storing for this ordeal, having taught her daughters how to live, she would show them how to die. As if the great mortal change were not rapidly drawing nigh, she continued her duties, working by their side; nor did the sorrow that seemed to break their loyal hearts dim the holy joy that was animating hers. She loved them, she would have continued with them, but if one of their number must fare forth on the long journey, illumine the pathway for them to that Other Country, who should this be if not she, their Mother, who had led them up from the level lands of the flesh to the lofty mount of the spirit?

But the time came when the rapidly disintegrating human organism could no longer obey the behests of the will, and Mother Ann must perforce lie quietly on her bed of straw, while around her went on the great work of building. We have looked upon the poverty of the Sisters, and we may picture that last illness of Mother Ann; yet such was the height of her sanctity that although she had known but a few months of the religious life, she accepted the sacrifice with equanimity. From her bed she continued to direct the affairs of her community and instruct both Sisters and pupils. Father Nerinckx was often with her, and broke for her the Bread of Life. Early in December he gave her the last Sacraments. She lingered until Friday, the eleventh of the month, and then, in the early dawn of that December day, Mother Ann Rhodes entered the portals of Heaven.

Loving sentiment would wish this first death in the Society to have occurred just one day earlier—on the Feast of the *Holy House of Loreto.* But this is a new Loretto—LORETTO IN AMERICA, distinct from Loreto in Italy; and it was therefore fitting that it should establish, for its own, new dates as memorable in its record as are those observed at the shrine whence it derived its name.

Precious as her life had been for them [continues the *Annals*] her death was more so, and the misfortune that might have meant defeat had been transmuted into victory. She seemed to call to them from the world she had entered, "Where I am you, too, shall come." The first Mother of Loretto had a right to expect that her generation of spiritual daughters would be continued on earth to form a glorious and ever-increasing train in the court of Heaven. And so it befell that when the hour came from which they had shrunk, whose outcome they feared, they found the

darts of Sorrow had been blunted, while over her shoulder looked the face of joy.

A grave in the frozen ground was dug in the little convent cemetery, and after the funeral rite celebrated in the chapel by Father Nerinckx, they consigned to earth the mortal tenement of her who had been Mother Ann Rhodes, first Superior of Loretto. The rule of disposing of the dead, which Father Nerinckx drew up and which the founders accepted, decreed that no coffin should be used; and perhaps in nothing else was the complete victory over the flesh more boldly pronounced, for howsoever highly we may philosophize, or deeply believe, primitive nature revolts at the thought of the consignment of the body to the earth, and in the vain effort to prevent it from returning into the elements of which it was compounded steel is welded into caskets and marble built into mausoleums. Wrapped only in her poor dress, with her coarse veil drawn over her face, Mother Ann was laid down for her long sleep; and, following that first burial, the custom obtained in the heroic Loretto Sisterhood until 1839, when it was changed by orders from Rome. The change, however, was not brought about by the Sisters, but by a Reverend Father Boullier, who, witnessing in 1837 the interment of a Sister in Perry County, Missouri, burst into tears and vowed that he would have the rule revoked.

The Sisters now proceeded to elect a successor to their first Superior, and they chose Sister Mary Rhodes, the actual founder of the Society. The election was confirmed by Father Nerinckx, who appointed Sister Christina Stuart *Sister Eldest,* Sister Clare Morgan remaining as Directress of the School. For ten consecutive years Mother Mary presided over the Society, beholding its wonderful growth from the tiny mustard seed she had planted in the wilderness. From 1822, when her term of office expired, until her death, in 1853, she sought to live in obscurity, disclaiming all

honors connected with the foundation of the Sisterhood, but loved and revered, as she well deserved to be, by the other members of the fast growing Society.

Death interrupted, but it brought no cessation of the activities in the home of religion and education. The poverty, however, increased with the progress of the winter. We are told that during that year, and many an after year, their breakfast consisted of bread and vegetable soup or coffee, served in tin cups; for supper they had bread and milk, or sage tea, while their dinner, eaten from tin plates, consisted of vegetables and one kind of meat, when they could procure it. . . .

The remuneration they received from their weaving and spinning carried the community through the winter of 1813, and left them in a position to meet an additional expenditure that the year was to bring. In August their period of probation would expire, and when they approached the altar to take the vows that would bind them to the religious life an attire emblematic of their withdrawal from the world was not only desirable, but necessary. Their clever fingers wove the material for veil and habit, and the herbs of the woods, in whose virtues they, like all frontier women, were versed, gave to the articles the somber hue their rule required. The girdle and scapular were also supplied, and when the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1813, dawned the countryside assembled in St. Charles Church to witness the culmination of the act of which they had seen the beginning on April 25th of the preceding year.

Headed by the happy school children, walking two and two, Mother Mary Rhodes and her four companions, Sisters Christina Stuart, Ann and Sarah Havern and Clare Morgan, clad in the religious habit, walked from their convent, half a mile away, and, passing through the silent congregation, approached the altar, where, kneeling at the feet of Father

Nerinckx, they solemnly pronounced perpetual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and made the Society of the Friends of Mary, called Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross, a consummated fact. The last doubt in the mind of the community at large was then dispelled, the last fear of Father Nerinckx laid at rest, and any feeling of uncertainty that might have troubled the five women themselves was banished. Come what might, their Society was established, and while life remained they were bound to it by that day's solemn compact. Every experience that could test the heart and try the spirit had been theirs during their time of probation, nor had they any reason to think that conditions would soon be altered; notwithstanding this, they would press on, and, dying, bequeath their work to those whom they doubted not God would raise to receive it from their hands. Trusting in His providence, they gave themselves entirely to Him, and turned from the altar first Spouses of Christ in the West.

The impression the service made on the assemblage was deep. In one generous heart it was the Voice commanding, "Leave what thou hast, and come, follow Me!" Scarcely had the newly professed nuns retired to their convent, when with fawnlike fleetness their first candidate followed, and Loretto opened her door to admit Miss Monica Spalding, first of the many of her family to consecrate life and noble gifts to the service of God. Their number was increased a little later by the arrival of a Miss Hayden from Missouri. Deprived of every religious advantage, not even having made her First Communion, like the Baptist in the desert, the call of the Lord came to her, and she made haste to respond. She traversed the weary miles, and, reaching Loretto, besought Father Nerinckx to admit her into the Society. None could question that vocation, and after a course of instruction Susan Hayden made her First Communion and entered the novitiate

on the same day, October 12, 1814, taking the name of Sister Mechtildes. In 1815 Loretto received her first novices from among her pupils in the persons of Agnes Hart, Ann Clarke, Esther Grundy and Ann Wathen. Miss Hart had left the Sisters' school to engage in teaching near her home in Breckenridge County; but the happiness she had experienced in the convent school life drew her back, and the pupil returned to become a novice. The other three were still in the schoolroom and notwithstanding their youth, being but fifteen years of age, these chosen souls evinced the knowledge that is of God, and, obtaining the consent of their parents, entered the novitiate. The convent chapel had been the scene of no such ceremony until this interesting reception of Loretto's three children, August 15th of that year. All lived long and happily, and two of the three filled the highest offices in the Society.

This spirit of parental surrender did not animate every father and mother of that period, and the more worldly minded grew alarmed on beholding the fairest flowers of the community transplanted to the convent garden. Upon Father Nerinckx they fastened the blame, for the apostolic old priest in their eyes seemed to possess hypnotic power over these young maidens, by which he drew them into the cloister, there to waste their fair lives. To such a pitch did their zeal for the supposed victims of priestly influence carry them that it became necessary for Bishop Flaget to interfere. He journeyed down to St. Charles Church, and to the concourse of people assembled to hear him explained the dignity of the religious life, and bade parents rejoice when one of their daughters had been deemed worthy of their espousals with Christ. The members of the new community were there of their own free will, he assured them, and at any time could leave if they so desired. The bishop had gained an ascendancy over the minds of the people, his words had the effect

of dispelling the opposition against the convent, and the novices were permitted to continue their chosen way in peace.

The establishment of the Society gave unusual pleasure to Bishop Flaget.

> I have many times heard him say [wrote Father Nerinckx in 1815] when favoring me with a visit, as he did frequently, to rest from his labors and forget the trials and heartaches inseparable from high positions, "Every time I come here I inhale a fragrance that remains with me three weeks. What a consolation these holy women are! What devotion they give me! May God be praised for it!"

The zeal that had fired the soul of Mother Rhodes to devote herself to bettering the conditions of the neglected children on Hardin's Creek had so increased in intensity and volume that she prepared to give ready response to the wishes of Bishop Flaget when he requested teachers for Holy Mary's congregation, at Calvary. Sister Christina Stuart, second member of the Society, was sent as Superior, and the house was opened on June 10, 1816. Poverty, like that which had attended the beginning of the Society, was experienced here, and often the sisters were without the necessary food to sustain them in their labors. One of these occasions is mentioned by Bishop Flaget, writing from Gethsemani, September 26, 1820, to Father Chabrat, then in France:

> . . . A roebuck (*chevreuil*), pressed to extremity by dogs which were on the point of seizing it, fell almost dead at the feet of three or four Sisters at Calvary, who were cutting wood and who suspended their work to catch it, believing that Providence was sending it to them so opportunely, for their meathouse was entirely destitute.

This first Loretto foundation prospered, however, and was followed by others in Kentucky within a few years. Gethsemani was founded in 1818; Bethania, near Fairfield, in 1819; Mt. Carmel, in Breckenridge County, in 1823; and Mt. Olivet, in 1824.

In February, 1822, when the first General Election under the approved Constitutions was held, Mother Julianna (Ann Wathen), one of the first pupils to enter the little school on Hardin's Creek, in 1812, was elected Dear Mother and Generalissima of the whole society. Under Mother Wathen's administration, the Society of Loretto made its first advance out of the State. In response to a request from Bishop Du Bourg, the sisters opened, in 1823, the school of "Bethlehem," at the Barrens, in Perry County, Missouri. Rightly was it named; for the poverty, hardships, and sufferings of Bethlehem were here in greater abundance even than had been experienced in the foundation days of Kentucky. But it became a consecrated spot, for here it was that the body of Father Nerinckx was to rest for a time after his death at St. Genevieve, August 12, 1824. Father Nerinckx had left Kentucky, in the preceding June, for the Lorettine missions in Missouri. He did not die surrounded by his daughters as he had wished, but he had with him his devoted friends, the priests of the Congregation of the Mission, when the end finally came. Then two days later the sisters at Bethlehem received his remains, carrying them to the chapel where they placed them before the altar. According to the *Annals of the Sisters of Loretto:*

> There, surrounded by his daughters, Father Nerinckx kept the last of many vigils before the tabernacle. On the same day, which was Saturday, the obsequies were held. The solemn high Mass was celebrated by Reverend Father Odin of the Barrens, in the presence of Bishop Rosati, who gave the final abso-

lution and preached the sermon. The remains were then conveyed to the convent graveyard and deposited in the grave.

The Sisters, however, not satisfied to permit these venerable relics to rest under ground, waited only until Monday morning to disinter the body and place it in the tomb which Brother James Van Rysselberghe had built. Here rested for nine years all that was mortal of Reverend Charles Nerinckx, for Bishop Rosati, though brief had been his acquaintance with the broken old missionary who had come to him for refuge from the storm that had burst upon him in the evening of his days, beheld the saint before him, and rightly prized his sacred ashes as the most precious possession of his diocese. To the pleading of Bishop Flaget and the sorrowing Superiors of Loretto's Mother House he turned for long a deaf ear; but finally prayer prevailed, and he gave back to Loretto her holy founder. On December 16, 1833, Brother Charles Gilbert reached the Sisters' new home at St. Stephen's Farm with the remains and while the sad bells tolled across the still Kentucky hills the black-robed nuns went down the sweeping avenue of elms that Father Badin had planted, to give mournful welcome to their beloved founder. Where, twenty-eight years ago, the generous-hearted Father Badin had met him with outstretched arms and a brother's greeting, his weeping children received him, and gave him what his spirit must have craved, a tomb beneath Kentucky skies, a resting-place on Loretto's hallowed grounds.

He has thus held in death his still watch over Loretto from his marble tomb in the little graveyard, and there generations of his daughters have resorted to pray; there they kneeled to say farewell when the voice of Duty called them far from the Mother House of their affection, and there, when their allotted task was done, they, too, laid them down for the long wait he is keeping. Loretto has sought to honor her

founder, and at the same time show her respect and reverence for the spot where Father Nerinckx and Father Badin first met when this rich country was a wilderness, where their days of holy companionship were spent, and where Kentucky's first bishop, the sainted Flaget, was welcomed to his See. Here Loretto has erected a new and appropriate tomb for her founder. It is fitting this should be. Still was something wanting from the sacred spot, the ashes of him who first planted the Cross on that height. Father Badin died out of that Kentucky which he loved, as must every evangelist the scene of his missionary labors, especially when they are so rich as were his in the harvest of souls. While not driven by persecution, as was Father Nerinckx, yet he felt, and perchance had the sad knowledge pressed in upon him, that his days of usefulness were over. Cincinnati, under the amiable Archbishop Purcell, gave him the welcome his early companion had received from Bishop Rosati, and when he died laid him beside her first bishop, Fenwick, under the crypt of her cathedral.

Kentucky had greater claim to the high and holy trust of guarding the last resting-place of her apostle, but when fifty years had passed without that claim being pressed, with commendable zeal for the honor due the proto-priest, their benefactor, whom they number among the founders of the university, the Fathers of the Holy Cross Congregation, on March 17, 1904, removed his remains to an appropriate mausoleum they had erected at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. Father Badin bequeathed his heart to Loretto, and the earnest petition of the Sisters for a relic to be enshrined at the Mother House, the home so long of Father Badin and their own venerated founder, was graciously granted by the university. With grateful hearts the precious relic was received and placed in an appropriate monument erected at the

suggestion of Reverend Edwin Drury, by the clergy of the diocese.[10]

And then the day came when Mother Mary Rhodes, too, was called to her reward, and beside the mother house of Loretto was heaped another silent grave. For thirty years she had lived in obscurity, humbly refusing all honors connected with the beginning of the institute. The silence she had so loved for years was to be made complete by her passing. Now she would keep silent watch over Loretto and her children, with only the cedars and the stars as sentinels of her vigil.

But the Lord's reward for lowliness, for selflessness, and for self-effacement is never insignificant; He loves too well the humble of heart not to make of them possessors of the land and conquerors of the people. Mary Rhodes was not to pass like a ship in the night and leave no trace of her silent passage. Her name and memory were never to be forgotten in the community of her fashioning; her life of lowliness was to make its impress on the Society never to be effaced. Before the eyes of her spiritual daughters would always be the vision of the self-immolation of their foundress, the quiet greatness of her being. The ideals she lived and died for were to remain after her and flourish; and upon them the Loretto of her heart's making would year after year add to the benediction of her name and memory.

And so in the years that succeeded, the same heroic spirit that inspired the little band at Hardin's Creek, the same dauntless courage that founded Calvary, Gethsemani, and Bethlehem led the daughters of Mother Rhodes into still newer fields; even to the outskirts of civilization, for such was the great Southwest in 1852, when the little band of six left the mother house to cross the trackless plains to

[10] Minogue, *op. cit.*, New York, 1912, p. 76 *et seq.*

found a house in Santa Fe. Those were the days of the prairie schooners; those were the days when Death stalked in the trail of such caravans and often claimed a victim. Loretto placed in desert graves two of her daughters whose eyes had longed to rest on Santa Fe, and whose hearts had yearned for the work of Christ awaiting them in the City of Holy Faith.

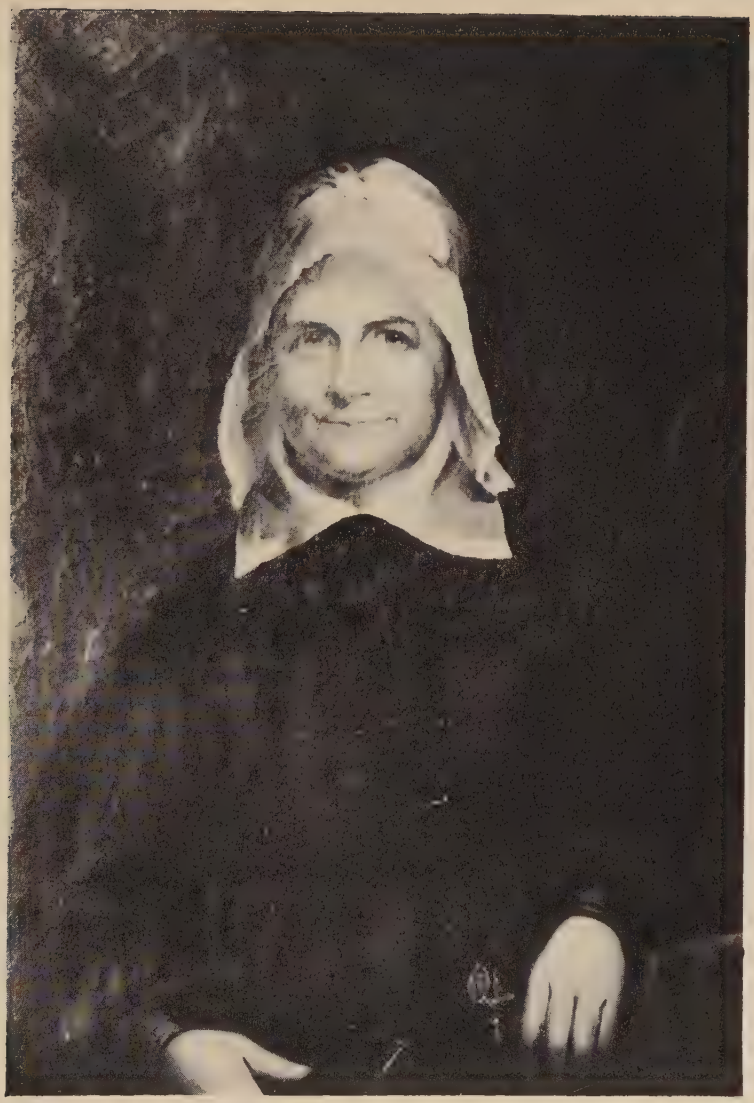
The daughters of Mother Rhodes toiled with the intrepid Lamy in the land of the turquoise sky; they shared the hardships of the indefatigable Machebeuf on the mountainsides of Denver. Pioneering the way into Oklahoma and Kansas, their labors among the Indians were those of apostles; they carried on into Texas, Arizona, and California, building in the hearts of young and old shrines more beautiful than any material temple. To China, too, they have stretched their hands, to minister to those of a nation sitting in the darkness of paganism. In times of plague and pestilence they have gone out of their schoolrooms into camp and hospital and lowly mountain cabin, to give their services and, if need be, their lives for the sick and dying. Wherever they have walked there have been found the pearls of their scattering, the pearls of great price which have been placed in their hands by Him as a reward for the humility and lowliness of their first Mother. Strong of faith and fervent of spirit they have exalted her before all creatures and have proclaimed her their foundress. Generations will revere her as one of America's greatest women.

MOTHER CATHERINE SPALDING

OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF NAZARETH

SOMEONE has said that by some charming alchemy in nature, those places are often the most lovely where men have toiled and suffered most. In a thousand acres of quiet Kentucky meadow land there stands to-day the mother house of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. But not much more than a hundred years ago this name of lowliness and simplicity was given quite appropriately to a cabin of logs, deep in the wilderness that spread south of the Ohio. It was a primitive dwelling that refused to keep out the winter's cold and the torrential rains of the equinox. Many a night the snow blew mercilessly like a white wolf from an angry, threatening sky. Frozen were the fields about it in winter, and the roads that passed the door were sheets of treacherous ice. Food was scarce those days at Nazareth. But Christ's chosen ones have been brave before and since; the sisters heard the wind howl in the forest, and felt it enter the cabin, covering their beds with blankets of snow as they tried to sleep. The spring came slowly that year, but finally June smiled upon the scene of such suffering, June with its canopy of blue by day and its glory of stars by night. The years passed quickly on, and the lowly cabin of logs was changed into the great institution of the present. Such is the triumph of that faith and fortitude born in the Nazareth of yesterday, such is the crown worn to-day by the daughters of Mother Spalding, that great woman who lived and labored a century ago among the hills and meadows of Kentucky.

It was the charity and wisdom of this same Catherine



MOTHER CATHERINE SPALDING

Spalding that guided the beginnings of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. She was born in St. Charles County, Maryland, December 23, 1793. Her father was Ralph Spalding, a second cousin of Richard, father of the Most Reverend Martin Spalding, seventh Archbishop of Baltimore. Catherine lost her parents when she was yet a small child, and from that time forward made her home with her uncle, Thomas Elder, who had come to Kentucky in 1799. Before leaving Maryland the Elders had given hospitality to the exiled prince and priest, the Reverend Demetrius Gallitzin. In Kentucky, too, the portals of their home were always open wide, especially to religious. God rewarded their charity and zeal, for from this family He called a goodly number into His service, including the Most Reverend William H. Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati, and the Reverend William H. Clark, President of St. Mary's College, Kentucky. Catholic parents will find few examples of Christian life more worthy of imitation than Thomas Elder and his wife. It was to the influence of their truly Christian lives that Catherine Spalding later attributed in a great measure her own religious vocation.

From the beginning of his episcopate, Bishop Flaget desired to secure for his diocese a community of religious women, capable of giving instruction to the children who were fast filling the homes of the first Catholic settlers of Kentucky. He and Father David had lent aid to the Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg, founded by Mother Seton in 1809. Bishop Flaget and Father David saw that the rule of St. Vincent de Paul was admirably suited to the needs of the times and to the circumstances in which they were now placed in Kentucky. The infant community among the hills of Maryland was appealed to, but Mother Seton could not spare sisters for the new field. To bring religious from France was out of the question. The Bishop had no means at his command to do so, and if he had had the sisters

trained in France could be but ill prepared at the best to meet the actual demands of the American missions. Therefore, there was no choice left but to attempt the formation of a community at home. To accomplish such an end Bishop Flaget and Father David, afterwards coadjutor of the diocese, turned to the field around them for helpers. Their eyes finally rested upon a few Kentucky women, who answered Father David's urgent appeal, and the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth came into being. True lilies of the wildwood were these daughters of the pioneer Catholic settlers of Kentucky—lilies among thorns, inured to hardship, with bright minds and generous hearts, unworldly, and strong in their simple faith. They needed but to be led in the way of perfection to be made perfect. Father David was a master guide for such an important journeying.

The beginning of Nazareth was made on the first day of December, 1812. The Bishop and Father David had established themselves previously on the farm of St. Thomas, Nelson County, in a log house consisting of four rooms, two above and two below. Here, too, was the seminary of the diocese, the nursery of the Kentucky clergy of the early days. One day there came to the priest a Miss Teresa Carrico, who, having heard Father David preach in her home in Washington County, decided to present herself for the cause of charity and education. She was followed shortly afterward by Miss Elizabeth Wells, of Jefferson County, sister of General Wells and Captain Wells, officers in the War of 1812. Father David established both women in two rooms of his own dwelling, where in December of that year their routine of dedicated labor was begun.

Catherine Spalding came to the little community in January 21, 1813. She was then but nineteen years of age, but was recognized as one possessing exceptional endowments of mind and character. On the day of her arrival, Father David presented the community of three women

not only with rules, but he made clear to them their duties of life, and arranged the order of the day's exercises; then he named as Superior the oldest of the three, until that time when the size of the community would warrant a regular election. By Easter three new postulants had arrived, and after a retreat of seven days the first election of the sisterhood was held. Catherine Spalding was chosen first Mother, because of her discretion, wisdom, far-sightedness, and, above all, because of her simplicity and holiness. Father David continued as instructor and spiritual director to these devoted souls, who were thus laying a deep and wide foundation of humility, self-sacrifice, and solid instruction, upon which the Nazareth of to-day is builded.

The seminarians and neighbors, in the meantime, had hewed logs and had built for the sisters a separate house in an adjoining field. Father David called this primitive convent "Nazareth" to imitate the virtues which the Holy Family had practiced in that blessed abode where "Jesus grew in wisdom and grace before God and Man." "There," said Father David, "seeking to be unknown, the Son of God gave us the example of perfect purity of life, of the obedience, humility, and poverty that ought to be riches of religious houses." [1]

The sisters were known first as "Sisters of Charity," and later as "Sisters of Charity of Nazareth." The new log cabin contained two rooms and a half-story above, the latter serving as a dormitory, whereas one of the lower rooms was used as a community room, and the other as a kitchen. The privations and sufferings experienced in this first Nazareth were extreme. The lack of resources at the time deprived the sisters of sufficient salt to season their corn cakes. Mother Catherine's fear for her little community was often intense, but she locked her worries in her heart, and prayed constantly. The industry of the sisters

[1] McGill, *The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth,* New York, 1917, p. 22.

in their new home, however, enabled them to make garments for the families of the surrounding country; the proceeds they began to share immediately with the poor of the neighborhood. Also, they wove, spun, and made clothing for the students of the seminary; they visited the sick, taught the children and servants of the neighborhood, and performed acts of charity without distinction of creed. They rejoiced in doing the common things of life uncommonly well.

Every moment that Father David could spare was devoted to the instruction of the postulants. But he had charge of his own seminary and the duties of the mission could not be neglected. It is not strange, therefore, that at times he became disheartened. But in the midst of his greatest difficulties Providence raised up for his relief the very instrument of which he was in most need. Among his former parishoners in Maryland, Father David had inspired a young woman, Miss Eleanor O'Connell, with an ardent desire for God's service. She heard of the efforts Father David was making to organize a society of religious women in Kentucky, and with undaunted courage she journeyed westward, entered the novitiate, and became, under God, one of his and Mother Catherine's most valuable assistants. She had received an excellent education, was an experienced teacher, and at once became instructress of the sisterhood, thus relieving Father David of a portion of his cares. Mother Catherine rejoiced in this acquisition, for these were days of darkest forebodings, and the future held very little hope for a betterment of conditions. Others soon came and gathered around the little standard raised up in the name of Christ and for His glory. And with these associates, Mother Catherine Spalding inaugurated many of the works she laid down only with her life. With no other means than the faith and perseverance that filled their devoted hearts she and her companions assumed bur-

dens that since then have been transformed into lasting monuments of their zeal, promoting the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls unnumbered. Schools, hospitals, orphan asylums have come into being through their blessed inspiration, and through these institutions a victory has been gained over ignorance, destitution, and suffering. Nobly did Mother Catherine and her associates strive and labor and endure; and long before her death she beheld, if not the complete fulfillment of all her hopes, at least the partial accomplishment of each cherished object which she had in view from the beginning. It is, likewise, remarkable that, after a century of activity and increase, there is not a single special work of charity done by the Society which Mother Catherine did not personally initiate.

In 1814 Father David opened a school which grew steadily. A building put up for the boarding pupils was finished and occupied in 1815. It was made of logs which had been felled by the students of the seminary during their hours of recreation. The most rigid economy practiced during the following year enabled the sisters to accumulate means to erect a small frame chapel. Who will recount the sweet joy of that day of days, in the summer of 1816, when Father David bore the Blessed Sacrament across the field to this new sanctuary which the love of these first sisters had prepared for him? Their hearts throbbed with gratitude as they followed in procession with their pupils and seminarians, and then received a hallowed benediction at the close. The sisters could not sleep that night for very joy. Referring to that solemn event in after years, Mother Catherine said, "It seemed to me as if no trials, no difficulties could ever seem very hard again after our Lord Himself had come to abide with us in the gift of gifts, the Holy Eucharist."

In this humble chapel, the community's first sanctuary,

Father David said Mass once a week. On the other days the sisters had to walk a mile and a half over the meadows to old St. Thomas's. But they counted this sacrifice as nothing, for their pathway led to the tabernacle, and to the breaking of Bread in the twilight of early Kentucky mornings.

During these formative years Mother Catherine and the sisters had been following the provisional rules drawn up by Father David in 1813. Now they were to receive the rules of St. Vincent de Paul, who was from thenceforth to be their guide and model, their patron and protector. This wise and holy rule had been brought to America in 1810, when, at the request of Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, Bishop Flaget had secured a copy from the superiors of the Sisters of Charity in France for Mother Seton's community in Emmitsburg. In the minds of Bishop Flaget and Father David, each of whom had ministered to the spiritual wants of the sisters of Emmitsburg, this same rule was thought best suited for the Kentucky sisterhood. When the Nazareth community was being planned, the Bishop asked Mother Seton to send two of the Maryland sisters to train the Kentucky institute in the spiritual life; but at the time the sisters could not be spared from Emmitsburg.[2] Mother Seton, however, had in her possession the original rules as obtained from France, written by Bishop Flaget himself, and with marginal notes by Bishop Carroll. A copy was made for Nazareth, whereas the precious original was kept at Emmitsburg, where it is extant to-day in the community archives. Later the "Conference of St. Vincent" was transcribed at Emmitsburg for the sisters in Kentucky.

It is a significant fact that Nazareth, too, has thus felt the ministrations of the sainted Mother Seton, she whom it seems will be the first American to be raised to the honors of the Altar. Other sisterhoods in the country have

[2] *Archives of St. Joseph's College,* Emmitsburg, Maryland.

received from the Emmitsburg community the rules of St. Vincent de Paul, but Nazareth was the first, and this bond of charity and sweet relationship that links the purple hills of Maryland with the meadows of Kentucky has made the communities of Mother Seton and Mother Spalding one in spirit and one in endeavor. Although they are distinct in origin and in history they are animated with the same zeal which, for centuries, has inspired the daughters of St. Vincent throughout the world to such works of Christian heroism. Through their holy foundresses, they are bound irrevocably to that humble priest of the seventeenth century whose principles to-day are living realities wherever the earth has been blessed by the presence of his consecrated daughters. For the sake of Christ and suffering humanity, he dared to prevision a work that at the time was revolutionary in scope and in nature. And these same ideals are being perpetuated in two of the most spiritual groups of women in modern America—the Vincentian white-capped daughters of Elizabeth Seton, and those of Catherine Spalding.

McGill in her history of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth says:

> When Mother Catherine and her little band received their rule in 1815, they adopted a uniform consisting of a black habit, cape and apron such as is still worn. This, their first religious dress, was spun, woven and colored by their own hands, after the worthy custom of colonial days. The cap was then black, like that first worn by the Sisters of Emmitsburg. Six or seven years later it was changed to something like its present shape and was made of cotton.

Later the cap of white was adopted and it is in this quaint habit that to-day Mother Catherine looks from her portraits upon the community of her building.

From its very dawn, the year 1816 had brought unspeak-

able happiness to Mother Catherine. On the second of February, with Sisters Teresa Carrico, Harriet Gardiner, and Mary Beavin, she made her first vows. Early in the summer of the same year her sister, Ann Spalding, entered the novitiate, and to Mother Catherine's great joy proved herself an admirable and gifted religious.

In 1818, the income from the academy enabled Mother Catherine to put up a brick building for the accommodation of the boarders, now increased to thirty. "The new house was scantily furnished," says McGill, "but the sisters, disciplined in the practice of poverty, slept with light hearts upon their straw pallets while waiting better times." The privations patiently endured from the beginning were such that it would be difficult now to fully realize them. They spun, wove, and fashioned the clothing they wore. They were obliged to labor in the fields, to plant and gather the grain. They had no means to hire servants; therefore, the work of the farm, the care of the domestic animals, and the charge of the household rested entirely upon their own shoulders.

By the rule drawn up by St. Vincent de Paul and given to the new society through Father David, the term of office of the Superior was limited to three years, and no one was eligible for a longer period than two consecutive terms. In 1819, Mother Catherine, having governed the society for six years, insisted on surrendering the first position in the community. Bishop Flaget and Father David, as well as the sisters, wished her to continue at the head during her lifetime. Many reasons were adduced to sustain the advisability of this plan. But Mother Catherine urged the necessity of observing the rule exactly from the beginning. She pleaded her cause so well that it prevailed, and Mother Agnes Higdon was elected to succeed her as Superior of the promising little society. Mother Catherine remained, however, the guiding spirit while she lived, and nothing

of importance was undertaken without her counsel and coöperation.

Meanwhile, St. Joseph's Cathedral was built in Bardstown and was consecrated on the eighth of August, 1819. On the octave of that joyful event, the Feast of the Assumption, Father David was consecrated Bishop of Mauricastrum and became coadjutor to Bishop Flaget, of Bardstown. The Bishop's residence and his seminary were then transferred from St. Thomas to the cathedral.

On the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the eighth of September, this same year, the sisters opened Bethlehem Academy, also in Bardstown. Bishop David, whose mind was always bent on scriptural, patristic, and theological lore, and who had chosen the name of Nazareth for the mother house of the sisters, decided that the first branch house should be called "Bethlehem." He wished to recall in this way, also, as he had endeavored likewise in the meaning of the mother house, lessons of humility, childlike simplicity, and devotion. Other Nazareths and Bethlehems have arisen throughout the States, but these were the first. They have stood faithfully during the years, bearing their message of the Holy Infancy and boyhood days of the divine Redeemer.

The establishment of the colony in Bardstown was not only the first establishment away from the mother house, but it was also the first act of the administration of Mother Agnes. Sister Harriet Gardiner was placed at the head of the institution, and the office of Mistress of Novices, which she had filled, was now occupied by Mother Catherine. Here the holy foundress labored zealously to fill the hearts of those entrusted to her charge with the spirit of their vocation. Happy, indeed, were those sisters who were fortunate enough to receive their training in the religious life at the hands of Mother Catherine.

Another branch was established in 1821, with Sister

Angela Spink in charge. This was St. Vincent's Academy, in Union County, called by the sisters "Little Nazareth," because it had to struggle with just about the same difficulties as the mother house, whose beautiful spirit and customs the sisters had faithfully carried with them. The sisters had to make the journey of one hundred and fifty miles on horseback, and carried "two aprons sewed in the shape of bags, containing a few articles of clothing, their entire baggage." [3] Sister Angela and her little band of sisters were forced to occupy an uncomfortable log cabin until the house assigned to them was vacated by a couple who at first declined to relinquish the property. Their toil in Union County was heroic. It was necessary for them to work in the fields and woods, and reap their own harvests, that they might secure their daily sustenance and save a little besides for the building of a school. No pioneer Kentucky women have more remarkable deeds to their credit than the first Nazareth sisters in Union County.

Meanwhile, Mother Catherine learned that the ground on which the sisters had established themselves at St. Thomas could never become their own either by gift or purchase. Mother Catherine was especially dismayed, for it was absolutely necessary that some location be found. At first she thought the loss of their religious home a calamity, but it was a blessing in disguise. Divine Providence supplied the means of purchasing a new site by sending to the society another most efficient member, in the person of Sister Scholastica O'Connor, who, like Sister Ellen, had received the benefit of Bishop David's direction during her stay in Maryland. She was a widow, a convert, young in years, but mature in virtue. She was an accomplished musician, and though she lived but four years after entering the society, she introduced her favorite art into the school, and prepared teachers who were able to con-

[3] McGill, *op. cit.*, New York, 1917, p. 30.

tinue and extend the work she had begun. She brought valuable household utensils, including the clock that stands in the convent hall, marking still, as it has marked for a century, the time by which the works of the mother house are regulated. She brought also three thousand dollars, the price of the farm which the sisters bought, two and a half miles north of Bardstown, and which had been occupied by a Presbyterian preacher named Lapsley.

In March, 1822, three sisters, assisted by two orphans and two negroes, began preparations for the new home of Nazareth. Crops were planted and a vegetable garden started, so that when the time came for the entire community to be transferred from the old Nazareth it would have at its disposal at least the necessities of life. This was the first tilling and planting in the fields which later were to blossom into Nazareth's thousand acres of garden land. Beautiful is the picture of these first Sisters of Charity, making ready for the coming of the little religious colony to its new mother house. The study of the minister was fitted up as a temporary chapel and then another pilgrimage was made, when the sisters left the old home for the new, passing in procession across the Kentucky meadows on that early June morning, 1822, to where the mother house of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth stands to-day.

Bishop David offered the first Mass in the new Nazareth, and a priest from Bardstown came each morning afterward to offer the Divine Sacrifice. Bishop David himself came every Wednesday, when he heard confessions and gave instructions to the sisters.

The autumn of 1824 brought mourning to Mother Spalding, and to every sister at Nazareth. Already in the springtime of that year there had been three deaths: Sisters Scholastica O'Connor, Agatha Cooper, and Polly Beavin. And then on the twenty-fourth of September, Mother Agnes Higdon most unexpectedly passed away. She was ill but

two or three days, stricken in the midst of her active labors in behalf of the community. Six days later, Mother Catherine was elected to replace her. A year before, Mother Catherine had founded St. Catherine's Academy, in Scott County, and now she transferred the burden of the foundation to other hands and hastened home only to find Sister Columba Tarleton dying. This was a real sorrow to Mother Catherine. Added to this sharp personal sorrow, trials of a different and more severe nature came to the holy foundress. Not only the tender qualities of her heart were put to the test, but the strong gifts of her virile mind and her superior administrative powers were called to cope with unprecedented difficulties. Pupils having come from the South with their tuition paid in advance, Mother Agnes had been able to lay the foundation of the large brick building since used for more than twenty years as an academy and for fifty years more as a convent. But the treasurer had been changed; no one knew what Mother Agnes's plans were, what contracts she had made, how much money had or had not been paid out. Mother Catherine's clear mind and patient but firm management were taxed to the utmost to straighten out the entangled affair. That she did it quietly, bravely, and wisely, is a credit to her memory and a boon to the society.

Shortly afterward the need of room was most keenly felt, for there were not sleeping apartments for the sisters and children. Mother Catherine decided to erect an additional building to relieve the crowded conditions, but Bishop David said, "Build first a house for your God and He will help you build one for yourselves." [4] Mother Catherine was mindful of this advice, and there arose a neat and becoming conventual church, which Bishop Flaget proudly consecrated. Then she went on with the other buildings, and at the close of the following session the new academy

[4] *Archives of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth,* Nazareth, Kentucky.

was sufficiently advanced for the examinations and school's exhibition to be held in its principal hall.

The first Commencement Day, in 1825, was a memorable event. Henry Clay presented the diplomas to the first graduates of Nazareth. Upon the platform Mother Catherine and Sister Ellen joyfully beheld Margaret Carroll, a young girl graduate, modest and beautiful, who had whispered to Mother Catherine the request that the name of her beloved teacher, Sister Columba, be reserved for her when she would return as a postulant. Though the world offered her brilliant prospects, the call of Nazareth was too insistent and before Mother Catherine laid down the burden of life, she knew the part that this gifted young woman had in forwarding the work of higher education in Kentucky.

However strenuous the pressure of other duties, Bishop David always found time to lavish upon his spiritual children at Nazareth the riches of his own heart. He was an able master in the school of divine charity; he was ready at all times to console and to encourage, to correct or admonish according to the needs of the case and the importance of the situation. But this was done with moderation and gentleness, and with a supreme sense of justice. McGill relates that:

> On his [Bishop David's] part, deep must have been the gratification of seeing the Sisters fulfill their heroic routine. They brooked manifold hardships cheerfully, bravely arising to them every day. In the morning, after a little cornbread and a cup of rye coffee without sugar and often without milk, they went to their labors in the school room, the fields, the kitchen, the laundry, and when, after the usual prayers, they assembled for dinner, hunger rendered palatable a piece of cornbread, bacon, or "middling," as it was called, with greens or some other plain vegetable, cooked on the fire made of

> branches which they themselves had brought from the woods. This humble meal partaken of, toil was resumed. The evening meal consisted of a morsel of cornbread and a cup of sage tea, seasoned like the morning's coffee. Often this scanty diet was insufficient to satisfy hunger; yet no murmurs were heard. The pupils must be served first; the Sisters, humble servants of God and the poor, must be sustained chiefly upon faith and hope. Upon such foundations of self-denial, cheerfulness, sturdy patience was to be built a society, strong and resolute for God's glory and the good of humanity.[5]

By the close of the year 1828, Mother Catherine had expended twenty thousand dollars on the improvement of the place. With better accommodations the school and the community grew in usefulness and in numbers. Both were in a flourishing condition in 1831, when the rule called for the election of a new Mother. Mother Angela Spink was chosen, but she resigned the office after a few months, and was succeeded by Mother Frances Gardiner.

During this year, Mother Catherine, assisted by three sisters, went to open the Presentation Academy, the first Catholic school in Louisville. There Mother Catherine also began the most cherished of all her life works, her beloved Orphan Asylum. Always active in her charities, she visited the sick and ministered to the wants of the poor whenever it was in her power. One day she learned that two orphan children, whose parents had died on the way from New Orleans, had been landed at the wharf, friendless and destitute. She became immediately interested in their welfare and took them to her home. With the assistance generously extended by a number of kind ladies, she arranged for their maintenance and education. She became more and more keenly alive to the wants of unprotected little ones

[5] McGill, *op. cit.* New York, 1917, p. 35.

and was bent on the foundation of an establishment in which these poor children might find a refuge. The necessity for an orphanage increased after the horrors of the cholera epidemic in 1832-33.

In Louisville during this scourge many families were stricken. Father Robert Abell who, through the trying season, acted as nurse, physician, and priest, advised the Board of Health to ask for Sisters of Charity from Nazareth as nurses. The sisters eagerly responded. Before their departure from the mother house, Bishop Flaget called Father David, Mother Catherine, and the sisters into the church, saying, "Come, my children, offer yourselves to God." All knelt in silence a few moments; then the Bishop read aloud a short act of consecration. When this was over the happy little band, like true daughters of St. Vincent, went out to their sick and dying in the city. Mother Catherine was the first to step across the portals of the mother house, the leader of this little army of Christ's heroines.

During this time of the cholera the school was closed, and the sisters went to Bardstown, Louisville, and the neighborhoods roundabout caring for the sick and dying. Agonizing mothers could surrender their lives with peace and resignation when Mother Catherine extended her protecting arms to shelter their children and promised to care for them in the days that were to follow. More than once she was seen coming back to the sisters' home near the old St. Louis Church carrying an infant in her apron and another on her arm, while a third toddled beside her. Twenty-five of these children were crowded into the house, and the sisters were forced to give up their beds to the little ones. But they could not continue to live thus; something had to be done. Mother Catherine's zeal was contagious. Nazareth purchased a lot on which, with the aid of charitable contributions, a building was erected. It was

called "St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum." Two years later the building became too small, and the institution was removed to a large house on Jefferson Street that had been built for a tavern. Mother Catherine accompanied the children to the new home. From this time on, except when holding the office of Mother Superior to which she was four times called, this was her constant residence. It was her chief delight to labor for her "dear little orphans," as she was wont to call them. It was in this favored spot that she entered into the happiness of Heaven.

In the new house there was room to spare, and Mother Catherine availed herself of this condition to care for the sick. One end of the building was arranged for a hospital and called "St. Vincent's Infirmary." For some time she had been praying that God would place in the sisters' hands the means to serve Him through ministrations to the sick and dying, and hence she was extremely happy thus to open the doors of the first Catholic hospital in Kentucky.

Characteristic of Mother Catherine is the letter she addressed to the Mayor and Council of Louisville, soon after the cholera season. It was through her the Mayor had asked for sisters to care for the sick, and when afterward a non-Catholic minister sought to disparage the devotedness of the sisters, calling them "mercenary nurses whom the city had paid for their services," and gave reference to the city books, where he said their "pay" was registered, Mother Catherine nobly appealed to the Mayor and Council, thus:

> Gentlemen: At that gloomy period, when the cholera threatened to lay our city desolate, and nurses for the sick could not be obtained on any terms, Rev. Mr. Robert Abell, in the name of the Society of which I have the honor to be a member, proffered the gratuitous services of as many of our Sisters as might

be necessary in the then existing distress, requiring merely that their expenses should be paid.

This offer was accepted, as the order from your Honorable Board inviting the Sisters will now show. But when the money was ordered from your treasury to defray those expenses, I had the mortification to remark that instead of the expression, the "expenses" of the Sisters, the word "services" was substituted. I immediately remonstrated against it, and even mentioned the circumstance to the Mayor and another gentleman of the Council, and upon being promised that the error should be corrected, I remained satisfied that it had been done, until a late aspersion from one of the pulpits of the city leads me to believe that it stands uncorrected on your books, for the same books were referred to in proof of the aspersion.

If so, Gentlemen, pardon the liberty I take in refunding you the amount paid for the above-named expenses, well convinced that our community, for whom I have acted in this case, would prefer incurring the expense rather than submit to such an unjust odium.

Gentlemen, be pleased to understand that we are not hirelings; if we are, in practice, the servants of the poor, the sick and the orphan, we are voluntarily so, but we look for our reward in another and a better world.

With sincere respect, I am, Gentlemen,

Your obt. servant,

$75.00 CATHERINE SPALDING,
February 10, 1834. Sister of Charity.

To the honor of the Mayor and Council, the amount was returned, the correction made, and the Mayor apologized for the negligence which had left the error standing, and given rise to the false assertion above mentioned.

In 1850, Mother Catherine was elected to resume the government of the society and to begin six full, telling years

in that office. The seminarians had been removed from St. Thomas to Bardstown when the cathedral was built and now that the See was transferred to Louisville the Jesuit Fathers had taken St. Joseph's College in Bardstown. It was eight years since Bishop David had passed to his eternal reward. Bishop Flaget had just died, and his recent coadjutor, the Right Reverend Martin J. Spalding, now at the head of the diocese, appointed the Reverend F. Chambige to bring back to life the old seminary at St. Thomas. Soon it began to take on new vigor and sisters from Nazareth were sent to take charge of the infirmary and wardrobe, to superintend the kitchen and refectory work, and to assume the general management of the household.

Shortly after these changes, Mother Catherine visited again the old haunts where Nazareth had its beginning; she renewed her vows before the altar in the little chapel adjoining the church where she had first pronounced them. The brick walls she had put up at old Nazareth were still standing; she peered into every nook and corner, went down to the old spring, tenderly recalling the early days and the early workers that were now gone on before her. She told Father Chambige to tear down that building and to use the brick for the orphans' home he intended erecting in connection with the seminary. Then she resolutely turned away and never saw that spot again. With her this day were Sisters Victoria Buckman and Bernardine O'Brien; they were the ones who later told the pathetic story of Mother Catherine's leave-taking of the places and things most dear to her heart.

There was work before Mother Catherine, and she must be about it. Once more the buildings of the mother house were overcrowded, and she planned new ones. The counsel of Bishop David was then recalled, and she felt that a church should arise first. William Keeley, the best architect in the country, was secured. The stone was quarried,

the lime produced, and the brick made out of material on the farm, that extended over a thousand acres. And thus the convent church, French Gothic in architecture, arose, the gem of the diocese, as Bishop Spalding called it. It was consecrated on the nineteenth of July, the patronal feast of St. Vincent de Paul, 1854.

Already the walls of the new academy were seen rising, majestic in proportions, far ahead of anything yet built in Kentucky. "Mother Catherine is a visionary," some said; "such immense halls are useless." But Mother Catherine went on. "Those rooms will all be filled and more will be needed," she replied. And so it came to pass. Now, every one wonders at the mind of the woman who, years ago, erected buildings that are still modern and up to date. This work was all completed in 1855. The following year, her last in office, she visited the branch houses, spending a week or more in each one. When the summer of 1856 came, she laid down her burden of office, which Mother Frances took up again, and went back to her dear orphan asylum and to her labor of love among the homeless little ones.

In the first week of March, Mother Catherine heard that a poor laboring man had been hurt, and that his family was in great distress. Mother Catherine was not very well herself, and a light snow covered the ground. Nevertheless, she went on this errand of mercy. Later, she took a violent cold and daily grew worse. She soon realized that her end was approaching, and she made ready for it with the calm resignation of one who had lived but to prepare for death. She repeatedly asked pardon of the sisters who surrounded her for any needless pain she might have given them; and in answer to their prayers for like forgiveness, she assured them that if they had caused her trouble at any time she had forgotten it and forgiven them with all her heart.

With the most lively sentiments of faith and love, she received the last Sacraments at the hands of the Reverend Father Coomes, the chaplain of the convent. The Right Reverend Bishop and the clergy of the city made her daily visits during her sickness, at each of which she besought their blessing and prayers. The Bishop gave her the last blessing with the plenary indulgence for the hour of death. From the beginning of this illness her sufferings had been great, but during her last hours they became excruciating. Yet she endured them with exemplary resignation. Unable to recline, she had to be supported in an upright position. In the final struggle, she asked to be laid on the floor, and in that humble attitude she died, on the twentieth of March, 1858, in the sixty-fifth year of her age and the forty-seventh since the beginning of her religious life. She was loved and revered and mourned as only they can be whose lives have been wholly unselfish and who lived but for God and for His greater glory. In its flight upward, her soul was accompanied by the prayers of the innocent children to whom she had supplied the place of mother, and who loved to call her by that endearing title. It was followed by the petitions of the religious, grown old in the service of God, whither she had led them.

Her precious remains were taken to Nazareth for interment. They were accompanied by Mother Frances Gardiner, who had been with her during her illness and by Sisters Appollonia McGill, Julia Hobbs, and Serena Carney, all of Louisville. A short distance from the mother house, the sad cortège was met by the whole community—sisters, novices, and pupils, numbering fully three hundred. In solemn procession the body was carried to the door of the convent church she had but recently builded. Here it was received by the Right Reverend Martin J. Spalding, Bishop of the Diocese, the Reverend Joseph Hazeltine, Ecclesiastical Superior of the Society, and by several other clergymen

of Bardstown and the vicinity, who had assembled to perform the last offices of religion over their departed friend. At the foot of the altar, one by one the sisters came to look once more on the features of their beloved Mother. Great was the grief of loving hearts that day at Nazareth!

After the services, the procession was again formed and the remains were taken to the little cemetery. When Bishop David was interred in these same grounds in 1841, Mother Catherine had expressed the desire to be buried at his feet. Here she was placed, close to her revered father and guide, and surrounded by many whom she had cheered along life's way and whom she had solaced in their last hour before eternity claimed them.

Bishop Spalding suggested that the stone at the head of her grave be a little taller than were those that marked the graves of the other members of the society, and that it bear a sunburst to indicate that she was first Superioress of Nazareth.

Mother Catherine was not above medium height; she was heavily built. Her eyes were deep blue—so deep, indeed, that many carried away the impression that they were black. Her countenance was beautiful; it bore a very benevolent, motherly expression, but one read in it firmness and strong determination as well.

She gave admonitions freely. Human respect was unknown to her, yet she was never rash and was always guided by a sense of duty. She had a peculiar way of removing the sting of rebuke, always closing the admonition by a few kind, encouraging words so that one felt urged to cheerful, renewed efforts. She knew how to forgive and forget; and when once a reproof had been given she never again referred to the fault that occasioned the admonition. She was always ready to overlook faults, and hence was accounted at Nazareth as the best friend of all the "bad girls" in the

school. She took great pleasure in instructing the young sisters and insisted particularly on charity and love of the poor. She often quoted Bishop David, upon whom she looked as the pillar and ground of truth. Every word of instruction received from him formed part of her rule of life.

It is no wonder, then, that the influence of such a woman was unbounded, and that she seemed able to move mountains in behalf of the works to which she had devoted her life. Many were the times that the resources at hand prevented the zeal of Mother Catherine to undertake greater works of charity and education. Then it was possible for her children to discern more clearly the sagacious direction their Mother had always given to the society. In the first days, the particular need was for leaders, capable of sturdy pioneer work; later the chief requirement was administrative ability. Mother Catherine was not only a great leader, but she was a wise and prudent financier. When her charity would urge her to do greater things for God and His people, her prudence told her to hope in Him first for the means whereby such accomplishments would be made possible. Her heart always held generous dreams; but with the patience of great souls, she trusted the future to bless with an abundant harvest the least seed which she had sowed in the wildwood of Kentucky.

Mother Catherine's outstanding virtue, perhaps, was her profound charity. Dear as Nazareth had become to her heart, constant as was her zeal for its growth and development in every direction, her delight was to be with those who made so particular an appeal to her maternal sympathies. Back and forth from the mother house to her orphan children she would go for a number of years, until the time when she went to remain with them the rest of her earthly days. This was after the expiration of her last term as Mother at Nazareth, at the beginning of which administration she wrote: "I came back from Louisville to

take again a burden for which I am little suited and still less desired. My heart clings to the orphans and the sick whom I have to leave."

True daughter of the great Saint Vincent was Catherine Spalding. She realized full well that for every Sister of Charity the care of the orphans is her chief and principal work. She remembered that this was the most dear to Vincent de Paul and the first Daughters of Charity. It was the particular labor that urged Mother Catherine to make long journeys from one place to another, and to gather into her protecting arms the forlorn little ones of the household of the Master. These trips were tedious ones, sometimes made on horseback, again by wagon or carriage, but always over well-nigh impassable roads, and very often through snow and sleet and pouring rains. Such arduous pilgrimages, however, she undertook with great happiness, and with an uncommon gratitude that she was being permitted to minister "unto the least of these," His little children.

When the shadows of death began to steal into Mother Catherine's life she begged for the prayers of her spiritual daughters that her last journey would be made in peace and light, without fear and trembling. To a sister she wrote the following words, shortly before her death:

> Pray for me, my dear child, that God in His own good mercy may give rest to my poor soul in a better world; for in this life there had been but little rest for me—and indeed we should not seek rest here, for here is the time for labor and sorrow. Now, my good Sister, do not be too particular with your poor Mother. You know how hard it is for me to write since I have suffered so much severe pain; I never expect to be entirely well again . . . write to me whenever you can. I am always,
>
> Your sincere friend and Mother,
>
> CATHERINE.

The spiritual support she ever gave to her daughters in religion stamps her as a truly great foundress. Beautiful, indeed, was her solicitude for their welfare. She yearned, constantly, to lighten their burdens, so that their strength might be sufficient for their service as good, efficient Sisters of Charity. Her letters to her daughters on the missions are not unlike the messages of the early Christians to one another. "Grace be unto you and peace!" she would write; and then counsels of spiritual advancement would usually follow. These early letters would always carry sweet urgings for a greater love and glorifying of Almighty God, by a practical service to His poor and abandoned. Virile power and maternal solicitude are contained therein; sometimes a vigorous encouragement to undertake a new and difficult task; again, with exquisite affection, the message that she was sending to some sister "a pair of soft gloves for your poor chapped hands." [6]

Mother Catherine knew what it meant to have the support and encouragement of superiors. This she never denied the sisters whom God had placed under her direction. To one she writes:

> Rest assured you will always find in me a heart that will know how to sympathize with you in any difficulties—a comfort which I never had in all that I had to encounter in establishing that house. If your heart beats friendly toward my dear orphans, be assured it is an additional claim you have on me, and an additional tie fully as strong as the one that binds us in the sacred bonds of Religion. If our good and venerable Bishop calls there, be sure to tell him from me that I wish him to give that place his special Benediction.

And how expressive of her deep spirituality is the following note:

[6] McGill, *op. cit.*, New York, 1917, p. 75.

> But what will all that profit us, if we neglect the spiritual building of our own perfection? Poor human nature is apt to let every little thing interfere with regular attendance upon religious exercises and other observances. You are particularly blessed in that house as all your labors are for those immediate works of Charity. Then have courage, and still strive more and more to make spiritual and corporal works go together; and remember St. Vincent says: "If you keep your rules, they will keep you." Pray for me—while I never forget any of you.

St. Vincent once referred to his first sisterhood as the little snowball which gradually assumed such large proportions. Nazareth, likewise, has grown from a humble beginning to a noble congregation, that has stretched out from the hills of Kentucky to the Atlantic in the east and, in the west, almost to the waters of the Pacific. From the log cabin of 1812 and the school's first enrollment of nine pupils God's goodness has changed the picture to scores of buildings and thousands of little souls, the pride of the present generation of the sisterhood. Three abandoned children one afternoon found refuge in Mother Catherine's loving arms; to-day hundreds of tender hearts mother thousands of motherless little ones. And while the work of teaching has been among the chief occupations of her spiritual daughters, whenever the call of suffering has been sounded the response has been immediate and generous. War and pestilence have found them ministering as angels of mercy to the sick and dying, in hospital ward and in army camp, in the homes of the poor and on the field of battle. And as their foundress experienced joy and consolation in the lowly domestic work of old St. Thomas' Seminary, many are her sisters who aspire to nothing higher than the humble posts of hidden usefulness in the community's institutions. These are the real jewels of any sisterhood. They

do willingly and cheerfully the all-important work which was forever ennobled by the Child Jesus and His own sweet mother in Nazareth of Galilee. The first Martha in Kentucky's Nazareth was Mother Catherine Spalding.

"Caritas Christi urget nos," is the answer that from eternity Mother Spalding gives to those who marvel at her accomplishments. She placed herself in Christ's blessed hands as clay into the hands of the potter, permitting Him to shape her into a vessel of election. She in her wisdom knew that, in giving herself entirely to the Master, He in return would give Himself entirely to His servant. And during all the years she realized that she was secure, even when the clouds hung lowest and the rumblings of failure and blasted hopes were heard on an ever-darkening horizon. She felt His inspiration always, and knew that in her passing the seed of her sowing would fall to the ground and blossom forth in His own good time for His greater honor and glory. She believed that in her spiritual posterity there would then be accomplished to an heroic degree what St. Vincent himself had exclaimed on one occasion when addressing his sisters:

> If we could see the soul of a Sister of Charity who works for God, we should be rapt in admiration; we should see it shining like the sun. We could not look at it without being dazzled. But we shall see it in heaven.

To-day, God beholds more than a thousand white-capped Sisters of Charity, followers of His servant, the humble Catherine Spalding, carrying forward the work dropped from her toil-worn hands the day she passed into eternity. He sees their souls and the soul of their sainted Mother, shining like the sun. For those of us, however, who yet see darkly as through a glass, we may not behold the dazzling splendor of this miracle of charity. But we are wrapt in

admiration at the Godlike works these women of the present generation are doing. And from this contemplation we learn something of the greatness of this foundress, and catch a reflection of the glory which is hers forever. We shall look upon the full sublimity of its splendor in Paradise.

MOTHER TERESA LALOR

OF THE GEORGETOWN NUNS OF THE VISITATION

Vovete et reddite Domino, "Vow ye and pay unto the Lord your God," a text from the Twenty-fifth Psalm, is the inscription to be found directly over the entrance door of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation. To vow and then to pay unto the Lord!

To vow, indeed, is one thing; but to pay that vow is quite another. Not only must the religious make her vows to God in the beginning of her spiritual life, but she must also pay them to Him by the giving of a constant lifelong service, until her soul lies bare before the judgment seat of God. *Vovete et reddite Domino*—in these words the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation proclaims its nature and its mission: a house of vows and fulfilled promises. For over a century it has stood on the heights of Georgetown, just above the historic Potomac and the Virginian hills of Arlington beyond. Hundreds of brides of Christ have called it heaven and a home—those wise women who have chosen the barbette and the silver cross, the long black veil and the conventual habit of a Visitandine Religious, as their trousseau for their marriage to the King. Venerable for holy deeds and holy lives, its early history is linked irrevocably with the story of its sainted foundress and first superior, the humble Alice Lalor, she who, in religion, was Mother Teresa of the Heart of Mary. Ever since that day, when, with her two associates, she first climbed the heights of Georgetown village to build close to the nation's future capital her institution of enduring usefulness, her

days of fulfilled vows and redeemed promises have left their impress on the community, never to be effaced. Persons and places, round about, have all been changed in the course of years. But time can little touch the things that rest on God. Mother Teresa builded well. Her body rests beneath the convent chapel, awaiting in peace and solitude the coming of her Savior; her love and gentleness to-day pervade the halls of old Georgetown as in the days of her earthly existence. Her vow of service made long years ago she continues to pay to her God in the existence of that blessed institution of her making. Its accomplishments to-day are but a continuation of that which she labored and suffered to inaugurate. Behind its walls and cloister gratings her work is going on with devoted earnestness; her ideals are being carried out with care and exactness. To her children of each generation she is a watchful mother, whose influence over their lives and actions is lasting and telling. Silent though she be in her well-earned rest and lowly repose, she is a living personality; living, indeed, for "to live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die." And Mother Teresa Lalor's place in the affections of her Visitandine Daughters throughout this whole land of ours cannot be questioned. For hers was a life which, under heaven, was most fruitful and blessed. Truly, indeed, was she one of America's greatest foundresses.

Alice Lalor was born in Ballyragget, Kilkenny, about the year 1769. In her early home she saw unusual evidences of a great love between her father and her mother; this happy remembrance she treasured until the closing days of her life. Indeed, as the years went on and the home ties were broken by deaths and separations, both the memory of a father who often declared that he thought no woman living equal to her mother, and that of a maternal love and devotion so extraordinarily beautiful, continued to increase in intensity, until she seemed to live again with the loved

ones of home who had gone on before her into the great land beyond the threshold.

Alice Lalor's father was a sturdy Catholic gentleman of the old school. His hospitality was proverbial throughout the entire countryside; to priests and bishops, especially, he extended a whole-hearted welcome to the family hearth. His superior intelligence won for him the friendship of Lord Devessey, whose religious zeal prompted him to offer wealth and social rank to his host if the latter would become a member of the Established Church. He even engaged his brother, a minister of the Church of England, to carry on a series of theological discussions with Mr. Lalor, in the hopes of winning him to the Anglican religion. But Mr. Lalor was too good a Catholic for that. He could do nothing but spurn temporal prosperity, when its getting was conditioned by apostasy.

Mrs. Lalor's solicitude was centered, especially, on her little daughter, Alice. The child's first tendencies toward piety were prudently cultivated by the mother, who was quick to discern in Alice a soul of rare quality. From the mother's lips the child first heard the words of eternal wisdom. Her precociousness attracted attention when she was yet very young, and her unusual piety and her bright and cheerful disposition won for her the affection of her pastor, Father Carroll. From him she received the Bread of Life for the first time. Her admittance to the Holy Table at an age which was quite early for those days was accompanied by an extraordinarily sensible consolation. This sweet gift of her Eucharistic Lord was never withdrawn from Alice Lalor at any time during her whole life. Jesus in His Sacrament of love was for her not only the Bread of eternal life but the sweet reflection of her immortal soul. Lover of the Blessed Sacrament, indeed, was Alice Lalor.

When at the age of seventeen the child received the sacrament of Confirmation from Bishop Lanigan of Kilkenny,

the prelate was attracted by her deep spirituality. To him she made a general confession and to his searchings she opened up the innermost recesses of her soul. Her piety and intelligence prompted him to select her as the prefect of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament which, with the pastor, he established in her native parish. Father Carroll realized that he had been given a strong ally in keeping alive the spark of fervor lately kindled in his parish. Bishop Lanigan looked upon her as a future helpmate in the foundation of a community of Presentation Nuns in his diocese. He received from her a vow of chastity, made in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament; and as a token of her pledge he placed a ring upon her finger. Although complete renunciation of the world was not then practicable, as there was no convent in the neighborhood, she had resolved to consecrate herself unreservedly to Almighty God.

Family opposition to the project of the foundation of the bishop's community of Presentation Nuns proved a providential obstacle. One of Alice Lalor's sisters had married an American merchant, a Mr. Doran, who wished his wife to have the companionship of her sister Alice, at least for a time. Alice, who was then thirty-one years of age, agreed to go with them to America, and sailed with her sister and brother-in-law in the winter of 1794. Before leaving, however, she promised to return in two years, at which time she would aid in the foundation of the long-contemplated community. But another Bishop was destined to have her in his keeping and another country to profit by her labors.

Among the passengers on the ship were two widows, women of wealth, culture, and education, a Mrs. McDermott and a Mrs. Sharpe, who formed an intimate friendship with Alice Lalor. "Heart to heart speaketh," and soon they made known to one another that each was desirous of entering the religious life. On the eve of the Epiphany, 1795, when their ship was sighting land, they

agreed that they would seek out a priest, and that priest, whoever he might be, they would regard as their spiritual director. On the Day of the Manifestation God led them to the Reverend Leonard Neale, one of the few priests laboring at that time in the city of Philadelphia.

Like many another Maryland youth, Father Neale had been educated at the Jesuit College at St. Omers, in French Flanders. He was admitted into the Society of Jesus, September 7, 1767. Thence he went to Bruges, and later to Liège, where he was ordained priest. In 1773 he, as a Jesuit, fell under the mandates of the famous decree, *"Dominus ac Redemptor,"* but though forced to lay aside the Jesuit habit, he retained the spirit of the Society. Together with the English Jesuits he went to England, where he engaged in pastoral work for four years. In response to his petition for foreign mission work, Propaganda assigned him to Demarara, in British Guiana, South America, where he labored from 1779 to 1783. Broken in health and in spirit he returned to his native state, January, 1783, and in April of the same year associated himself with his former brethren of the Society of Jesus, among whom was the Reverend John Carroll, later Baltimore's first archbishop. When the only two priests in Philadelphia were stricken by the yellow fever that same year, Father Neale gladly took their place. For nearly six years he remained in the city, acting as Vicar-General to the then Bishop Carroll of Baltimore. During Father Neale's stay in Philadelphia many souls placed themselves under his direction. No greater lover of Jesus Christ came to him than Alice Lalor!

For some time Father Neale had visioned a community in the New World that might inaugurate the work of Christian education carried on so successfully for centuries in the Old. The three penitents who were brought so unexpectedly to his feet from beyond the sea seemed to him the

women destined to coöperate with him in his proposed undertaking.

But Alice Lalor felt herself bound to return to Bishop Lanigan in Ireland, bound by the ring she wore on her finger since the time of her great decision before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and bound by her promise to the bishop. Father Neale, however, realizing the greater service she could render religion in America, asked her to remain. He showed her that she would not be revoking her vow but would be fulfilling it in a more complete manner in this new land where the Cross of Christ was raising itself, feebly and with difficulty, in the wildernesses and in the growing cities. The home ties were still drawing her to Ireland, however, not to those of kith and kin who were awaiting her return, but rather to those bound so irrevocably by spiritual claims in the cradleland of her vocation. Father Neale, as her confessor, offered to dispense her from her promise to return. Perceiving her hesitancy and her great uneasiness, he said to her one day: "Let me see that ring, my child." The priest took the ring and, looking at its commemorative inscription, twisted it in two and threw the pieces away. She felt that she could not stand the pain caused by the severance of this last tie to her dear homeland and that great religious resolve made there many years before. But Father Neale's action, as he had intended, had destroyed this last reluctant cord which was threatening to draw her back to Ireland. With single purpose, then, she turned her eyes from the old home to the new, and with firm steps placed her feet in the pathway of her new determination to labor in her adopted country. This was a day of signal victory for the infant Church of God in the American Republic.

At the suggestion of Father Neale, a little house was rented, wherein Miss Lalor and her two associates lived as a quasi-religious community. Mrs. Sharpe had her daugh-

ter with her, a child of eight years; and some time later a young American postulant was admitted. In addition to their spiritual exercises they performed works of mercy. That she might most thoroughly purify her heart for the service of God, Alice Lalor made frequent use of the discipline and engaged in rigorous fastings. Her health was not able to stand the extremes to which her zeal led her, however, and she was forced to moderate these practices at the command of Father Neale. The yellow fever soon thinned their slender ranks, and the head of the little community found herself one night alone in the house with the body of her dead postulant. Father Neale, too, at this time almost died. But Alice Lalor and her two associates remained in the midst of the danger, ministering like angels of mercy to the dead and dying.

In 1798 there occurred one of those providential events which are recorded in the lives of so many of God's chosen servants. At the time of their happening these events seem casual and unimportant, but in the retrospect it is often found that they change the whole current of one's career. This was especially true in the case of Alice Lalor. In 1799 Father Neale became president of Georgetown College. Realizing the help his three religious friends could give him in his new field of labor, he bade them come to Georgetown, where he housed them for a time with three Poor Clares who, being driven from France by the Revolution in 1793, had founded a little convent near the college. The Poor Clares were at this time endeavoring to conduct a school as a means of support; but their poverty and their rigorous life made the continuance of this venture an impossibility. For some time Alice Lalor and her two friends assisted the Poor Clares in teaching the school, and in this way became acquainted with the rule of St. Clare and found out, likewise, that it was not the one they wished to adopt. They felt, too, that with it they could not meet the

needs of the times nor the locality. Father Neale, therefore, purchased a house in the vicinity and gave it to them. Thus was begun an establishment which to the world appeared a folly but in reality was dear to religion and later a glory to the Church in America. The shabby little building was formally opened June 24, 1799, when classes were commenced by three zealous teachers, who soon became known as "The Pious Ladies," their only appellation for many years. Pious indeed they were, and ladies too. But their natural gentility was further augmented by the intense spiritual life they led under the direction of Father Neale. He was their spiritual father and their novice master; he initiated them into the secrets of the mystic ways. Prayer was supplemented by austerities terrifying to those of a less heroic mold. To them the privations entailed by necessity were as nothing; and only the prudent restraint of obedience saved their rapidly failing health. In his establishment and guidance of the little band, Father Neale felt he was but realizing the ideals of his young days in the priesthood. It is related that while he was in far-off Demarara, he had had one of those strange dreams not unfrequent in the lives of the saints. St. Francis de Sales, so it seems, had appeared to him and told him he was to establish a community of Visitation Nuns. The how and the where and the when remained unknown. But as the years went on, events gradually shaped themselves so as to make Father Neale feel sure that Alice Lalor, like another Jane Frances de Chantal, was to be the mother of this band of "noble women not a few"; and in her he was not to be disappointed.

In 1800 Father Neale was consecrated coadjutor to Archbishop Carroll. As he was to continue as president of Georgetown College he did not remove to Baltimore. Hence he was able to assume his duties as novice master for the new sisterhood. It is not known just when he decided to place the sisters under the Visitation rule,

but there is the tradition in the community that very early in its history there was a consciousness that the sisters were Visitandines, at least in spirit and in desire. But knowing nothing of the rule of St. Francis de Sales, Bishop Neale regulated the life of the sisters to a modified form of the rules of the Society of Jesus. The sisters had regular hours for rising; they assembled for morning prayers, for meditation, and for Mass in the Poor Clares' chapel; time was assigned for reading, for silence, and for an examen of conscience. They had their evening prayers in common; they recited the rosary daily; they had their fasts and their mortifications. Taken all in all they were living a truly conventual life.

When the sisters opened their school at Georgetown, the joy of the Catholics of the neighborhood knew no bounds, and as an evidence of their appreciation they coöperated whole-heartedly with the sisters in the venture. The little group of religious was increased from three to five. They kept as much as possible within their own premises so that enclosure could be observed, at least in part. But they had to do their own marketing; it was necessary for them to go out to church; and it was one of their duties to accompany their pupils in daily walks in the surrounding woods. It was a simple beginning, indeed, but one that presaged well for the things that were to follow.

But unless the grain of wheat falling to the ground die, itself remaineth alone. The grain of wheat here planted was not destined to remain alone. Death came and claimed its first victim, in the person of one whom they could ill afford to lose. After a painful illness, Mrs. Sharpe, known in religion as Sister Ignatia, their principal teacher and first directress of the academy, died July 31, 1802. "She was the soul and head of the little academy," said the community annalist. "It prospered as long as she was able to conduct it." Having no grounds of their own, the sisters

reluctantly laid her to rest in the public cemetery of Trinity Church, Georgetown, D. C. Her passing caused great distress in her religious family, but no one felt the loss more keenly than did Alice Lalor, now known as Mother Teresa. But none was more resigned.

The ranks were soon increased, however, by the advent of Miss Henrietta Brent, a grandniece of Bishop Neale. New members were not slow in following, and the best families in the country became represented in the community. Comfortable homes and devoted relatives were relinquished willingly for a life of want and abnegation. Those were days, indeed, when virtue ran high and love waxed warm. The cold without was more than counteracted by the love within. When Lady Poverty would allow only a few sticks of wood for light and heat, the long, dreary winter evenings were brightened by the wit and humor of Mother Teresa. Her naturally cheerful disposition never failed her; often a pleasant story from her relieved a painful situation.

It is recorded [1] that at this time:

> everything at the Nunnery and school bore the impress of extreme poverty. Provisions were dealt out by measure; only a fixed quantity of food or fuel for each person or place. Wheat bread was never seen there. Corn bread was used, made from corn which the sisters themselves had raised, and had husked and shelled before sending it to the mill to be ground. They cleaned, salted, and put up their own fish and meat; grew all their own vegetables, and for that purpose kept a fine garden, the heavier work of which was done by their negro man or men, the lighter by themselves.
>
> Butter was rarely a part of their diet; and when

[1] Lathrop, *A Story of Courage: Annals of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary,* Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1895, p. 156 *et seq.*

this luxury could be allowed at all, it was carefully distributed in small pieces—one piece at the plate of each sister or child. Their coarse corn bread was divided in the same careful manner—a single slice to each person; and if any one found this insufficient, she had to endure the lack of more. In the sketch of the life of Mother Juliana Matthews it is related that, being Refectorian and at one time Dispenser, she had charge of giving out the provisions, and that while carrying around the bread basket before meals she often felt tempted to pick out a specially large slice for herself. To avoid all fault or inequality in the matter she used to shut her eyes and take whatever bit of bread her hand chanced upon. Sister Agnes did the same thing. "Yet," she was wont to add, laughing, when she told of it, "it never entered my mind that this stinted fare was occasioned by necessity. I thought it entirely voluntary and suggested by a desire of practicing holy poverty."

In winter, the Dispenser was obliged to stand in the cold while the sisters were getting their appointed supply of fuel for the ensuing day. When there was snow on the ground, she stood on a log in order to keep her feet dry, and watched the others as they took, each one, the quantity allowed for her apartment or office. Four sticks of wood each day were given for the large assembly-room stove. For the small stoves six or eight smaller pieces were set apart. If coal was burned, two scuttles made the daily portion. The bedclothes of the plain couches on which the sisters slept were too scanty to keep them warm. Through the crevices of their rough, unplastered board-walled dormitory the snow blew in freely; so that the floor and the very beds were often covered with little snowdrifts. The beds, at the best, were narrow cots of straw; but most of the sisters slept on the floor, being obliged to give up their cots to the children. So constant and severe was their exposure to the cold, that

their hands frequently became purple and swollen, the skin cracking open with the frost.

Their breakfast and supper these days consisted only of a cup of rye coffee or of milk and water, with the ever-constant single slice of corn bread already mentioned. At dinner a spoonful of molasses by way of dessert, after the salt fish or meat and vegetables, was sometimes granted as a special dainty on the occasion of grand festivals, and was highly esteemed. They also saved the parings and cores of apples, and by boiling these prepared a sweetish drink with which to vary their simple list of beverages. Each sister was provided with a tin cup and a pewter spoon for use at table, besides a tin basin and pitcher in the dormitory.

For brooms they used weeds; or, rather, they manufactured very good brooms out of a particular kind of weed. They did not even make a pretence of indulging in chairs; only one chair was to be seen in their assembly room, and that one was reserved for Mother Teresa. The other sisters sat on trunks or chests, which completed the furniture of the apartment. In the evenings when they gathered together for recreation the room was illuminated by a "save-all"; that is, a vessel filled with grease from the pot skimmings of the kitchen. Yet not even this was used on moonlight nights; and if, at any time when the "save-all" was burning, the supply of grease that supported it gave out suddenly, the sisters contentedly sat in darkness or enjoyed the faint glimmer of the fire-light. When this accident happened on Saturday nights, and any one of the sisters had a rent to draw up or some stitches to take in her severely tried wearing apparel, she lit a pine-knot reserved for such emergencies. No one thought of keeping a lamp for her private use; and the solitary candle used in the convent was burned only in the choir.

But during all the years that this condition of things

continued, no word of complaint was ever heard. On the contrary, the sisters were very gay, and made merry over the shifts and inventions to which they were driven by their poverty; the absurd conduct of their "save-all" in relapsing into darkness just when it was most needed, was sure to bring out hearty laughter.

Like St. Jane de Chantal, Mother Teresa was sure to be most cheerful when circumstances were most appalling. She literally shone joyously beneath a burden of discomfort. If starvation threatened, and even mouldy bread became too precious, Mother Teresa's gayety changed the sisters' hunger to cheerfulness. If the "save-all" refused to dispel darkness, her amusing tales and anecdotes introduced a brilliancy which left nothing to be desired. At last the sisters used to say, when their Mother was particularly genial with innocent entertainment: "Ah, she has something to tell us which will give us pain, and is trying to raise our courage first!" All this extreme privation was not intended by the rule; the nuns were entitled to better fare. However, they remained the victims of such distress, and moreover, happy ones.

There were, at this time, thirteen pupils in the school; children delicately reared, to whom the privations and severities of life under these circumstances offered a Spartan ordeal. Yet they flourished under it, and became strong and hardy; in this respect prefiguring the growth and strength that the school and convent were to attain. The advances made in the beginning, however, were very slow. The little sisterhood was not yet assimilated to the Visitation, or to any religious order, whatsoever. It was obliged to remain thus informally or partially organized for years, often in doubt as to whether it would be able to cohere at all, and constantly enduring the hardest of work, the most meagre of fare, the severest anxieties.

When, in 1804, the Poor Clares returned to France, Mother Teresa managed to secure a sufficient sum to purchase the former Clarist Convent. Father Neale paid for the simple altar, what little furniture there was in the house, and the library of French books. For a time the sisters attended Mass in the Jesuit college chapel; later the Clarist altar was placed in the largest room of the academy; and finally it was moved to the building which had served the Poor Clares as their convent. At last, "The Pious Ladies" began to enjoy some kind of monastic enclosure in their sequestered quarters on the heights of Georgetown. The convent and academy occupied a square of roughly cultivated ground, through which ran from north to south a creek that emptied into the Potomac at the foot of the hill. On the eastern side lay the convent garden, orchard, and meadow, the convent itself and the house to which Bishop Neale had moved in 1808, when his term as president of the college expired. On the west the land rose in a series of steep terraces, which were beautified by raspberry bushes, lilacs, and other shrubbery. Here, too, stood the "Old Academy," the house to which Mother Teresa had come when, in the earlier days, she had withdrawn from the Poor Clares. At first there was no bridge across the creek, and difficult was the task, impossible quite often, of passing to and from the convent and the academy. Afterward a rustic bridge was built to span the stream, and at least one of the hardships of the early days was eliminated by this achievement.

Only four postulants came to Mother Teresa during her first nine years at Georgetown. In 1808, Miss Catherine Anne Rigden, a convert and a native of Georgetown, and the one destined to be, ten years later, Mother Teresa's successor, entered the community. But after this no one sought admission for two years. While the prospect of any increase in the little religious institute seemed hope-

less, Mother Teresa, however, was always hopeful. Her trust in God raised her infinitely above the threatenings of her earthly surroundings. The period of stagnation was finally broken in the midwinter of 1810, when a nineteen-year-old stranger, Margaret Marshall, by name, came from Conewago, Pennsylvania, and asked to be admitted as a postulant. Soon other members came, valiant women all, to cast their lot with the heroic little band on the Potomac. God's eye had never left Mother Teresa in all those years of trial and ordeals; He was but fitting her for the mystic motherhood that was to be hers as first Visitandine Superioress in the United States.

Repeatedly, Bishop Neale had been urged to change the character of his institute. He had always desired to have it a house of the Visitation, but to this end he could not realize even the possession of the rules of the Order. The first house at Annecy had been suppressed during the French Revolution, and was not restored until 1822. The other houses in Europe refused to send a copy of the Constitutions to Georgetown because this community had not been founded in the regular way, by professed members of the Order.

Well-meaning friends had pointed out the uselessness of continuing the institute as a Visitation community, when it was that only in name. First, Archbishop Carroll urged Bishop Neale to merge it in another enterprise to which the former had given his whole-hearted support—the foundation of the first Catholic school for girls in the city of Baltimore, by Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton; again, a Baltimore woman of wealth who had been educated by the Ursuline Nuns in Ireland wished to see "The Pious Ladies" transform their institute into an Ursuline Convent. She volunteered to go to Ireland and to return with a colony of these sisters to aid in the work of establishment, offering to pay all expenses incidental to the journey and promising to provide additional funds to carry on the work. Other

advisers tried to persuade the Bishop into uniting his sisterhood with that of the Carmelite Nuns who had been established by his brother at Port Tobacco, Maryland. But to all these urgings Bishop Neale turned a deaf ear. He could never consent to any change from his cherished plan of founding a house of the Visitation; this idea was too firmly planted in his mind to be uprooted. He had gone too far on the pathway of the gentle saint of Geneva to be turned into another, however worthy or noble it might be.

Mother Teresa, too, shared in the forebodings of disaster which the future seemed to have in store for her institute; but finally a ray of genuine and lasting sunshine burst upon the simple household. Among the books of the small library acquired from the Poor Clares, there was found a volume containing the rules of the Visitation Order. During all these years it had been in their midst, neglected, of course, because none of the sisters of that day were able to read French. There is no exact record of the time or the manner of the discovery, but it is sufficient to say that its finding caused untold happiness and satisfaction; that for which they had sought so long and prayed so earnestly was at last theirs to keep and follow. From an examination of the book, the sisters soon discovered that in their eagerness to create for themselves a monastic rule, they had been practicing more rigorous austerities than the Visitandine Constitutions required. Generous, indeed, were the first American daughters of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal!

The rules in their possession, the sisters now needed but the habit of the order. They were then wearing a quasi-conventual dress, which on a number of occasions had been modified without satisfaction. Finally, Bishop Neale decided to give to them the Carmelite habit, as worn by the sisters of his brother's community at Port Tobacco. While the habit adopted was mainly Carmelite, it had one difference. In the rules of the Visitation the sisters had found

that "the bandeaux shall be black," and so the white bandeau of the Carmelites gave place to the black of the Visitation. In this detail only were the Georgetown Sisters permitted to conform to Visitation requirements.

The sisters were allowed to pronounce the simple vows of religion, January 29, 1814, the Feast of St. Francis de Sales. Since they had not as yet obtained the custom book and ceremonial of the Visitation Order, this ceremony was conducted according to Jesuit style. Some time afterward they were able to adopt the full Visitation habit, for Bishop Neale had received a picture of St. Jane Frances de Chantal from Europe. Their poverty, however, prevented them from providing a new supply of guimpes, so they agreed that for the present Mother Teresa alone should be given the distinction of wearing the correct Visitandine headdress.

Bishop Neale succeeded to the archbishopric of Baltimore upon the death of the venerable John Carroll in 1815. For six years before he had struggled on with his little community, striving in vain, so it seemed, to establish relations with the Visitation Order in Europe. Up to this time no recourse in the matter had been made to the Pope, but in 1815, as chief shepherd of the souls within his vast diocese, it was the Archbishop's duty to report in full what he had done toward forming a sisterhood in his archdiocese. In reply, Pius VII sent him a brief, dated July 14, 1816, commending his zeal, and permitting the American children of St. Francis de Sales to take the solemn vows of religion. Great was the joy those days in old Georgetown! December 28, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, was the date of Mother Teresa's admittance to solemn vows. It was also the hundred and ninety-fourth anniversary of the death of St. Francis de Sales! "At an early hour," says the convent annalist, "the little conventual world was astir. Long before day, while the stars were still glimmering in the winter sky, the community knelt before the chapel altar,

in meditation." It was the hundred and ninety-fourth anniversary of St. Francis de Sales' entrance into Heaven; and they were about to celebrate and sanctify the day in a manner most acceptable to their holy founder, concurring in a work assigned by himself to their venerable archbishop —the establishment of his order in the New World. After an hour or so, the archbishop entered, accompanied by Father Grassi, Provincial of the Jesuits. Archbishop Neale was the celebrant and Father Grassi made the responses. No one was present except the sisters and pupils, for they lived totally forgetful of, and forgotten by, the world. Seldom was their retirement intruded upon by secular visits; so that beyond their enclosure nothing was known of an event so interesting and important to them. Mother Agnes says the day was intensely cold, the ground was covered with snow, and it was Saturday. After breakfast Archbishop Neale and Father Grassi visited the sisters in the assembly room, congratulating them upon their happiness. The archbishop told them that now like holy Simeon he could sing his *"Nunc dimittis,"* since his eyes had beheld what they so long had desired to see. Prophetic words, indeed, were these, for in less than six months the archbishop had passed to his eternal rest.

Christmastide this year had been a season of unusual rejoicing. The seventeen years of trial and sacrifices on the part of the sisters, and especially on that of Mother Teresa, had passed into this time of triumphant accomplishment. To Annecy in France, the Visitandine *sainte source,* the archbishop had written that "existence and life had been imparted" to the first established community in America of the order founded by St. Francis de Sales. The old Carmelite dress remained in use until the pattern of the true Visitandine habit came from Europe, shortly following the death of the archbishop, who was not given this added joy of seeing the full Visitation habit worn by his George-

town daughters. But what he had seen accomplished justified his other words to Annecy: "Thus is this house fairly established to run its course, which I hope will never be interrupted but by the cessation of time."

Several months of unalloyed spiritual peace and joy followed for Mother Teresa, only to be broken by what was, perhaps, the greatest trial of her life—the death of the archbishop on Wednesday, June 18, 1817. The last days of the archbishop were peaceful and his closing hours were passed in prayer and close union with God. He was privileged to receive the last sacraments from the hands of Father Grassi, in the presence of his own brother, Charles, and several priests and brothers of the Society of Jesus. He died in the little house adjoining the convent chapel, where he had resided after his resignation as president of Georgetown College, that he might be nearer the sisters. His duties as the second Archbishop of Baltimore had never interfered with his solicitude for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the sisters. He was their father, their friend, their all; he knew every fold of their heart. Under his spiritual direction they felt safe, and his death left them orphans, indeed. At first it was almost impossible to fill his place. For a short time his brother, Francis, became the spiritual father of the community, but he was a semi-invalid, and a second stroke of paralysis rendered it impossible for him to continue his ministrations. The Jesuits at Georgetown College were unwilling at the time to assume the direction of the sisterhood. "Of real orphanage," does one of the community annalists describe the state of affairs at the Georgetown convent following the departure of Father Neale.

But for the sake of Christ the sisters were willing to share in those sufferings of Christ caused by abandonment and neglect. They lacked even the bare necessities of life. The prophets of ill, who are always about when God's work

looks most hopeless, joined hands with those whose help was withdrawn in this hour of greatest need. But Mother Teresa and his sisters had long ago placed their hands in God's and had sealed their hearts against the world and its recall. And just when trials severe and numerous had almost crushed their devoted hearts, hope was born again, and the depression of their mere human spirits was lifted by him who came to their relief. This was Father Joseph P. de Clorivière who had been invited by Archbishop Neale, shortly before the latter's death, to undertake the direction of the Georgetown community.

After eighteen months of anxious waiting, the sisters welcomed Father Clorivière to their shabby accommodations on January 19, 1819, little realizing that in the young French nobleman they would find a second founder and father. Highly educated and of unusual talents, Monsieur de Clorivière, at the age of twenty-five years, had become engaged to a young lady of Versailles. But the French Revolution breaking out frustrated his plans, and after Napoleon's election he was implicated in a plot to assassinate the First Consul. The plan proved futile, many arrests were made, and young de Clorivière, fearing for his life, sailed for America. In the new land, adversity turned his soul to God and he decided to enter the priesthood. After the usual preparatory studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, he was ordained in 1812, shortly afterwards being assigned by Archbishop Carroll to the difficult post of Charleston, South Carolina, a section of the country then torn asunder by political and religious strife. There the priest's life was more than once threatened. He strove in vain to establish religious peace, but failing in this he appealed to Archbishop Carroll, who in reply encouraged him to remain at his post, thinking that in time the priest would win over his opponents. But the discord still continued, and when Archbishop Neale succeeded to the see of

Baltimore in 1815, Father Clorivière again presented his case. In answer the archbishop advised his coming to the little convent in Georgetown. Archbishop Neale knew his man, for a more providential choice could not have been made. Father Clorivière shared his bounty with the sisters; once he saw their needs, he set about to relieve them.

With Mother Teresa, the new director began to strengthen the academy curriculum and to inaugurate a course of a special training for the younger sisters of the community. Thus was laid the foundation of that efficient instruction which has ever since characterized the Georgetown Visitation Convent. In 1826 he established a free school for girls, where Mother Teresa sent her spiritual daughters to teach. Here the sisters labored for almost a hundred years in the cause of Catholic elementary education. The Visitation Nuns of Georgetown have a significant place in the history of the parochial-school system in the United States.

Mother Teresa's joy was great when, on the feast of All Saints, 1821, the present conventual chapel was consecrated by the Very Reverend Jean Tessier, Superior of the Society of St. Sulpice, and Vicar-General to the Most Reverend Ambrose Maréchal, Archbishop Neale's successor in the See of Baltimore. The erection of the church was made possible by the generosity of the saintly chaplain, for he devoted his entire fortune to its building and its furnishings. Mother Teresa and her sisters, however, were to receive the continued assistance of this priest for only seven years, for he died on the feast of St. Michael, in 1827. Those years, however, were sufficiently long to leave an indelible impression on the community. Father Clorivière is regarded by the sisters as their second father and founder, to whom they owe their intellectual uplifting, their chapel and their odeon, their monastery and their gardens.

For Mother Teresa, life's shadows were now lengthen-

ing. In 1819, under Archbishop Maréchal, she was present at the first canonical visit made to the convent. On the twenty-seventh of May of that year, after almost twenty years of superiorship, she relinquished the reins of government into the hands of Sister Catherine Rigden, who had entered the community in 1808, the sixth postulant to gain admittance. Shortly after her profession Sister Catherine had been made directress of studies, and in this capacity she had gained many hearts among the pupils of the academy. Following her example, a number of these girls had passed from the classroom to the novitiate. Great things were hoped from her when she was elected Superior, but God ordained otherwise. The heart of Mother Teresa suffered a hard wrench when she saw the health of the young Superioress rapidly decline; it was crushed when the end came December 21, 1820. The third Superioress of the community was Sister Mary de Sales Neale, a relative of the venerated archbishop. Her nature and judgment seemed to fit her for the post, but her humility made her feel quite unequal to the responsibility and at her own request she was deposed. Sister Agnes Brent, also a relative of Archbishop Neale, was then elected as Superioress in 1821. As she was only twenty-five years of age, it was necessary to obtain a special dispensation in order for her to accept the office.

Probably no more striking lesson in humility can be read in the lives of the saints than that given by Mother Teresa Lalor, bowing in loyal submission to this young Superior whom, as a mere child, she had received into the community, and whose first steps in the religious life she had carefully guided. Unlike most foundresses, Mother Teresa Lalor did not live and die in office; and therein lies much of her magnanimity. Hers was a masterful spirit, born for leadership. She was great during the pioneer days when, for well-nigh twenty years, her word was law in the nascent

community; but she was heroic during her twenty-seven years of submission and obedience.

In 1826 Mother Teresa welcomed the three sisters who came from France at the suggestion of Father Michael Wheeler, the new spiritual director, to teach the American sisters some of the minor points of the rule. Father Wheeler, a Sulpician of Baltimore, who had succeeded Father Clorivière, will always be remembered by the Georgetown Visitandines as one of their greatest benefactors. In a circular letter, issued September 8, 1828, the sisters declared that it was due to Father Wheeler's impetus that the academy was assuming a national character. Not only was he instrumental in securing the incorporation of the sisterhood, effected by an act of Congress, dated May 24, 1828, but under his direction, too, the number of sisters was greatly increased. Due to his energy, likewise, foundations were made; the first in Mobile, January 29, 1832, and the second in Baltimore, November 13, 1837.

The going of the sisters to these new houses caused the maternal heart of Mother Teresa a momentary sorrow, but it was quick in passing; her soul rejoiced in the knowledge that new work was being undertaken for the Master. As the years slipped by, like another St. Jane Frances, she saw pass out of her life many of those most dear to her heart. On October 26, 1820, she knelt at the bier of Sister Frances McDermott, her faithful companion for twenty-one years. And then one by one they went, some summoned by death, others to farther fields of a ripening harvest. The seed was being scattered, it is true, yet she could not help but look back on the days of old. The vacant places did not cause her sadness, however, nor did the absence of the loved ones bring on melancholy; her vision now was reaching out to them on shores eternal. She was gazing into the glory that lies beyond the sunset.

The greatest figures in the early history of the Church

in America were among the admirers of Mother Teresa. She could claim a Maréchal and a Cheverus, a Fenwick and a Flaget, a Du Bourg and a Bruté, an England and an Egan. Archbishop Carroll was wont to often partake of her proverbial hospitality when, upon his numerous visits to Georgetown College, she would prepare his meals with her own hands. Archbishop Eccleston referred to her as his "old relic"; and when the close of her life came he was near her to bestow upon his faithful servant the riches of the Holy Church she had so long served.

The faith and loyalty of her own being Mother Teresa seemed to transmit to her spiritual daughters. Her fidelity to her own vocation was unfaltering. It was her greatest consolation to see, even in the days of their direst poverty and greatest trials, that there was seldom a defection in the ranks of the sisterhood. *Constans in fide et in vocatione!*

Obedience, to Mother Teresa, was second nature. She learned to obey in distant Ireland, at her mother's knee. She obeyed faithfully each whispering of the Holy Spirit in all the years that followed. When her heart would have taken her back to the homeland and to Bishop Lanigan, the voice of her spiritual director decided for her an adopted country and an uncertain future. Later, in sweet simplicity of heart, she gave herself, unreservedly, into the hands of those who had followed her in the office and duties of spiritual motherhood. With her as a subject it was not difficult for subsequent Superiors to guide the community.

Prudence, the concomitant of every virtue, was remarkable in Mother Teresa. From her deposition until her death she was counselor and Superior's aid. For this end she was well fitted by the guard she kept over her tongue. "What ruin follows a tongue that knows no restraint or prudent bounds!" she would exclaim. "It wounds on all sides, and the wounds which it inflicts bleed for a long

time. Weigh well what you say, since evil may result therefrom."

But above and beyond all, charity in her soul was queen; and, according to the words of St. Francis de Sales, all other virtues followed in its train. On November 21, 1843, when Mother Teresa was renewing her vows, Archbishop Eccleston noticed that she inadvertently said charity instead of chastity. Afterward he laughingly mentioned it to her. "God saw," she replied, "how greatly I needed it." "Charity," she would often say, "should be the principal virtue that animates a religious soul, and without it all her exercises of piety and acts of self-denial are without merit before God."

During the lingering days of her last illness she frequently said her life seemed but a dream. A dream it might have seemed, but it was a life not of "such stuff as dreams are made on." Did not the years pass in vision before her with all their sufferings and their trials? Did she not remember her virginal ring broken in twain? With it she had plighted her troth. Did she not recall the days of privation and spirit-breaking suspense of early Georgetown? "The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?" In pain and anguish she had labored in her mystic motherhood that other souls she might bring forth in Christ. Sufferings supreme, indeed, were these! Did she not remember? No! For during all the years she had gone into the Tabernacle, and had adored in the place where His feet stood. And here under this inexplicable wealth of divine love her soul had overflowed with a sweetness not of this earth; with a consolation so great that its remembrance filled her with inexpressible delights. Some of it she had experienced even in far-off Ireland, when her Divine Lord came to her for the first time in the Sacrament of His love. And in the long years that came after, custom and routine with her dulled not the edge of feeling. The fruit she had derived

was to feel more drawn away from the earth and all the sorrows it had given her, to pant after the Celestial Country and eternal joys. "If, O Lord, Thou dealest with us thus in our exile, what wilt Thou give unto us in our Home?"

It was an early autumn morning, September 9, 1846, that God called Mother Teresa to her Home. And as her soul passed over the lintels of the Presence Gate, she realized that for her, too, God had spread out the fields of Paradise.

MOTHER PHILIPPINE DUCHESNE

OF THE RELIGIOUS OF THE SACRED HEART

In the ripening grain of a Galilean harvest field Christ saw figured the souls of His elect in every age. Some souls He finds ready to His hand, and without apparent preparation He makes use of them for the interests of the Church, as once He plucked the ears of corn to feed His hungering twelve. Other favored souls are chosen among thousands, like the grains of wheat that are blessed, broken, and changed into His very Self before He gives them to the world. Still others, called to the apostolate of prayer and work and sacrifice, He sows in new fields where they fall to the ground and die before they bring forth fruit, a hundredfold. On this last type was the "valiant woman," Mother Philippine Duchesne.

Rose Philippine Duchesne was born on August 29, 1769, in France, in the picturesque city of Grenoble, whose citadels frown on the smiling waters of the River Isère. A narrow street separated the Duchesne home from the Church of St. André, where for many centuries had lain the body of Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. Although the little Rose Philippine was to rival and surpass him in fearlessness and blamelessness of life, it was not there but in the Church of St. Louis that she received baptism. Her father, Pierre François, made no delay in giving her the patrimony of indomitable strength and unbending will; her mother trained her to piety and tried to temper her virile qualities with gentle sympathy that came of ministering to the poor.

Few incidents are remembered of the early years of her,

MOTHER PHILIPPINE DUCHESNE

whose serious turn of mind left little room for childish escapades. At the age of twelve Philippine went up the hills of Grenoble to the Visitation Convent of Ste. Marie d'en Haut. Its corner stone had been laid by St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal, and in its chapel the holy foundress had heard the words that told her that the soul of her director and friend had returned to God. Within those monastic walls Philippine grew daily in the fear of God and the horror of sin. There her soul, so susceptible to piety, became enthralled by the devotion to the Sacred Heart, the carefully guarded heritage of the Visitandines. In their house Philippine received her Lord for the first time and knew that He called her to His service. There, too, was sounded the note of another call; for she listened with increasing interest to stories about the Indians as told by a Jesuit missionary who had preached the Gospel in Louisiana. She longed to labor for souls in far-off lands, and God who inspired the longing was preparing the seed —disappointments were to be the means of the ripening.

Philippine's years as a happy child of Ste. Marie were suddenly brought to a close. Her parents, remarking her love of prayer and penance, feared that she intended to become a religious, and, forgetting that God is not a lover to be lightly put aside, they called their child home. There she entered fully into their wishes, learned Latin eagerly as the key to the Scriptures, earnestly studied music for which she showed no aptitude, took dancing lessons, and grasped the principles of drawing. And all this time, when God seemed to be only waiting, He was preparing her for what He had in store. Her parents saw her docile submission to all they wished, and hence planned a marriage for their daughter; but the announcement of this project became for Philippine the longed-for opportunity to make known her intention to be a religious. Firm opposition was her parents' answer. This did not deter her, however, for

she quietly left home as if for a visit and entered Ste. Marie d'en Haut. In 1787 she was clothed in the habit of a Visitandine. Her apostolate, it seemed, was to be that of education. If her longing to go, like St. Francis Xavier, to foreign lands was not to be satisfied, like St. Teresa, she could at least win souls by prayer; and in this crucible of unselfishness her zeal was proven true. If, with the Apostle of the Indies, she dreamed of a more extended apostolate, with St. Francis Regis she could plan hidden works of labor among the poor and little. If Bayard's courage fired her heart, she was, like him, reproachless, for she was able later on to say that she never remembered having infringed a single point of the rule. There at Ste. Marie grew the love that had all but drawn her to Carmel, the love of prayer and of the Blessed Sacrament, before which she would spend whole nights when she could obtain leave. To Philippine, there was a sacred charm about night hours given to prayer, a hallowed atmosphere which recalled to her mind Him who had prayed on the mountainside when His disciples, less weary than He, had gone to rest. During the day the world with its distractions hovered between her soul and God; but at night she seemed to stand between God and the world, drawing them together, as it were, by her all-embracing love. God's grace seemed to be preparing her for her profession, although, when in 1788 she cried out with yearning, "My heart is ready," He who called stayed her further advance. During her novitiate days storm clouds of the Revolution had been gathering over France. Her father would not consent to her making her vows. The day was put off, and she possessed her soul in patience, strengthened by the advice of a priest who seemed all but prophetic in his words of counsel: "God has secret ends in what He allows; later you will understand." God's little seed was continuing to ripen, and Philippine, though heart-broken, did not ask to understand.

In 1791 the storm of the Revolution broke over France, and Monsieur Duchesne withdrew his daughter from Ste. Marie. Philippine put off the religious habit, symbol of what she loved best, and returned to the world. She would make the sacrifice of Ste. Marie, of her dear France; she would follow the Visitandines to Italy where they had taken refuge. But once more her parents intervened. God, who called her, again allowed her to be kept from Him. Her family left Grenoble and retired to Granne, and there in the parish church she saw a sign of hope, a token of God's approval, for above the altar hung a picture of St. Francis Xavier and St. Francis Regis. She invoked both of these great saints and rejoiced to find, among the poor she visited, memories of the one who had labored and prayed in those very hamlets. A faithful priest, disguised as Monsieur Duchesne's factor, often said Mass in a secluded room of their house. God had allowed Philippine to return to the world only to break the ties that might have bound her to it.

Not long after the death of her mother, the young girl returned to Grenoble, for she felt that she could best serve her father's interests by devoting herself to the service of the Church, from whose fold he seemed to be straying. Time proved her decision right, for doubtless it was her sacrifice and prayer that won for him the grace of a blessed death. Grenoble was not as she had seen it last; Ste. Marie d'en Haut was a State prison, its cells crowded with priests, nuns, and persons of rank awaiting execution. Philippine with a few friends, who adopted the name of Ladies of Mercy, undertook to bring them spiritual and temporal help. They entered the foulest dungeons, served the prisoners with radiant joy, and envied those who were going to death. Through her devoted zeal many a soul among the neglected poor of Grenoble received the Sacraments and died in peace.

Little by little the storm clouds rolled back, the political outlook brightened, and Philippine prayed and worked for the return of the Visitandines to Ste. Marie. A forty days' prayer to the Sacred Heart won the great intention, and on December 10, 1801, the house was bought back by her relatives. A mob of street Arabs whom she had prepared for their First Communion, and who, unknowingly, had trained her in patience, carried her parcels through the pouring rain up the hill to Ste. Marie. God has promised to hear prayer, and as a proof that "He is ever better than His word, not less good," that day brought the first visit of Father Rivet who was to be the divine instrument of drawing Philippine to the Sacred Heart.

But the end was not yet. Once more were her hopes to be shattered. She was joined by one Visitandine and a poor child. Slowly the number grew. On Christmas night they put off their secular dress to clothe themselves in the livery of religious poverty. In Passion Week the former Superior with several of her daughters arrived, and Philippine rejoiced in the restoration she thought complete. She yearned for her profession. But now trials, like to those which St. Teresa had met in her most difficult undertakings, fell to Philippine's lot. Most of the nuns were too advanced in years, too intimidated by cruel sufferings to face the winter in a ruined building, and to enter into Philippine's apostolic plans. In August, 1802, she found herself alone, save but for a lay sister and a young girl who intended to become a religious. Again, the Divine Hand that beckoned seemed to thrust her aside. Father Rivet consoled her in her loneliness and spoke of a new congregation whose spirit was based on devotion to the Sacred Heart, and whose rules were modeled on those of the Society of Jesus. He hoped to draw the foundress, Mother Medeleine Sophie Barat, to open a house in Grenoble, and felt with Philippine that God might have been keeping her

for this; but her time of waiting was not even then at an end. She was joined by Father Rivet's sister and by other postulants, and together they formed an association under the name of Daughters of the Propagation of the Faith. Their means of spreading truth was a school that soon counted eighteen pupils. The seed was ripened, and soon it was to be garnered into the Sacred Heart.

The little Society of the Sacred Heart was still very young. It was born in a tiny upper room in Paris, November 21, 1800. It was God's child, given by Him to Madeleine Sophie to cherish, at least so she would have it thought; for never did she allow it to be said that she had given it being. The blessed foundress always looked to Father Varin as the godfather of the Society, the guardian of its best interests; and it was he who told her of Ste. Marie d'en Haut where Father Rivet had presented to him Philippine Duchesne, a "soul whom it would be worth while to seek even at the ends of the earth." While urging Mother Barat to go to Grenoble, Father Varin would laughingly check Mother Duchesne's impatience by speaking of the slowness with which God perfects His works. But at last, in Advent, 1804, the longed-for visit took place and Philippine knelt at the door of her loved Ste. Marie to welcome her new Mother in the words of Isaias: "How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace." She wrote: "My part now is to obey and to exclaim in deep humility, 'Forever shall I sing the mercies of the Lord!' "

Christmas was approaching and Mother Barat rejoiced to spend the season so dear to her heart in a house whose poverty resembled that of Bethlehem. At office, when they called upon the ice and snow to join them in blessing the Lord, they were obeyed; for cracked and ruined walls lent scanty shelter from the elements. During a retreat given by Father Roget, the five new novices of the Sacred Heart

were asked to place at Mother Barat's feet anything to which they were attached. Mother Duchesne felt that she clung to Ste. Marie, but she longed to place it at her new Superior's disposal; grilles and other visible signs of austerity were given up, and Philippine's fasts and vigils gave place in part to a harder renunciation, that of her will. She had not lost her attraction for an apostolate in foreign lands, it is true, but her mission for the moment was evidently to uphold Ste. Marie and continue its work.

In 1805, on the Feast of the Presentation, Philippine made for the first time the vows which nearly fifty years later she would renew in the words which bound her to God and to the Society of the Sacred Heart: "I consecrate myself to poverty, but how rich I am in Thee; I pledge myself to chastity, Thou art my soul's delight; I vow myself to obedience to serve Thee is to reign. I dedicate myself anew to the education of youth, Thou art the Shepherd of their Souls." She loved her old order with a love that made all sacrifices for it seem but joys the most exquisite, but now she felt that God intended her for the Sacred Heart.

The following year, Dom Augustin de Lestrange, the Abbot of La Trappe, came to Grenoble and spoke of his great journeys, and of souls plunged in the darkness of error. Then it was that Mother Duchesne wrote enthusiastically to her Superior General of her renewed aspirations. The answer was a word of encouragement to advance, but to wait. By daily fasts, nightly visits, constant mortification, she prepared herself for her mission. The coveted permission to spend the entire night of Holy Thursday, 1806, in the chapel was given her by Mother Barat, and in thankfulness she wrote to her beloved Superior:

> Your letter gave me great pleasure and did me untold good. I needed that letter badly, for my soul had been as hard as a stone for three weeks. At your words it

melted like wax before the fire. My eyes were no longer dry, and joy flooded my heart all that night, for the permission you gave me for the vigil came just in time. O blessed night, when for the second time I thought that my prayer had been granted. Oh, that I may go before the end of the year. I have almost persuaded myself that I shall. All night long I was in the New World, where I journeyed in good company. First, I reverently gathered up all the Precious Blood from the Garden, the Prætorium, Calvary. I took possession of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Closely embracing my treasure, I carried It everywhere to share most lavishly without fear of Its ever being exhausted. St. Francis Xavier interested himself in bringing my precious sowing to harvest, and from his place before the throne of God he prayed that new lands should open their doors to the Gospel. St. Francis Regis himself piloted the missionary nuns; so too did many another saint on fire for the glory of God. And so all went well. My heart seemed incapable of even the holiest sorrow, because I felt that the merits of Jesus are to be applied to souls in the New World.

The twelve hours of the night passed quickly and without weariness, though I remained on my knees; yet in the evening I had feared that I could not hold out an hour. I had many sacrifices to offer—a Mother, and what a Mother! Sisters, relations, a beloved mountain home! And then I seemed to be alone with only my Jesus; alone, except for children, black and uncouth, and I felt happier in their midst than does a king in his court. . . . Dear Mother, when you say, "Lo, I send you," I shall answer at once, "I go."

I tried to be sad all the rest of Good Friday, but I had little inclination to sorrow, my hopes beat so high.

Philippine was still only a "saint in the making," but Mother Barat, with that hopeful insight which God deigns

to share with the holy, saw the promise in the seed that at times appeared unsightly to those less versed in the ways of God. Philippine must bide God's time, for there were not enough subjects for the work in France. Perhaps, too, "this little seed," though ripened by pain, was not yet ready for American soil. In her night vigils, and in the spaces which even the most crowded day leaves to those who love solitude, she felt the longing grow more ardent. God again seemed to call and hold her back at once. She had yet to learn patience and prudence, the *calme du ciel* which was the atmosphere in which her Mother Barat lived.

Six years went by, and Philippine practiced in hidden ways the virtues of which she would later give an heroic example. It was for her dear Indians that she multiplied her penances as far as obedience would allow; it was of them that she spoke to God in prayer and to her children in recreation hours; it was for them that she suffered long hours in the classroom, long nights by the bedside of a sick child. They were symbolized in the lambs she painted on the walls of Ste. Marie. And when she would at times remind Mother Barat of the promise made, she would receive as answer the laughing question, "How can the voyage be made alone and penniless?" Sometimes, too, the holy foundress with Burgundian wit would repeat the story of a Jesuit who, after sighing for years for the missions, had been sent to foreign lands where he baptized one old savage and died. But both Mother Barat and her religious daughter would have counted all pain as nothing for the assurance of gaining even one soul to Christ. Philippine was indeed to sail for America, but not before she had spent years in God's novitiate of suffering.

In 1815 He accepted Philippine's generously offered sacrifice of her loved Ste. Marie; she was called to Paris to attend a General Congregation of the Society. Her appointment as Mother Barat's secretary made America

seem farther away than ever. The gloom of this keen disappointment, however, was, as often before, only the "shade of God's Hand outstretched caressingly"; for He had so arranged Philippine's life that she should be portress at the mother house when Monsignor Du Bourg, Bishop of Louisiana, came to ask Mother Barat to send some nuns to his diocese.

Blessed Madeleine Sophie longed to accede to his request, but prudence counseled delay. The bishop was too much in earnest to be so easily put off; on his return from a visit to Belgium he called again at the mother house, and Philippine, whose disappointment at the delay had purified, not weakened her desire, realized that her hour had come. She threw herself at her Superior's feet and begged that she might be sent. Her prayer was not in vain; the departure was arranged for the spring of 1818. Philippine would willingly have left to others the care of the temporal interests of her mission, but this burden was placed upon her shoulders, and she foresaw and provided for the needs of each of her four companions, while forgetful of her own.

Now that God had given her her heart's desire, He took the bloom off it by her nomination as Superior of the American mission. Her four companions were Mesdames Octavie Berthold and Eugénie Audé and two lay sisters. Mother Barat blessed her dear Philippine in the words said by the priest over the incense used at Mass: "Mayest thou be blessed by Him in whose honor thou art to be consumed." The foundresses then left the mother house, encouraged by the approval of ecclesiastics, enriched with relics, followed by the prayers of the Society and strong in obedience.

On Holy Saturday, the nineteenth of March, 1818, the *Rebecca* sailed from Bordeaux, carrying the five Religious of the Sacred Heart to their distant mission; on Easter Sunday they lost sight of France, which only one of the five

would ever seen again. And this one was not to be Philippine Duchesne.

Their destination was New Orleans by the way of Cuba. Crossing the Atlantic in those days was not the pleasure trip it is to-day. "There is not much fun in it unless you do it for God," wrote Mother Duchesne. The *Rebecca,* buffeted by wind and tossed by the storm, becalmed at times, pursued by pirates, even set on fire, carrying filthy, disease-infected cabins, through insupportable heat, at last touched at Havana, and on the twenty-ninth of May reached New Orleans. To the nuns the nine weeks' journey, the perils to which they had been exposed were as naught beside the joy of reaching the Promised Land. It was the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and in the joy of their own poor hearts they renewed their vows and the consecration of their lives to the salvation of the Indians. Kneeling, they kissed the ground they had come to conquer for God, and rejoiced in the possession of their Promised Land.

At four o'clock the next morning they were cordially received at the Ursuline Convent. Bishop Du Bourg's kind letter of welcome to St. Louis was delayed, however, and as the days passed Mother Duchesne suffered to see her inaction prolonged. She feared, likewise, to impose on the generous hospitality of the Ursulines who begged the Religious of the Sacred Heart to remain in New Orleans, where, they said, "neither negroes nor savages are wanting." But as her obedience was for St. Louis, Mother Duchesne longed to be there, and hearing indirectly that the Bishop expected them, they set out again in July.

After forty days of spiritual privation and bodily fatigue, they reached St. Louis. This journey up the Mississippi was not without interest, for the majestic river and the virgin forests presented scenes of great beauty. They found, too, the squalid Indian villages they passed more appealing than new and promising cities.

Bishop Du Bourg welcomed the nuns in his episcopal palace, a barn. His bed was four boards, and his cathedral a shanty where the prelate alternately filled the office of Bishop and choir. The religious would have been glad to face a similar poverty in St. Louis where they would have had the assurance of spiritual guidance, but the Bishop held to his first determination that they should open a school at St. Charles, then but a group of shanties in the midst of the Sioux; but as a commercial center for trappers, it seemed to the prelate to promise a better future than the larger neighboring town of St. Louis.

Mother Duchesne found in the residence chosen for them at St. Charles the fulfillment of her longings for poverty and penance. The house was composed of one room and six cupboards; but by removing the beds each morning, they could accommodate ten children. The two-acre lot was without a tree or blade of grass, and the nuns at once went to work, digging the earth and cleaning the stable. The Bishop had bidden them love their abjection which would bring forth fruit in abundance, and Philippine's faith made her esteem privation a privilege. Sometimes bread was lacking and the only water was from a little stream where the cattle waded. Their poor walls let in the winter's bitter cold; the logs of wood were too big to burn and there was no one to chop for them. Maize, potatoes, and salt fish formed the stock of provisions; eggs, butter, and oil were unheard-of luxuries.

A few children came as boarders; the day pupils were nearly all poor and ignorant and thus the favorites of Mother Duchesne. She had to adapt the methods of education in the Society to new and difficult circumstances, and her rigid disposition and her loyalty to Mother Barat made her slow to concede. The blessed foundress understood better than her daughter that the Plan of Studies she had given her Society and the Code of Discipline she had

inaugurated were to be expansive—a living organism, not a dead weight, and therefore could develop and change in details. But communication with France was slow and often completely withheld, and Mother Duchesne's sanctity alone kept the Society in America linked with the Center.

Philippine had yearned to evangelize the Indians. God seemed to have approved, even more, to have inspired this desire, but the children of the forest were not yet to be the objects of her zeal. Once again God's voice called while His hand held her back. She wrote to France: "If our Sisters picture us surrounded by savages, they are greatly mistaken." After speaking of the difficulty of obtaining pupils, she added: "In revenge we weed in the garden, carry straw, take the cows to water, with as much joy as if we were teaching, since God so wills it."

But lack of pupils was not the only cross. Several successive winters were unusually severe; during one the bread froze on the table, the water beside the fire. Once more the Ursulines of New Orleans were God's means of answering prayer, for they sent provisions from Louisiana. Then, too, robberies and burnings went on around the convent. Occasionally a prairie fire came dangerously near, and day and night they had to watch to put out the sparks that fell on the miserable buildings. One Holy Thursday the little chapel caught fire. Mother Duchesne, hastening from her sick bed to the altar which had been in flames, saw in the center a black square; it was the charred pall covering the paten. She raised it and found the Sacred Host intact.

In the midst of these hardships, however, there were consolations. The poor children quickly learned their prayers and hymns; the others, more favored with this world's goods, began to show a self-conquest that was new to them; one, while at home for a holiday, as a preparation for her First Communion, carried eight pails of water to help a slave. But it was Mother Barat's letters, above

everything else, that brought unspeakable joy to Philippine, who read them on her knees and drew from them new courage and confidence. The Superior General, who watched from afar, thought that the failure outweighed the success and that in St. Louis her nuns could do more for the Church; but Bishop Du Bourg had serious reasons for not wishing to place the religious in a town where his own position had become all but untenable. He asked that one or two be left in St. Charles to conduct a new parish school about to be built, and that the others should go to Florissant to open a boarding school. He acceded to Mother Barat's request, however, that the foundation be undivided as she could not send more subjects to reinforce either house.

In August, 1819, the nuns moved to Florissant, eight miles away. The Bishop had given a portion of land, but lack of funds retarded the construction of even a modest building, and the nuns on their arrival were sheltered for three months in a farmhouse. Primitive, too, had been their journey. They carried all the household goods in a wagon, while Mother Duchesne, ever seeking the hardest for herself, insisted in going on foot, driving the cows and chickens before her. The better of the two rooms in the farmhouse served as a chapel and Mother Duchesne could write: "We are established according to our desires, for he who has Jesus has all." Never had a chapel more truly pictured Bethlehem; for days no windows were there; the planks in the floor were wide apart, so, as Philippine said, "sweeping is easily done."

If she found in America the poverty of the first ages of the Church, she found there also the heroism of primitive Christianity.

> Shall I tell you what it is that urges me on [she wrote to one of her religious sisters in France]? It is the example of the saintly clergy of this country and

> their ardent zeal. And above all I place the example of our good Bishop who is all things to all men, who works incessantly and suffers with generous fortitude; his trials are unnumbered, but how great he is in the midst of them!

It remains on record that a retreat given to the religious at this time by the saintly Father Felix de Andreis, the Provincial of the Lazarists, raised the courage of the little band and made their abject poverty and physical pain more precious than all that the world could have offered of wealth or of pleasure.

The stay of the nuns on the farm was of short duration. Toward Christmas they dismissed their nine boarders and again taking all their household effects, and driving their cattle before them through snow up to their knees, they reached the house prepared for them. They arrived in time to get a room ready for midnight Mass. With what joy must the Divine Child have entered the home where He was to be Master and Lord! The inhabitants of Florissant gave their aid, and without delay a school was built. Children came from St. Louis, and several postulants were received. Mother Duchesne attributed this first sign of good being effected to the prayers of her beloved niece, Madame Aloysia Jouve, who had just died in France.

The establishment of a novitiate in America was, in Mother Barat's eyes, a sign that she might prudently grant Bishop Du Bourg's request for other foundations, and in 1821 she gratefully accepted a house offered by a convert in Grand Coteau, Louisiana. There also the opening was made on a small and humble scale, a beginning that in the Society proverbially stands for a pledge of God's blessing on a foundation. In Grand Coteau, Mother Eugénie Audé found a log cabin and an extensive farm; five children came as boarders, but spiritual help was wanting. Little by little conditions improved. To the joy of all, Mother Barat sent

several religious from France and new pupils were received. But as brighter skies promised, the Louisiana Superior fell gravely ill and Mother Duchesne went to her bedside. On the return journey she herself became a victim to yellow fever and was obliged to halt at Natchez, where she feared that she would die without the Sacraments. But Philippine Duchesne, God's seed, had another kind of death to undergo that she might bear fruit a hundredfold.

Four years later she founded in utter poverty another house, that of St. Michael, about sixty miles from New Orleans. Crosses increased in Louisiana. The overflow of the Mississippi and a terrible hurricane brought devastation and misery in their wake. But as if in compensation, unlooked-for spiritual help came to the sisters in Missouri, for about this time a colony of Jesuits arrived at Florissant. Mother Duchesne helped them establish themselves out of her own property. Her convent was in the greatest need just then, but "we must be a providence to others," she would say, "as God is to us."

The work of the Church, and especially the missions, received an apparent setback in the resignation and departure of Bishop Du Bourg. Urged by his successor, Bishop Rosati, Mother Barat advised Mother Duchesne to purchase property in St. Louis. The good Mother, though keenly alive to the difficulty of supporting a new mission when Florissant was in such want, applied to the well-known charity of Mr. John Mullanphy, who gave the Society some land on condition that, as long as the foundation endure, twenty orphans would be received and cared for. Mother Duchesne thought that she found in the house and garden some resemblance to her loved Ste. Marie d'en Haut, for it stood on a slight elevation above the Mississippi.

Beginnings here, too, were blessed by the Cross. Although the house did not deserve its reputation of being haunted, it was none the less a popular resort of wild cats and "huge

spiders that sang like birds." Sixty children soon came to learn from Mother Duchesne more than human science could teach them. The house at St. Charles was reopened in 1828, but children were not numerous there as in the Southern houses. Mother Duchesne painted in glowing terms the splendid prosperity of St. Michael and Grand Coteau, the schools full to overflowing and the good work being done.

With the success of the Louisiana houses, Mother Duchesne contrasted the apparent failure in Missouri, of which she thought herself to be the cause. "I am an old worn-out stick," she wrote to her Superior, "quite useless and only in every one's way. All that I have a hand in goes wrong." She begged to be discharged from responsibility. She felt that her imperfect English, her austerity, her slowness to take up new methods, her desire to work for the Indians and for the slaves, gave offense. Mother Barat, hearing complaints from various quarters, thought that perhaps her daughter's love for humility and poverty and her unswerving loyalty to the Center might have prevented her making concessions necessary to gain the confidence of the families of the children. She wrote to her dear Philippine to be less severe. Great was her joy, however, to hear from Bishop Rosati, who appreciated Mother Duchesne's austere virtue, that she and she alone was quite suited to her place and was the Superior whom he desired for St. Louis. Philippine gave up her hopes, and found, in the position of responsibility she might not escape, sorrows and trials which compensated for the hidden life not yet to be hers.

In 1832 cholera ravaged the Mississippi Valley and many nuns and children at St. Michael and Grand Coteau were among its victims. Another sorrow to Mother Duchesne's heart, tender in its very strength, was the news that her dear Ste. Marie d'en Haut had been closed. At about the

same time she made the sacrifice of the two daughters who had come with her from France so long before, and who had borne with her the labors and the heat: Mother Octavie Berthold went to her eternal reward, and Mother Eugénie Audé was called to France to represent the American colony at the mother house. Philippine, God's grain of wheat, had been trodden into the ground, but her Christlike loneliness was the pledge that she would not remain alone, but would bring forth fruit in God's own good time.

In 1834 Mother Duchesne's desire for the hidden life was granted. She left St. Louis for Florissant, "the poorest and humblest house of the Society," to be its poorest and humblest inmate. Her room was a miserable hole with a single window, her sole covering at night an old piece of black stuff with a cross like a pall. Salt was the only remedy for fingers that were almost raw from the cold; her chosen portion the scraps left by the children. At night she would visit the dormitories and mend the stockings and clothes belonging to the children. She spent hours digging in the garden and was self-sacrificing in her care of the sick.

In 1840 Madame Galitzin, who had been sent to visit the American houses, came to Florissant, and changes followed. Mother Duchesne rejoiced in that which relieved her from the post of Superior. But her great desire still remained unfulfilled. Twenty-two years before, in leaving France, she had vowed to devote her life to the Indians; and God, who inspired the desire, had kept her from fulfilling the promise. Now that she had spent herself and been spent in works that appealed to her less, now that she was full of years and worn with labors and weak with physical maladies, He in His inscrutable Providence, accepted her offer. She had prayerfully followed the missionaries in their work in distant fields, and she listened eagerly to what Father De Smet told her of the tribe of the Potawatomies. At this time the priest begged that

some Religious of the Sacred Heart be sent to them and his request was granted. Mother Barat named her Philippine as one of the missionaries.

Mother Duchesne and her companions reached Sugar Creek in July, 1841, and were warmly welcomed by the Indians who, to the number of seven hundred, either embraced or shook hands with the Superior. The sisters were lodged for a time in the hut of one of the savages, but a house was soon built for them. The Indians treated the nuns with the greatest respect and saved what they thought best for the "aged lady," as they called Mother Duchesne.

The school prospered from the first; the children and the women learned to knit, to sew, and to cook. In such surroundings Mother Duchesne seemed to have attained the goal of her life's desire; but she found that she was able to give little active service in the school. Her great age, her ignorance of the Indian language, and her diminished strength made much impossible. There had been hesitation about sending her to Sugar Creek, but Father Verhaegen, confident in the power of an heroic soul, had insisted: "Well, if she cannot work, she can pray for the mission"; and this the venerable Mother did for four hours in the morning and as many in the afternoon. On Sunday, they would bring her light repast to the Church door that she might not be too long away from Him without whose strength her very strength was weakness. Her increasing bodily sufferings were offered for the "dear Indians," who held her in veneration and called her "the woman who always prays." Often during her long devotions they would reverently steal in to kiss her habit. One night they placed a grain of corn upon the hem of her apron as she knelt in the darkness before the Blessed Sacrament. When the morning came and the Indians returned to the chapel they were greatly moved to find the grain of corn where

they had placed it the night before. The chalice of her sufferings, however, was not yet filled; another journey, another station, lay between her and Heaven. After a year among the Potawatomies her health failed completely, and Bishop Kenrick, who was visiting Sugar Creek, insisted on bringing her back to St. Charles. But her energy and zeal kept her useful to the end, and for a time she taught a class of poor children.

Then came another sorrow—Florissant was closed, and the novitiate transferred to St. Louis. Infirmities and isolation were to perfect this generous soul whose yearnings were all for God's glory and who thought not at all of the failure or success of the life she had lived, but for Him. Those whose old age is crowned with holiness are ever more ready to see visions of the future than to dream dreams of the past. So it was with Mother Duchesne. In her strivings for Christ she was as ardent as in those far-off days in her native France. Her room was near the chapel and her joy was to answer Mass there when no acolyte was at hand. Here, too, she was wont to spend uncounted hours before the Blessed Sacrament. Here she found encouragement and consolation in the new trials that came to her, here she sent up to Heaven the cry that saved St. Charles from the closing that threatened. Here, and here alone, she poured out the grief caused by Mother Barat's apparent forgetfulness and long-continued silence.

For years a strange misunderstanding on the part of an intermediary prevented any of Philippine's letters from reaching the mother house. But Mother Duchesne's heart was not the only one to be grieved, and in 1847 Mother Amelie Jouve on her way from France to Canada was sent by the Superior General to St. Charles to learn why there had been no communication from her "dear Philippine." But this great consolation of renewed intercourse with the mother house was to be a prelude to further suffering. She

grew weaker and weaker, and at times thought that God was asking the terrible sacrifice of her mental life. It was not so, however, for her mind remained clear to the very end.

Mother Duchesne had once hoped that the day would come when she might work in South America under the protection of her patron, St. Rose of Lima, but this was not in God's designs. But He did wish a missionary for that land to be fired with the zeal of the venerable Philippine, and Mothers du Rousier and Cutts, en route for South America, were sent to visit St. Charles. There they received for themselves and their mission the benediction of the dying Mother on the work that lay before them.

Of the blessing she had received there Mother Cutts afterward said: "Oh, I seem to feel still the cross she traced on my forehead, I trust to that cross to bring me happiness, and I shall try to love it ever more and more." [1]

As the year 1851 advanced, Mother Duchesne grew weaker. On October 14 she wrote to Mother Amelie Jouve: "I am growing very old. My memory is going and my strength diminishes more and more. Perhaps this will be the last letter from me." [2]

To Mother Barat she wrote her last farewell, August 17, 1852. She closes by saying: "I do not know when my end will be, but I come again to beg forgiveness and to assure you of my profound veneration." [3]

November 18, 1852, was her last Communion Day. After receiving Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum she cried out: "Come, come quickly." Without delay she asked Him to come for her. And He who so often had kept her waiting, that she might be perfected, now that she was perfect, called her home.

[1] Erskine, *Mother Philippine Duchesne,* New York, 1926, p. 385.
[2] Erskine, *op. cit.,* New York, 1926, p. 381.
[3] Erskine, *op. cit.,* New York, 1926, p. 385.

Mother Marjory Erskine, the biographer of Mother Duchesne, describes the events that followed the passing of the American foundress of the Religious of the Sacred Heart.[4]

> When the Angelus rang at the noon-day, Philippine Duchesne had, in truth, given to God her heart, her soul and her life. Her body was laid in the tiny parlor near her cell and a few of the many who revered her went there to pray for her whom they loved. A daguerreotype was taken of her as she lay there in marblelike peace, "in case," so said her community, "she may one day be canonized." And to the Mother House they wrote: "She was to the end a model of obedience, love of poverty, humility."
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> On the 20th, the funeral Mass was said in the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, for the convent chapel adjoining it could not contain all who wished to be present. Then she was laid to rest in the little cemetery on the hill behind the convent, whence through the leafless trees could be seen the Valley of Florissant, her "Valley Forge," and the turbid tawny Missouri flowing from the west where Sugar Creek nestled, down, down towards St. Michael's—past St. Michael's out to the sea—measureless as the love that had bound her to the Mother House and to the Foundress, St. Madeleine Sophie.

Mother Duchesne had said that all would go well after her death, and her words were prophetic. At the end it had been given to her faith to read the promise of God's success in her apparent failure. It is not possible in this brief sketch to speak of the many houses whose foundations may be traced back to the lowly home of St. Charles; of the numbers of children trained by the successors of the humble Mother Duchesne; of the many religious who have

[4] Erskine, *op. cit.*, New York, 1926, p. 387 *et seq.*

striven to follow in her footsteps. Perhaps her fourscore years and more made little mark in the world. But they did far more: they created an atmosphere which impregnates the very walls of the house where she lived, and the stones all but cry out what they witnessed of humility, poverty, and abnegation. She, like all who follow in the steps of their persecuted Leader, has been harshly criticized even by the good; but the adverse criticism comes from those who do not know her. Those who lived with her in the acid test of everyday life knew her and called her a saint. "She is the St. Francis Assisi of our Society," wrote one. "I have seen Anthony in the desert" was the judgment of a second, who had been to visit her in her corner under the stairs which she called her cell. Ecclesiastics revered her as a saint—and they are slow to beatify and canonize. Father Verhaegen, who interred her in the little cemetery of St. Charles, wrote in the Parish Register: "Eminent in all the virtues of religious life, particularly humility, she died in the odor of sanctity."

The children, whose instinct in the discernment of spirits is little short of infallible, reverenced her. "Take me to Mother Duchesne," they would say when troublesome, "she will talk to me of God and I shall be forgiven." The poor and lowly saw Christ in her sanctity, as she regarded Him in their poverty. She was the valiant woman. Her price was as of things brought from afar. She rose in the night of the French Revolution and gave spiritual food to her maidens. She considered the distant field, and bought it, paying the price. She girded herself with strength. Her lamp was not put out in the night of failure. She put out her hand to strong things and opened her hand to the poor. She opened her mouth to wisdom and the law of clemency was on her tongue. Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her works praise her. Her children await but the word of the Church to arise and call her blessed.

Bishop Du Bourg's words to her seem to have had in them an element of prophecy: "We must clear the field before we can cultivate it. You and I will pass our lives in this ungrateful task. Our successors will reap the benefit in this world—let us be satisfied to reap it in the next." [5]

Mother Duchesne left little of the world's goods to her spiritual children; her richness lay in the things that do not pass away. But her time-worn office book is cherished lovingly by her daughters at old St. Charles. On one page are the words, *Fiat Voluntas Tua,* and the traces of tears.

[5] Erskine, *op. cit.,* New York, 1926, p. 394.

MOTHER ANGELA SANSBURY

OF THE DOMINICAN SISTERS OF KENTUCKY

FROM a line of ancestors famous for the part they played in the history of the Catholic Church in America, it is not surprising that Mother Angela Sansbury should have figured so conspicuously in the Catholic annals of Kentucky and in the history of the Order of St. Dominic in America. Marie Sansbury, daughter of Alexis Sansbury and Elizabeth Hamilton, was born in Prince George County, Maryland, in the month of March, 1795. Like many natives of that land of sanctuary, she inherited an indomitable will, a mind that was keen, subtle, and of tireless endurance, and a heart that throbbed only to measure a life well spent for the honor of God and the betterment of her fellow creatures.

There is no record how it came about that her parents migrated from Maryland to Kentucky, but it may be supposed that they were either actuated by the spirit of zeal for religion as their forefathers had been, or that it was the exaggerated reports spread abroad of the great land of the West. From a human standpoint, it was but natural that the glowing accounts of a country "flowing with milk and honey" should make a strong appeal to the people of St. Mary's, Charles, and Prince George counties. At home the soil had been worn out by continued cultivation and the tillers of it longed for a more fertile and productive one. Hence, as early as 1785, sixty Catholic families of these three counties formed an association and pledged themselves to emigrate to Kentucky as soon as circumstances would permit.

Twenty-five of the sixty families left Maryland at once to cross the Alleghanies and make their way into the wilderness of the west. The remaining ones followed some time afterwards. It is safe to venture that Alexis Sansbury was among those who pledged themselves to emigrate and that he reached Kentucky with his family before the close of the eighteenth century.

Once in their new homes on the Ohio, the pioneers of this frontier of the Faith began to make holy and beautiful the place where the hand of God had led them. Nelson, Marion, and Washington counties became the centers of Catholicity in the state, and Cartwright's Creek, in the last-named county, became the cradle of the Dominican order not only of Kentucky but also of the entire country. It was here that the father of the first Prioress of the Daughters of St. Dominic in America took up his abode. He established his home near the future site of historic St. Rose Monastery, from which his daughter, Marie, was destined later to imbibe the spirit of St. Dominic.

Of Mother Angela Sansbury's childhood and youth, little is known. All that is told is that she accompanied her parents from Maryland to Kentucky, and the words, she "was subject to them," seems but appropriate in giving the story of her life in the parental home. Here she must have shared with her father and mother the hardships of pioneer days. Too, she must have assisted in the laborious tasks of the household, while her spare moments no doubt were occupied in prayer and pious works. For tradition has it that it was in her childhood that she developed the piety and modesty for which she was afterward noted. It is also said that she was a model of what a young girl should be, and gained over her companions and friends an influence due even more to her prudence and goodness than to her talents and learning. She spoke to them of God, and was of great assistance to the missionary priests in urging the

young to devotion and inducing them to frequent Communion. But the chief attraction and greatest object of her solicitude were the souls of the little children. She longed to consecrate her life to the work of instructing them, but how to do this was the great question. In what direction she was being led she did not know. In the light of present knowledge, however, it is evident that she made her first apprenticeship of life in a manner which well prepared her soul for future apostleship. While, in the simplicity of her character and her genuine humility, she remained faithful to the duties of her father's house, yet her aspirations and the superiority of her mind raised her far above her humble situation. The fire of the Faith which first was kindled in Maryland was carried to the wooded hills and valleys of Kentucky and there began to burn especially bright in the hearts of a number of young women who were waiting for a priestly hand to offer for them their sacrifice. One of these young women was Marie Sansbury.

In 1808 the first Dominicans came to Kentucky in the person of venerable Fathers Edward Fenwick and Samuel T. Wilson. Father Wilson, fired by a zeal not unlike that which brought forth the first establishment of the Dominican Sisters at Prouille, in southern France, by St. Dominic himself, was determined to found a branch of the Third Order of this sisterhood in the wilds of America. Father Fenwick on the other hand conceived the idea of introducing Dominican sisters from England. But it was in the designs of God that the first establishment of the American daughters of St. Dominic should spring from native soil. Father Fenwick relinquished his plan of the English foundation and associated himself with Father Wilson in the foundation of a convent of the Third Order for women near the Dominican Priory of St. Rose. Father Wilson consulted Bishop Flaget, of Bardstown, who, welcoming

the idea, gave his consent for the establishment of a third mother house in his diocese in addition to Loretto and Nazareth, which had been founded some time before. Having secured the approbation of the officials of the Order of St. Dominic, Father Wilson launched his cherished undertaking February 1, 1822, by a sermon on the grandeur of the religious life, before the congregation assembled in the primitive Church of St. Rose. The priest exhorted the young ladies of the parish to consider well the Divine Will in their regard, and should any feel themselves called to a life of sacrifice and mortification, to make their desires known to him. Marie Sansbury heard the words of the Friar Preacher that February morning and saw in them the possibility of consummating the sacrifice she had so long wanted to make. Toward the end of the month among the nine young women who presented themselves as candidates for the proposed sisterhood, one was Marie Sansbury. Her eight companions were Mary Carrico, Mary A. Hill, Mary and Rose Sansbury, cousins of Marie and Rosanna Boone, Judith McMahon, Severely Tarleton and Molly Johnson. The heart of the founder rejoiced at so generous a response and he began at once to prepare these ardent souls for their duties as members of the Dominican Order.

Father Wilson, in looking about for a place that might serve as a convent for his sisterhood, determined upon a log cabin of one room, about a half mile distant from the St. Rose Priory. There is something beautiful about those log cabins of Catholic pioneer days. They were poor abodes, indeed, but loving hearts and generous souls made them shrines of holiest labors. They were places of sacrifice, and toil and suffering and hardship. Built of trees from the great forests that surrounded them, with chimneys made of mud and wattles that often threw back into the room the smoke intended for the heavens, with small holes

that served as windows, and with earthen floors and furniture as crude as the buildings themselves—such were the homes of the real aristocrats of American history. But they were homes, and blessed ones at that, where God and love reigned in sweet mastery, and where the gentle, cadenced rosary of the evening was the choir song of the wilderness. In the humble log cabin that was turned into the first American Dominican convent not only did the *Ave Maria* of the Dominican sisterhood, but soon the entire office, arise from fervent hearts. When the regular conventual life was entered upon by the new religious recruits, the same exercises, that at the time were being followed out by their unknown Dominican sisters in stately convents of the Old World, were being inaugurated in the little log convent in Kentucky. The midnight stars smiled down upon their matin prayers, and the coming of the dawn found them already well in the toil of the day. What a blessed picture for every religious of America to-day who wears the habit of St. Dominic!

Father Miles, later the first Bishop of Tennessee, was appointed the first chaplain and spiritual director of the new sisterhood. So zealous was he in training the young aspirants, and so eagerly did they respond to his instructions, that in a very short time four of their number were thought worthy to receive the habit. Easter Sunday, April the seventh, was the date set for this beautiful and solemn ceremony. Father Fenwick, Bishop of Cincinnati, Ohio, journeyed from his episcopal see to be present at the great event and to bless the undertaking so near and dear to his heart. After the usual solemn high mass of the day, at which the nine postulants assisted, Marie Sansbury approached the altar railing and in the presence of the bishop, the fathers, and the congregation of St. Rose, received from the hands of Father Wilson the white habit of the Dominicans; and then it was that she was addressed

with the words, "From henceforth thou shalt be called Sister Angela."

But, even amid the Alleluias of that glorious Easter morning Sister Angela must have felt the burden which was so soon to fall upon her shoulders. No doubt she asked herself that day why her companions did not kneel at her side and with her receive the habit of St. Dominic. Why should she be the first to be clothed in the livery of penance and mortification? Perhaps God answered. Who knows? But all the while He was preparing her for the primacy in that little band of Kentucky apostles as He had prepared St. Peter in the great band of long ago. To the triple question of Christ's "Lovest thou me?" she indeed could readily give as her answer, "Lord, Thou who knowest all things knowest that I love Thee." And then in the following memorable words of "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep" authority seemed to rest upon the newly clothed religious, for in the afternoon of that Easter Sunday, Sister Angela was present in her own little chapel of logs dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen when the habit was given to three of her companions, Mary Carrico, Judith McMahon, and Severely Tarleton. From that time thenceforward she was looked upon as their leader, their guide, their mother.

Soon after the commencement of their novitiate, the sisters appealed to Father Wilson to appoint a superioress. Acting according to the spirit of the order, he advised that they choose from among their number the one who seemed best fitted to govern the new community. They were not long in making a decision, for they felt that no one was better fitted for such position than Sister Angela. Accordingly, she was elected Mother Prioress, Father Wilson applying to the Vicar General for a dispensation for her to make profession before the expiration of her year of novitiate. The dispensation was granted and Sister Angela pro-

nounced her vows, January 6, 1823, and her election was confirmed by Rome, June 6, 1823.

Following is the letter of confirmation addressed to Mother Angela and dated June 6, 1823:

JESUS—MARY—DOMINIC

To our beloved daughter in Christ, the virtuous Sister Angela Sansbury, professed religious of our college of Saint Mary Magdalen, Third Order of Saint Dominic, Brother Thomas Wilson, Prior Provincial of the Province of Saint Joseph, Order of Saint Dominic.

Whereas, by power of a rescript of His Holiness, Pius VII, a college of nuns of the Third Order of Saint Dominic has been erected in this neighborhood, and our weak endeavors blessed with some success; it becomes a duty incumbent on me to provide for said religious college a legitimate constitutional head and superior. For which reason, being well acquainted with your exemplary conduct and zeal for regular discipline, and moreover influenced by that affection which your virtuous sisters testified toward you on a former occasion when they petitioned to have you placed at the head of the community; therefore, said Brother Thomas Wilson, Prior Provincial, and, as above stated, by the authority of my office, and moreover especially empowered by His Holiness to that effect, do hereby declare, establish and confirm you, the said virtuous Sister Angela Sansbury, first prioress of our said college of Saint Mary Magdalen in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. I hereby give you all spiritual and temporal authority over said college and religious nuns, as all prioresses of our holy Order possess and our holy Constitution authorizes, and, though I never doubt of your perfect obedience and ready compliance with the will of God thus officially intimated to you, yet, for

increase of merit and in conformity with the statute of our holy Order, I hereby enjoin you to accept and diligently to perform the said Office of prioress of Saint Mary Magdalen Community without demur. In virtue of holy obedience and under formal precept, commanding each and all of our said virtuous sisters under the same formal precept to acknowledge and respect you as their lawful superior and constitutional prioress before God. Hereby dispensing by my authority with all constitutional impediments to the contrary and prohibiting anyone to reclaim against our present arrangement.

Given at Saint Rose in the presence of both communities under our hand and seal this sixth day of June, 1823.

FATHER S. T. WILSON
Provincial.

The enclosed patents were sealed and accepted June 6, 1823, at 8:30 o'clock A.M.

To our beloved daughter in Christ, Sister Angela Sansbury.

Once within the precincts of her convent home Mother Angela was to her associates a model of patience and Christion confidence, as she had been a model of virtue and Christian propriety to her friends in the world. After her election she lost no time in beginning the work for which the order was established. The little convent building to the east of St. Rose was entirely too small for school purposes, so new quarters must be provided. Alexis Sansbury, who seemed to have played the part of a St. Joseph, since the days in Maryland, gave the much needed assistance. He presented to his daughters, Mother Angela and her sister, now Sister Benven, a tract of land on which stood a large log house. Cartwright Creek which ran just in front of the building gave to the spot an enchanting beauty. On taking possession of the new convent, Mother Angela set

about to make it habitable and even comfortable, that her sisters might be the better able to sing God's praises and instruct His little ones. In addition to the main building occupied by the religious, there stood on the grounds a second one, large enough for a school. Mother Angela with quick perception saw this and lost no time in fitting it up for the opening of classes. Homemade benches and desks were installed; books were collected, from what source Mother Angela alone could tell, for she seemed to have power to produce things out of nothing; and the first Dominican school in America was opened in July, 1823. The pupils that entered that summer morning numbered fifteen. Eagerly were they received by Mother Angela, who rejoiced in the opportunity of molding little hearts and souls to the likeness of Almighty God.

Sacrifice and sufferings abounded in those sweet, early days at old St. Magdalen's. If the provisions deposited by pupils gave out before the close of the year, Mother Angela did not hesitate to take the sisters' scanty supplies to provide the children with what was necessary.

But when others were in despair, not knowing whence was to come the food for which they really hungered, Mother Angela never once lost courage, never doubted that God would provide for her community's needs. One day, it is told, the procuratrix went to her in distress. She had neither meat nor meal with which to prepare the midday repast. Mother Angela looked at her reassuringly and said, "Be not troubled, good sister, God will provide." And so He did. Before the noon hour, a stranger brought to the convent a hundred-pound weight of choicest meat and begged the sisters to accept it as a gift. The kind hand of Providence always seemed near the first Dominicans of Kentucky.

Mother Angela was a constant example of the charity and zeal which she was to promote. In the case of illness,

there was nothing she did not do to relieve the suffering ones and there was no labor that she did not undertake to spare her sisters fatigue. In the midst of all her hurried days she was always ready to attend to their wants or those of the children. Beloved and respected, she found it easy to introduce the spirit of gentleness and kindness in governing so characteristic of the great St. Dominic, father-founder of the Order of Preachers, and the special patron of the Kentucky sisterhood.

The community increased in number, and on August 30, 1823, Mother Angela had the happiness of receiving the vows of her own sister, Elizabeth, together with those of four others who had completed their novitiate. The sisters were now following the rule and constitutions of the sisters of the Second Order, translated from the French by Father Wilson and modified to suit the conditions and needs of the times. The sisters rose at midnight to chant Matins and Lauds, and at four-thirty to the *Benedicamus Domino* they responded by the traditional *Deo Gratias,* and made ready to begin the day of work and prayer. Morning prayers, meditation, Prime, Mass, Tierce, and breakfast were begun, interrupted at ten o'clock by the recitation of Sext and None. After the midday meal the sisters enjoyed an hour's recreation. Vespers and Compline were said at four and night prayers at seven-thirty. Preceding night prayers a second recreation was held, but recreation only in the sense that the sisters' occupations were changed from the more laborious duties to those of spinning, weaving, or work with their needles. Yet those hours were the source of pleasure, refreshment, and spiritual joy. Mother Angela, always present, contributed her share of merriment and joy to cheer the often weary hearts of the sisters. Four times a week they recited the entire Office of the Dead. Although they themselves were living a very crowded life, they did not forget the dear departed, many

of whom were resting in the first graves of Catholic Kentucky.

With a day so given to spiritual exercises one might think that little time would be left for other occupations, but such was not the case. The work of teaching always occupied the first place in Mother Angela's mind. From the beginning she encouraged study and preparation on the part of those whose duty it was to instruct others. Every attention was given to the training of the sisters for their work, and Father Wilson and Father Miles gave unsparingly of their time and learning in the cause of higher education.

Joined to the labor of teaching was that of caring for the house and the cultivation of the fields. The sisters were their own carpenters, painters, and tinsmiths. Leaks in the roof were repaired by them, fences built, and trees felled. The fields were plowed and planted under their direction and the harvest carried on by their own hands. A crop required by the sisters was flax. When the seed had ripened the stalks were made into small bundles and then covered with water. Then began the laborious work of breaking the flax, a task usually done by the Kentucky men, for it was considered too difficult even for the sturdy women of pioneer days. But for years the Kentucky Dominicans broke their own flax, and after weaving it on to big spools, they spent their winter days spinning it into the linen which was bleached when spring arrived. From the sale of the linen the sisters were able to net for themselves an income sufficient to make their labor worth while. From the wool obtained from the sheep of the farm they were able to make material for their own habits, and often a surplus brought them a revenue that could be turned to good account.

Thus the first Dominican years in Kentucky had been a period of continual labor and preparation, of which one is able now to appreciate the meaning and understand the

secret purpose. There can be recognized in all this the hand of Providence in a succession of events and circumstances, unaccountable in the eyes of the world, but fully justified by the designs of God. Educational advantages and training altogether exceptional were the products of a vocation to a life of sacrifice sprung up in a land as yet hardly civilized. Here a noble heart was bent on serving both God and man. even though such a life meant trials, separation from the world, austere discipline, and a mortified, obscure, and laborious existence. The heart of St. Dominic was revealed to one of his sons, and God's will was declared to a humble maid who responded to the call of the Master and declared herself "His handmaid." All elements of the work were, if one may so speak, ready prepared by Providence for its realization—the thought and inspiration which gave birth to it, the instrument required, the workman who was to take it in hand. It remained only for the Divine Architect, who formed and fashioned each separate stone of the temple which His wisdom had planned, to unite and combine them for His greater glory; and this was being accomplished by Mother Angela and her first Dominican companions.

As soon as her means would allow, Mother Angela began the building of a chapel. When completed, it was no monument to architectural skill, but it was a lasting witness to heroic faith, sincere hope, and ardent love. No cathedral, however richly adorned, resounded to the praise of more fervent souls than did St. Mary Magdalen's in the forest. From His tabernacle in the wilds the Prisoner of Love looked down upon members of a struggling community who were willing to endure the greatest hardships and sufferings in order that He might become better known and better loved by the pioneers who were around them. First Dominican sanctuary built by the love of American women, how fitting it is that to-day it is enshrined within the walls of

the new St. Mary Magdalen chapel, which has been erected in the cemetery where those Kentucky pioneers of God are sleeping. It is a lasting testimonial to their faith, and hope, and boundless love for Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar!

With the growing prosperity of the period, Mother Angela saw a great increase in the enrollment of the school. As early as 1823 it was evident that a larger building would be needed to accommodate the pupils. But work as hard as the sisters would and economize as they did, sufficient funds were not available. Mother Angela, however, recalled how their first great need for a building had been so graciously supplied. This time, too, she felt that an appeal to the people of Kentucky would bring a generous response and with her usual energy she undertook a drive for funds. The campaign was not managed by financiers as such campaigns are to-day, but by Mother Angela and her associates. Two by two the sisters made a visitation of the country. Sometimes they knocked at the doors of their own homes after they had approached the houses of strangers. But no matter where they went, an enthusiastic welcome was given their appeal. At the close of the campaign, all but a few thousand dollars of the necessary amount had been raised. The new building was begun immediately, and in 1825 it was ready for the opening of classes.

But if God had favored the growth of the little community the blessing was to be purchased at a great price. Mother Angela had endured much in the foundation of the sisterhood, but soon greater trials and sorrows were to pierce her soul. Disappointments and vexations were to rack the very existence of the community she had labored so zealously to establish. Another soul, less noble, would have sunk beneath the burden, but to her the afflictions sent by Divine Providence were the "pearls of great price," that were being scattered for her own sanctification

and for the final good of her little institute. The great trial began with the appointment of Father Fenwick as Bishop of Cincinnati, Ohio, and the withdrawal of Father Miles as first chaplain of the sisterhood. When the bishop assumed the leadership of the Church in Ohio in 1822, he perceived the need of missionary assistance from his Dominican brethren of Kentucky. Knowing the great worth of Father Miles and not realizing the loss it would be to the sisters of the St. Magdalen convent, he called the priest to the northern diocese, which then embraced the entire state of Ohio and nearly all the northwest. With fearful hearts the sisters saw their chaplain leave them, for not only were they being deprived of spiritual direction but they were losing his counsel in regard to the great financial problems that were facing them. Father Wilson, the prior at St. Rose, had sustained the sisters in all their endeavors to meet this great responsibility, but upon his death and the removal of Father Miles it became apparent to the sisters that they must bear their cross alone and, at the same time, accept an added tribulation in the opposition shown them by their new Superior, Father Muños, a Spanish Dominican who had succeeded to the office of prior of St. Rose Monastery. Not acquainted with the purpose and aims of the newly founded congregation of women close by, the new prior was from the first opposed to its existence. In his native country, the monastic life for nuns was vastly different from that which existed in America. He opposed the life led by Mother Angela and her sisters not because he wished to oppose religion, but rather because he disliked to see these women endure the hardships of the new country with, as it seemed to him, such little results. The educational demands of his native country were so different from those of a free government, that he little realized the education of the children of the people to be the hope of the Catholic Church in America. As a

result of this attitude he began at once to frown upon the work of the Dominicans at St. Catherine's and advised the members of the community to disband and return to their homes. When he learned that there was a debt upon the school and that Father Miles, in signing the note, had left St. Rose responsible for the obligation, he was more determined than ever upon dispersing the sisters. He insisted that they sell the land, pay their obligations to their creditors, and return to the homes from whence they came.

Mother Angela was overwhelmed by the proposed arrangement. It would be hard to tell which afflicted her most, the inevitable privation of spiritual assistance that would result if they did not comply with the wishes of Father Muños, or the immense loss to religion and to Christian education if they met his demands. She recalled with gratitude to an All Merciful Providence that in seven years the community had more than doubled. The new school building afforded ample room for the growing enrollment and all indications pointed to even greater prosperity. And most and best of all, the sisters were happy in their vocation, joyful beyond imagination in their service to the King. Mother Angela realized that there was a great debt, but she considered this as God's blessing on the community. In vain did she strive to impress this upon the mind of Father Muños; in vain did she assure him that the debt would be paid without the assistance of St. Rose. But the more she implored, the more determined was the priest that the sisters should sell their property and return to the world. Mother Angela would not agree to such a tragedy, for she knew that it was God who had called the Kentucky Dominicans to the religious life. Father Wilson had secured the approval of the Holy See for the community and as long as it was faithful to the purpose for which it had been organized it could not be disbanded. Encouraged by this approval, Mother Angela was the rock to which

the sisters clung, that their existence might not be blotted out.

When Father Muños saw that the sisterhood was as one in not disbanding, he thought to try the vocations of its members by depriving them of Mass and Holy Communion in their own chapel. Compelled to attend services in the parish church, the sisters carried their cross up the hill to St. Rose for daily Mass, returning with greater strength and fortitude to their convent in the valley which this great trial had made a thousand times more dear a home. Soon the trouble was noised abroad and with each repetition of the story, the situation looked more hopeless. The creditors became alarmed, began to demand payment, and finally appealed to Bishop Fenwick for a settlement of the debt. Burdened with his own cares, and miles away from the scene of the disturbance, the bishop thought it best to have the Master General of the order authorize Father Muños to sell the monastery where the sisters dwelt, "together with two or three pieces of property belonging to Saint Rose" as necessity demanded, in order that the debt might be canceled. Following is a copy of the letter written to the superior general of the order, the Most Reverend Joachim Briz. The letter is dated October 19, 1829:

> Most Reverend Father: Because the office of Commissary General of the Order of Saint Dominic, for these United States of America, has been entrusted to me, I have transacted many things for the good of the Order, all of which I have accurately stated to your Paternity in former letters. Now, indeed, I am compelled to write particularly of the condition of the Sisters of the Third Order of Saint Dominic, so that something may be done to assist them.
>
> Your Reverend Paternity knows that seventeen young ladies, professed according to the Rule of the

Third Order, and consonant with the institute of our Holy Father Saint Dominic, lead a common life in a certain house or monastery, near Saint Rose Convent, in the Province or State of Kentucky, after the fashion and example of nuns, although bound only by simple vows. Because of the withdrawal to the Cincinnati Diocese of the Rev. Augustine J. Hill, who had assisted Father Wilson in organizing them, the Rev. R. P. Miles was placed in charge of them by the authority of the Very Rev. Provincial, Father Wilson.

From money obtained, for the most part from collections, a house sufficiently large and commodious was erected some years ago, so that the Sisters might devote themselves to the work of instructing young women in the rudiments of letters and religion. On account of this and other necessary causes, a debt was contracted. The needs of the faithful in my diocese constrained me to call thence Rev. R. P. Miles, who, in his name, but for the Sisters, had contracted a debt of two thousand dollars. I have entrusted to him the care of souls in this diocese of Cincinnati, trusting that the Very Rev. Father Muños, whom I had appointed Prior at Saint Rose Convent, would provide for the wants of the Sisters, in temporal as well as spiritual things.

I have learned, however, and with sadness, that he thinks it pertains to his office neither to look after them himself, nor to commit the care of them to another, and hence it is that the sisters are very often unable to carry out the duties of religion, and are meanwhile burdened with great want. No small detriment affects the honor of our Order as long as they remain in such great debt. Although the debt is entirely a debt of the sisters, it was contracted for them in the name of the above mentioned priest, who can be summoned before the public tribunals and even committed to prison. No other means occurs to me for avoiding so great an evil except the sale of the monastery where

dwell the sisters, together with the farm, pertaining to it, the sisters, of course, moving elsewhere.

It is easy to imagine the displeasure and rancor that will arise should this be done, because many of the faithful who have given money for the erection of the building will be displeased if the place is offered for sale. Nevertheless, so great and pressing are the wants of the sisters, and so urgent the necessity of liquidating this debt that I think they will consent to it rather willingly. Still, an amount of money, sufficient to pay all the creditors cannot be expected from the sale. Therefore, I think it necessary, the authority of your Paternity having been obtained, to sell some property belonging to Saint Rose Convent so that the deficit may be made up. Perhaps it may seem unjust to take anything from the fathers of this convent, but it behooves us to remember that the sisters left the world on the advice and exhortation of the fathers and have been thrown into their hard lot by the work they have undertaken. Is it not better to avoid infamy and litigation even with the detriment of some good work, when, at the same time, the misery of the sisters will be relieved? In my diocese, there is no place where they could be received, unless, for a time, perhaps, on a certain portion of the farm occupied by our fathers near Somerset, and adjoining the church of Saint Joseph. I am willing to place them there until a favorable opportunity arises of locating them in places, where, by the example of their virtues in which they excel, and also by the Christian education of young women, they may promote the interests of religion.

I therefore, ask your Paternity that, by your precept, you will command that no obstacle be placed in the way of the things I may attempt for the relief of the Sisters; that I may enjoy full and free right to sell the monastery in which dwell the sisters, and also the farm pertaining to it, together with two or more pieces of property, as necessity demands, so that the debt

which burdens the sisters may be liquidated, to transfer them to another place, or to establish them on the above mentioned land near the church of Saint Joseph, in the State of Ohio, until some provision can be made for them. In this way, I trust that Rev. Pius Miles, who, whilst at the head of the sisters, bound himself in his own handwriting to the payment of the entire debt, may be enabled to devote himself to his sacred duties without molestation from the creditors; that the sisters may be delivered from want and worry and devote themselves to, and observe with greater diligence and fervor the institute they have embraced. A great solicitude in their regard presses upon me, because they are more than two hundred miles from my Episcopal city and, for this reason, it is most inconvenient for me to go to them because of the distance, the cost of the journey, and especially the utter lack of any means contributed by the faithful. I expect an early reply from your Most Rev. Paternity for the affair can now permit of no delay. In the meantime, I profess from my heart to be to your Paternity,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

FATHER EDWARD FENWICK,
Bishop of Cincinnati, Ohio.
And Vic. Gen. P. S. J.

Given at Baltimore, October 10, 1829.

I am here on account of the Provincial Council.

Postscript. Since writing the above, it came to my mind to ask your Paternity if it would be more advisable for the sisters, under the present circumstances, to disperse their community for awhile and devote themselves to the various duties in my diocese, since they would fulfill the same tasks as the Sisters of Charity, founded by Saint Vincent de Paul, to devote themselves to the education of young women in both letters and religion, and who in this work throughout this region, enjoy the full approbation and joyous commendation of

the Bishop, the entire body of the laity, and even of the Protestants. Should this be permitted by your Reverend Paternity, I pray that you allow the sisters to assume the habit of black color, until circumstances being changed for the better, they may be again united in their former monastery. I propose this all the more freely to your Reverend Paternity, since they are but members of the Third Order of Saint Dominic.

To the Most Reverend Master General of the Friars Preachers, Rome, Italy.

In arranging all these matters, and although wishing to remedy the existing conditions, the Dominican fathers, strange to say, did not take into consideration the feelings or the wishes of the sisters. Bishop Fenwick, it is true, proposed to transfer them to Ohio, but he did not consult them as to whether or not they wished to go. While these arrangements were being made, Mother Angela went steadily forward. All of the sisters were unanimous in declaring that neither would they disband nor yet allow their monastery to be sold. St. Dominic must have looked down with joy and pride upon his daughters of Kentucky, and they must have been as pleasing to him as were his first daughters of Prouille. St. Catherine, too, must have imparted some of the determination to that heroic soul that stood at the head of the little band, for no one shall ever know how near the courage of Mother Angela was to the breaking point these days of trials and abandonment.

Finally, the sisters decided that they would pay their debt and that without selling the monastery. Accordingly, every article of furniture or salable object not absolutely necessary was disposed of. Mother Angela saw the year 1830 dawn on greater poverty than they had experienced at any time during their existence. There would have been some consolation even in this great poverty had the debt

been completely raised, but this, in spite of their great sacrifice, was not possible. But just as God sent Joseph of Arimathea to the assistance of the holy women at the foot of the cross when the great crisis came, He sent to Mother Angela and her sorrowing sisters one who was to understand and comfort them, and give them a new existence. This was the Reverend Stephen Montgomery, who had been appointed Prior of St. Rose. Father Montgomery was a native of Kentucky and knew the conditions of pioneer life. He knew, too, under what circumstances St. Catherine's had been founded and he was determined that it and its great work for Christ should not pass away. His faith in Mother Angela's ability was unquestioning and with promptness and zeal he began at once to relieve the situation. He set about immediately to collect money for the payment of the debt. Never did the sun rise more glorious in Kentucky than it did that following Easter morning when the sisters realized their obligation to public creditors was canceled, and that they were still in possession of their early convent home.

New light was breaking. God was pleased with the heroic fortitude of Mother Angela and her Dominican daughters. Bishop Fenwick never lost the veneration he had held for the little community, for even when he proposed the sale of their property he had in mind a home for them in his own diocese. In 1830, just after the crisis had passed, he solicited a foundation of the sisters for Somerset, Ohio, where the Dominican fathers had been established since 1818. And Mother Angela responded generously to the call of the Bishop.

It is seldom given to one woman, no matter how courageous and zealous, to found two mother houses. But such was Mother Angela's happy privilege, for out of the branch house established in 1830, at Somerset, Ohio, the mother house of the Dominican sisters of St. Mary of the

Springs, Columbus, was to develop. Before accepting Bishop Fenwick's request for sisters, Mother Angela considered well the question before Jesus in the Tabernacle. The distance was great, the thought of separation from those who had sustained her in the dark hour of trial cost her keen suffering. But the good that would be accomplished overpowered the affections of her tender heart and she prayerfully selected the sisters who were to form the first band of missionary Dominicans in America. In making the sacrifice of her sisters, Mother Angela made it complete and selected her own sister, Sister Benven Sansbury! With her she sent Sister Agnes Harbin, Sister Catherine Mudd, and Sister Emily Elder. The sisters bade farewell to their beloved Kentucky, to Mother Angela, and to their companions of St. Mary Magdalen convent. Mother Angela addressed words of encouragement to them and begged God's blessings on their journey and on their labors. She followed them in spirit and in prayer along their perilous journey, made in the midst of winter, over almost impassable roads, and lasting a number of weeks as they traveled toward Somerset. In Cincinnati, the missionaries were kindly received by Bishop Fenwick. He rejoiced to see that the "mustard seed" planted less than ten years before had not only taken root, but had sent out its first branch, and that into his own diocese. When the news of Bishop Fenwick's kind reception to the sisters was received by Mother Angela, she blessed God that her children would have the protection of so kind a prelate, and if there had been any misgivings as to the outcome of the undertaking, they speedily disappeared. And all the while the sisters at the mother house prayed for the success of the enterprise and in spirit shared in the privations and sufferings of the first Dominican days in the State of Ohio.

Shortly after the departure of the sisters for Somerset Mother Angela's health began to fail, and to relieve her

of the burdens which she so longed to lay aside, the sisters, during the summer of 1830, chose Sister Magdalen Edelen as prioress. With a happy heart Mother Angela took her place among the sisters. Her joy, however, did not last long, for on April 23, 1833, she was again called to the office of prioress, not of her first foundation, but that of St. Mary's, in Ohio. She bade farewell to the sisters in Kentucky and turned her eyes to the new home in the north where she showed the same heroic spirit and gave to that infant community the same inspiration that had made the work in the South so successful. For six years, Mother Angela held the office of prioress, but the strain of continuous labor had so undermined her health that on November 30, 1839, she passed away. Great was the grief at St. Mary's, Somerset, that day; greater still, it might be said, was the sorrowing at the old home in Kentucky.

Of Mother Angela, it has been said she was one of those rare natures in which sweetness and strength are blended with exquisite nicety; yet somehow those who remember her declare that one saw the sweetness first and remembered it longest. Those who clothed her with the religious habit, recognizing this dominant note in her perfectly attuned character, had named her Angela. Prayer and mortification were the all-powerful means by which she accomplished everything, pursuing her way with unvarying sweetness, notwithstanding all the difficulties of first foundations. First to embrace the mystic death of the cloister, she was also first of the white-robed band to claim the hundredfold of her sacrifice. Her remains lie in the center of the little cemetery at St. Mary's of the Springs and above them is an ivy-covered cross; but the ivy does not cling more closely around this sacred symbol of man's redemption than does the memory of the present generation of Dominican sisters to the life of Mother Angela. Although the written records of what Mother Angela said and did are not numer-

ous, tradition has kept the story of her virtues a living reality in thousands of volunteers of the Crucified. The ever-increasing number of Dominican sisters in America who are carrying on the work she began in the wilderness of Kentucky is the truest monument to the greatness of this woman. To-day the Dominican sisters are established in practically every State of the Union. Besides the convents founded directly by the Sisters of St. Catherine's Kentucky, Mother Angela Sansbury's daughters have influenced directly or indirectly the beginning and development of many other Dominican sisterhoods in America. At present they are teaching in parochial schools, academies, and colleges, where thousands of little children are the recipients of that love and devotion which caused Marie Sansbury to break the ties of human affection for the love and glory of Jesus Christ.

The world in general cannot understand the mystery of this self-immolation, but, sensible of its good results, honors it and those whom it actuates. It should regard the sainted Angela Sansbury as one of America's greatest women, for if to-day due recognition is given the Dominican sisters throughout the country for their leadership in the field of education and as true exemplars of the religious life, it is because they are faithful to what Mother Angela, in the larger hope, began in the little log cabin in the wilderness of Kentucky.

MOTHER MARY FRANCIS CLARKE

OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

In steadfast endurance of heroic sacrifice, in high moral strength which was undismayed and unmoved in the presence of overwhelming odds, in power to rise superior to personal grief in the realization of the call of duty, Mother Mary Francis Clarke has been surpassed by few women. A native of Ireland, her parents were Cornelius Clarke, a prosperous dealer in leather, and Mary Quartemas, the daughter of an English Quakeress. Both were distinguished for piety and for the practice of the highest Christian virtues and generous charity toward the poor and suffering. When in expectation of the birth of their first child they decided to call it Catherine should God bless them with a daughter, but in a dream the young mother learned that the name should be Mary. The child was born in Dublin, March 2, 1803, and in baptism at the Marlborough Street Church the Franciscan father who performed the ceremony added the name Francis, in honor of the patron of his order. As the child grew, her devotion to St. Francis and her love of great virtue and humility became conspicuous. She was the eldest of four children, and in their happy home surrounded by comforts they were carefully trained, receiving a good education and enjoying exceptional facilities for progress in study. In the height of her father's marked financial success, a destructive fire swept away his resources, and his anxiety was succeeded by an illness from which he arose only to be a helpless invalid the rest of his life. For some years after this disaster the responsibility of her father's business cares was assumed by Mary Francis, whose clear

mind, decision of manner, industry, and care restored the interrupted prosperity.

It was hard to find release from this duty to follow the call of vocation, but her sisters, Catherine and Martha, offered to take her tasks and thus leave their sister free.

The life of Mary Francis Clarke is so inextricably bound up in the Institute founded by her, that they are inseparable; the life of one is truly that of the other. The history of the community goes back to the humble beginning in Dublin, in the early years of the nineteenth century, a time eventful in the building up of the material edifice of the Church and in the restoration of Catholic society. Echoes of the French Revolution still resounded; recognition of the Independence of the American Colonies was a hope-inspiring memory; and to the Irish, after a long and persistent struggle, after obloquy and imprisonment, exile and death, some relief had come. A better day had dawned, yet the cruelty and oppression were not forgotten. Many were the evenings when the groups around the fireside spoke of naught else than the stirring scenes it had been given the elders of the families to see. To these tales of heroism, of fidelity to God and country, the children were interested, sympathetic listeners. The tremendous sufferings of their friends and kinsfolk, the bitter injustice of it all, went to their very hearts. Their spirit of compassion was aroused, and to many a child came the impulse, the desire to do in its turn what it could, to devote itself to the suffering and the needy for Christ's dear sake.

For the Church this had been a sorrowful time, but while destruction had done its disastrous work, God had scattered, among the ruins, seeds that were now about to produce fresh blossoms. The season of awakening hope ushered in a period of religious activity that for ardent zeal was remarkable even in that land of apostolic vocations, so famed for the exalted piety and the generous self-sacrifice

of its devoted children. Ample scope was there for the untiring work of all; charity had a wide field for relieving the wants of soul and body among the poor and the afflicted.

Suffering there was in many forms, but the keenest suffering of the time was the lack of educational means. Laws, however iniquitous and far-reaching, had never destroyed the desire of the people to obtain the blessing of education, had never crushed their reverence for worthy ideals. Though illiterate, many of them, they were not ignorant; they wanted education for their children, education which would develop moral as well as intellectual men and women. True, the government had established schools, but these were a menace to the Faith. From the penal prohibition of all Catholic teaching, to schools of open proselytism, thence to a system in which the purpose was more cleverly concealed, there was only a question of degree, or a difference in the method of reaching the one fixed purpose, that of making them traitors to their faith. But the watchful guardians of the flock had exposed the danger. To Catholics must be entrusted the education of Catholic children, though to secure Catholic teachers was no easy matter.

But God was with His people; He saw their need. Almost simultaneously sprang up new workers, new associations, new Institutes or Congregations, all blended in a manner by the spirit of union and affection, and encouraged and maintained by the faithful. Dublin was prolific in religious foundations. Archbishop Murray with his spiritual insight discerned, in the members of the Institutes that sprang into being at this time, elect souls, providentially placed under his guidance, and in every way fitted for the work he and they had so much at heart. With generous encouragement he fostered their development, recognizing that sudden blossoming of the spiritual garden as a gracious though unexpected answer to a prayer for aid from above. The Irish Sisters of Charity were established in that city in

1817; the Loretto Nuns in 1822, and the Sisters of Mercy in 1831.

The need of the hour was a teaching body unrestricted by the law of enclosure, a body uniting the active ministration of Martha with the inner life of Mary. The lines of such an Institute have since become familiar in the modern religious congregations, but they were then the rare exception. God was already summoning recruits from among His chosen ones, for purposes not yet known to the world nor to themselves. Many generous souls were there to whom came the promptings of the Holy Spirit. Among them were the five young women who constituted the nucleus of a new Institute, Mary Francis Clarke and her companions. In apparently fortuitous ways the closer association of these young girls began.

It was not a rare thing in those days, for young girls debarred from the cloister by age or duty, to be affiliated to the religious orders. Confraternities and societies brought the faithful together in a bond of religious emulation which cannot easily be imagined. Affiliation consisted in sharing the prayers and penances of the religious, and in conforming to their rule, spirit, and dress, in certain points, on condition of participating in their merits and good works. Bound only by such promises as tertiaries were allowed to make, discharging all the duties of their place in the family, and distinguished only by their devotion to the suffering poor, and by the avoidance of all worldly pleasures and amusements, they made of their home as much of a cloister as the performance of all neighborly charities and the fulfillment of their duties permitted. As members of such sodalities, Mary Francis Clarke and her associates were enrolled; and in this they were doing more than they dreamed. They were unconsciously taking the first step toward that state of life which they were later called to embrace, although under a very different form,

and toward which an invisible hand was beginning to incline their hearts and direct the current of their lives. In the exercise of charity to the needy they were closely associated, and interchange of ideas showed a unity of purpose, revealed but one spirit animating them, a desire to attain to holiness and to do good to their fellow creatures, thereby to serve God more earnestly.

Their ministration to the victims of the cholera, which devastated the city in 1831, brought about frequent meetings. Constant association strengthened the ties of friendship, and as a means of increasing their facilities for charitable labors among their destitute clients, and for lending aid and encouragement to one another, they secured for a few months a cottage in the suburbs of the busy city. This was done with the full approval of their parents; there was as yet no severance of home ties, all returned to their homes at stated times. On the eves of festivals and on Sundays they met at the cottage and conferred about the charitable works of the week. Likewise they strengthened one another in their desire to lead the higher life, failing not to improve this season of prosperity in acquiring greater spiritual strength and more substantial holiness. To this little hermitage they betook themselves for the first time on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1831.

When the pestilence had subsided, there was still further opportunity for active charity. Visits to the plague-stricken had brought vividly to their notice another wide field for activities. The widespread menace to the faith was the prevailing evil of the day; the crying need then, as now, was religious instruction for children. To this work they turned their attention in leisure moments; then, nourished by prayerful consideration and by a holy interchange of thought and purpose, the idea grew and strengthened. At first they instructed some children in the neighborhood whom the evil times had deprived of the opportunity of attending

catechism and other classes, and the happy results of their efforts were encouraging. The few hours daily which they at first allotted for this duty, lengthened. Children came to them in crowds for instruction, and the spiritual destitution, not less than the wretchedness of the poverty that surrounded these little ones, made caring for them a true charity. Religious instruction was the first and most important exercise; needlework and the singing of simple hymns supplemented the ordinary elementary studies.

To this work their earlier duties had led them step by step, and they recognized unmistakably that this was their special province. Their spiritual directors gave it warmest approbation, and encouraged them to proceed, promising God's blessing on the work. Having besought the light and grace of the Holy Spirit, and fortified with the blessing of Heaven upon their enterprise, they determined to continue, and prepared for this active apostleship by strengthening their minds with careful study. In addition to human sciences they read the works of sacred and ecclesiastical authors, and the masters of the spiritual life. In the happy lot to which Providence had assigned them, the blessing of education had not been withheld. Mary Frances Clarke developed gifts of a high order under the tutorship of her kinsman, Mr. Matherson; and her companions were not less favored.

Gradually they lessened their intercourse with the world, effected a more complete separation from it, and slowly their plans matured. At about this time they were joined by a Mrs. Berkley, the childless widow of a British army officer, who had at her disposal an ample annuity, and who generously offered herself for the work. She proved to be a valuable assistant and a worthy subject for the life they had embraced, spending all her time at the little hermitage, attending to it when the others were called elsewhere. The house in the suburbs was soon found to be unsuited for their

developed purposes, and having cast about for a more favorable location, they decided upon a house in North Ann Street, and removed thither early in March, 1832. A considerable outlay was required to make the building suitable for their needs, and to provide the necessary school supplies. Nothing daunted them, however, and they proceeded to arrange a little oratory in their new dwelling as their first care.

Here school opened March 19, 1832, the feast of their patron St. Joseph, and their success was immediate and pronounced. The number of pupils was far in excess of their expectation. The patronage came largely from the middle-class, those whose means forbade the sending of their children to convent schools, and who were yet too proud to send them to the so-called "poor schools." No effort was spared to make the work succeed, and these strivings were not made in vain. All went well. The various pastors gave to the work their blessing and approbation, and with words of praise and frequent visits to the school were a strength and happiness to teachers and pupils. The doorplate of the North Ann Street school is still preserved with care; it reads: "Miss Clarke's School."

There was no distinction of superiority among the sisters, for so they called themselves even then, but there was nevertheless a tacit agreement that Mary Francis Clarke was higher than the others in point of sanctity. Silence and peace were the outward characteristics of the place which was instinct with life and vigor; and closer attention to a well-prepared plan made them approach more nearly the religious life they loved. This was a time of prayer, study, labor. Already they were called the Nuns of North Ann Street, although they wore no distinctive dress; their plain attire was in keeping with the serious nature of their occupation.

Great was their happiness when the Most Reverend Arch-

bishop Murray permitted them to have the Blessed Sacrament reserved in their private chapel. On August 6, 1832, holy Mass was celebrated for the first time in their little retreat, and the joy of the sisters was shared by their parents and friends who gathered there on that solemn occasion to thank God for this great gift of His presence among them. The chaplain appointed was a priest from the diocese of Philadelphia who was spending some time in Ireland hoping to benefit his impaired health.

Time passed quickly. The Christmas holidays of 1832 had come and gone; the eventful year 1833 had dawned. The sisters had now made a practical test of community life and were convinced that the blessing of religious vocation was theirs. They saw that the work of teaching could be best accomplished by those who devoted their lives to God in religion, and they recognized that it was possible to spiritualize the external labors of charity by methods borrowed from the cloister. They longed to prepare for religious vows.

In the spring of 1833 their chaplain's health having improved, he decided to return to Philadelphia. He had spoken frequently of the great need of Catholic teachers in America, and especially in his own diocese where the tide of emigration was bringing a stream of Catholics. He urged the sisters to accompany him to Philadelphia. He appealed to their zeal and fervor; he dwelt upon the merit that must accrue to those who would lend themselves to an undertaking so dear to the heart of Jesus. He assured them that they would receive warm welcome into the diocese of Philadelphia, and that he would gladly arrange the necessary preliminaries of their introduction to the Right Reverend Bishop. He spoke with such extraordinary and admirable fervor that he communicated to them his enthusiasm. To his appeal, however, no hasty answer was given. The sisters thanked God for this new opportunity of doing good,

and begged for grace to be guided aright in their decision. When the proposition had been many times repeated, they sought the advice of certain prudent friends who decided that, from a spiritual point of view, acceptance would be heroic; in any other light it would be a serious blunder.

At this time their school was a success; their spiritual needs were provided for; peace and, to a certain extent, affluence, surrounded them. Field for their activity was round about them. Why abandon a certain good for a doubtful better? They studied and discussed the chaplain's plans, seriously examining the reasons urging them, maturely weighing the measures proposed. After fervent prayer and careful deliberation there remained only the spirit of sacrifice to communicate life to the plan, for they knew that difficulties, privations, and sufferings were inevitable. Every one pledged to the work of saving souls must expect to suffer if the ministry is to be profitable. All seem to know this, yet when it comes to the exercise how few are found with magnanimity enough to stand the test. À Kempis says: "Many there are who are willing to sit with Christ at His table, few to share the ignominy of the Cross." But Mary Francis Clarke and her first sisters were among this chosen few. The question of leaving home was a momentous one. Their ardent souls were fired with holy enthusiasm; their hearts were stirred with inspiration. Their favorite novena to the Blessed Virgin was made with all the fervor of their hearts, and to their patron St. Joseph their united petitions arose. At Holy Communion God spoke to their hearts. When they arose from prayer, their decision was made. They would go to America. For Christ's dear sake they would sacrifice their sweet peace and the comforts of home; they would toil among strangers and bear cheerfully the trials they foresaw. Theirs was not a spirit to quail when trouble, when dangers threatened. They would go. God willed it; they knew it with certainty

and hesitated no longer. But, though they knew it not, at the same moment in far-off Philadelphia, other prayers were said for the same intention; that God in His mercy would send efficacious aid to perfect a plan promising help for souls and glory to God. It was the prayer of a devoted priest, Reverend Terence James Donaghoe, who saw the need of Catholic education for the children of his parish, and who was anxious to secure the services of sisters for their blessed undertaking. He awaited confidently God's answer to a prayer for help in the welfare of souls. Thus were the sisters preparing for an end as yet unknown; thus were the instruments gathered for the hand of the Master workman.

God mercifully favored the enterprise. All doubt and hesitation disappeared and strength was given to them, enabling them to correspond with the light they had received. No record remains of the exact date when they arrived at their determination, but the resolution once made, they prepared to act. The decision to go to Philadelphia was received by their chaplain with every mark of satisfaction. He would precede them, he said, attend to all necessary preliminaries, and meet them upon their arrival. Thus with minute directions as to the journey, and with every detail carefully planned, with every possible discomfort provided against, he bade them farewell. They were the more inclined to regard their inspiration as an answer to prayer, since they sought no temporal joy, but on the contrary could have in view only hard work and privation of all earthly comforts. In peace and tranquillity they had prayed; in patience and humility they waited until the will of God was made manifest to them. The voice of the Holy Spirit whispered to them of the glory, the delight of leaving all things to follow Christ.

Various opinions were expressed regarding the undertaking. Parents of the children whom they taught were dis-

appointed that the very satisfactory work was to be discontinued. The pupils were grieved at losing the teachers whom they had learned to love. Sincere friends spoke of the dangers that threatened in a strange land, of the distance, of the voyage which in itself was perilous. Many even characterized the step as a rash venture and the result of deception. Indeed their strength of will in thus facing the unknown is to us inexplicable, but to them, the impulse, as they have often told it, was more evident than if a pillar of cloud had guided them. Others spoke of the religious communities then established at home with plenty of work for all the recruits who could or would apply. If they desired a cloistered order, the Carmelites and the Brigettines were there; if an active order appealed to them, there were the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of Mercy. To all these remonstrances they answered little; they were not to be swayed by motives of mere human prudence. As to distance and dangers, they had considered all that and were neither frightened nor dismayed. As to the religious orders then existing, these were shrines of peace and charity. But Mary Francis Clarke and her companions knew unmistakably that their life work was not here. Marvelous was their confidence in their mission; sublime their tranquil compliance with directions from on high.

Not without the blessing and consent of their parents would the little band depart, for their filial devotion was strong and deeply rooted. In all probability their farewells were forever in this world. The news of the project, received at first by their families with profound grief, was finally accepted in a Christian spirit as a sacrifice which they, too, would make to God. Bitter tears did the heroic, tender mothers shed, but with Christian heroism and loving care they aided in preparations for the journey. It was not the first sacrifice they had been called upon to make. And this time, too, would they say, "God's holy will be done."

On that last morning in holy Ireland, Mass was said in their little chapel by the Reverend Patrick Richard Kenrick, then a curate in Dublin, later Archbishop of St. Louis. He had no word of encouragement for them on this occasion; on the contrary, even at this late hour his exhortation was an earnest appeal to them to desist from the undertaking and to remain in their native land. But they were not to be deterred now; their sacrifice was ready, they would not withdraw it. An unseen hand seemed to impel them, a strength hitherto unknown sustained them. This opposition of Father Kenrick was perhaps to give to their enterprise the character proper to those which are solely for the glory of God—that they should have to bear contradictions. They could count upon a more special protection, for now they had reason to say with the Apostle, "Lord, behold we have left all things for Thee."

Relatives accompanied them to Liverpool, arranged for their passage on the *Cassandra*, and bid them Godspeed. They had as companions on their voyage Mr. John Early, who was on his way to the Jesuit Novitiate in Frederick, Maryland, and Mr. Andrew Burns, who entered the seminary in New York. On Thursday, July 18, 1833, the *Cassandra* left port, and the next day Mary Francis Clarke and her three companions had lost sight of the land they were never again to see. Many years have passed since this memorable event, but its recital even now produces strong emotion. Like all good deeds, it pains and it delights. It calls for amazement and for admiration. Such courage at first notice startles, but when reflection is made upon its attendant prudence and wisdom it stands out as a noble victory. Knowing the ends for which God was preparing those chosen souls, one cannot but marvel at the wonderful way in which He was leading them, and at their generous response to the promptings of an imperative sense of duty.

The ocean voyage was a journey of anxious days and nights, a tedious and perilous undertaking calling for a stout heart and exhaustless patience. The Feast of the Transfiguration found them tossed upon stormy waves. A year ago they had knelt in their Bethany, their place of sweet repose, welcoming to their midst the Divine Guest who had deigned to make with them His abiding dwelling place. Lady's Day in Harvest saw them anxiously scanning the horizon for a sight of land. Dreadful storms, tropical heat, the shifting of the cargo which all but sank the ship, were the leading features of a voyage that even with fair winds and mild skies was fraught with danger. In those weeks of wretchedness and fear their hearts were tried sorely; the reaction that is sure to follow upon heroism and self-sacrifice had no mitigation in their case. But the hand of God was with them, guiding the *Cassandra* to her destination, and fifty-one days after leaving Liverpool the sisters disembarked at New York. On Sunday, September 1, land was in sight, a joyous vision to weary travelers. The *Te Deum* and the *Magnificat,* that in times of hope's fruition spring unbidden from heart to lips, had been repeated with fervent intensity. A new hope awoke in their hearts. The fortitude which had indeed never failed them, gave place to joyful premonitions, and they watched the widening shore line with glad hearts. But there are days when it is difficult to reckon on the morrow; so was it now. God was pleased to try them by a new ordeal, by a vicissitude striking in its significance.

Before leaving home they had united their fortunes, and the little store of gold coin, quite sufficient to prevent the question of ways and means from becoming engrossing, had been given by Mary Francis Clarke to the keeping of Elizabeth Kelly. Just as she was leaving the ship, her purse, in some way never to be explained, became un-

fastened. With sad, affrighted eyes the sisters beheld their money roll splashing down into the sea.

A moment or two of dismay perhaps, then their lifelong habit of self-control came to their rescue, and more firmly than ever they placed their trust in God. With no demonstration of distress they realized that their loss could not be repaired; with equal calmness they decided that it could be endured. The cross was their welcome to the land of their adoption, and poverty was the first treasure they found upon its threshold. This, they felt, was but a manifestation of the Divine Will. And so, confronted by a disaster that most abruptly changed their outward circumstances, the sisters faced hardship but not hopelessness. They knew that God sends what the world calls misfortune only for some hidden good. Trials and troubles He never permits without such previous aim and actual ordering as will make them, when properly borne, blossom into joys and ripen into golden harvests. They remembered that in their study of holy poverty they were assured that in the days of their pilgrimage upon earth they may only hold what earthly gifts they have received, so as to be ready bravely to leave them or patiently to bear their withdrawal. Mary Francis Clarke had now done both. With tender, comforting words she reassured the grieving sister who had so unwittingly brought about such loss, and then, without changing her plans in any particular, went to the home of Mrs. James Reilly, the aunt of Mr. Burns.

With this kind soul the sisters rested a few days, and when their purpose became known they were importuned to make this city the scene of their labors. Cordial invitations were supplemented by practical plans for their immediate employment as teachers in the Catholic neighborhood surrounding Mrs. Reilly's home. The pastor added his earnest plea that they would open a school in his parish,

and wished to accompany them at once to the Bishop of New York to make all arrangements for this work. But their early intention was sacred to the sisters: they could not be swerved from their purpose of going to Philadelphia. And this place, the city of their dreams, they reached September 7, 1833.

Here they were at last, strangers in a strange land, and in a city noted at that time for its hostility to priests and religious. A moment of indecision was theirs as they looked in vain for their chaplain whom they had notified of their coming. But he who had been so urgent in this undertaking, who had assured them repeatedly that the Bishop of Philadelphia was delighted with their acceptance of his invitation, did not appear. His absence was inexplicable; later it was learned that his mind had become deranged, and the sisters' remembrance of their dismay as they waited in vain for his coming became sincere pity for his great affliction.

Ah, the loneliness, the anxiety, the fear, the all but terror that seized them as the moments lengthened and they realized that they were indeed strangers and friendless. When the full extent of their desolation had wrung their aching hearts, they took counsel among themselves as to the course they should pursue. So implicit had been their confidence in statements that now proved to be but the fancies of a disordered brain, so complete their expectation of a warm welcome to this city, that they had made no plans beyond their arrival. Surely this new trial had its special purpose. Nothing was lacking to convince the sisters that every earthly resource had failed them. These drops from the chalice of suffering would teach them detachment, that they might lean upon God alone.

Inquiring, they learned that St. Joseph's Church was near at hand. Thither they went and in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament their full hearts found relief. Having

returned thanks to God, they met at the church door Mrs. Margaret McDonough, whose name still heads the list of the community's benefactors. With warm sympathy and sincere welcome she received the strangers! She offered the kindliest, the most generous hospitality to the homeless ones, but they preferred to accept no other assistance than that needed in securing for themselves a suitable dwelling. The place chosen was in historic Willings Alley, near St. Joseph's Church, and thence with their possessions they removed at once. It is difficult to imagine anything more humble and poor than that first foundation. But it was home to Mary Francis Clarke and the sisters. The boxes in which their supplies had been packed were the only pieces of furniture, for in view of their recent loss all outlay must be made with frugal care. Who can do justice to the heroism, the submission, which zeal for God's glory inspired in these valiant women? Yet so silently, so humbly did they meet the assaults of discouragement and homesickness, that a few brief lines epitomize the experiences of those first hard days of trial, whereas the separate anguish of each patient heart, if fittingly detailed, would require a volume. This was the eve of Our Lady's Nativity, and their confidence in her nourished the hope of accomplishing God's purpose in their regard.

On the morning of September 8th, they went early to St. Joseph's Church, and then, faint and hungry, they returned to their cheerless dwelling. To their surprise the door stood ajar. Entering they found a bountiful breakfast ready and good-hearted Mrs. McDonough, who said in her pleasant way, "I knew it would be late when you returned from church, and I hope you won't mind if I prepared breakfast in honor of our Blessed Mother's birthday." She was eager to relieve their distress, but it was useless to offer money, they would not take it. They did not want to become a burden where they had come to befriend, for they feared that

to accept any offering, except as remuneration for an equivalent given, would injure their cause; rather than do this they would suffer any hardship. Strong indeed was their faith in the supernatural character of their vocation. At their request, Mrs. McDonough procured some sewing for them to do, but though their needlework was exquisite, they could not expect remuneration until the work was complete. Her kind offer of further assistance was as kindly refused. Their very destitution raised a barrier around them that even the most tactful could not cross without inflicting further wounds. Meantime, Mrs. McDonough, believing that the sisters were in need, did not hesitate to speak of them to her pastor, Father Donaghoe, knowing that he would advise and assist them. She spoke of their edifying manner of life, asserting her belief that they were Irish nuns although they did not wear the religious habit. The good priest was touched by the recital of Mrs. McDonough, and gladdened her heart by the assurance that he would call upon them without delay.

The thoughts of the sisters went back to the celebration of this festival a year ago, when they were among friends in the quiet atmosphere of their lately abandoned home. But no regrets marred their sacrifice, nor did they wish to turn back from the thorny path through which the Master saw fit to lead them. And as this night was recalled in after years, it was a subject of thanksgiving that not one of the little group had contemplated deserting. Clinging to the purpose which was their only object in setting out, they faltered not, even when deprived of the necessaries of life. Tuesday, September 10, 1833, stands out as a red-letter day in the annals of the sisters. Fatigued with labor to which they gave their utmost energy; faint with hunger, for they lacked nourishing food; the sisters sat in their cheerless, dreary room as night closed in. Their efforts in lighting a

coal fire had been complete failures. Since Sunday morning, cold water and dry bread had been their fare. Now, as each had done many times, Catherine Byrne knelt before the grate, patiently burning the kindling on top of the coal, as in Ireland, and wondering at her lack of success. "If I could only get this fire to burn, we would have a cup of tea," she thought. It was a cheerless little room, but their faith failed not. "Welcome be the will of God" was the Irish prayer of each of their Irish hearts. In the deepening twilight they spoke in low tones, each one crushing down her dismay and doing her best to make the gloom less dismal. The evening grew chill, and as the daylight faded and the shadows gathered, there came a realization of their desolation and their loneliness. Their conversation died away and they sat listening to the wailing wind.

Suddenly, there came a sound of footsteps at their door, a soft rap; then Sister Margaret Mann admitted Father Donaghoe. Their patient prayer was heard. God had sent them a guide and a friend. Father Donaghoe welcomed them warmly to America. His gift of discernment in spiritual things and his long experience made him not slow to discover the treasures of grace in these simple and generous souls. Each interview, as it made him more intimately acquainted with their lively faith and their unshaken trust in God, confirmed him more and more in his belief in their mission. With fullest confidence they placed their projects and their desires before the good father, who advised them with prudence. He did not disguise from them any of the labors and difficulties they would have to encounter, yet assured them that these would but test their faith and their love of God. Learning that they had had experience in teaching, he enlisted their much-needed services for his Sunday school. He observed their work closely, and recognizing their ability as teachers he foresaw the realization of

a long-cherished dream. Here was an answer to his prayers for help; here, Heaven sent, were the guardians for the lambs of his fold.

In his pastoral work Father Donaghoe considered the religious education of children all important, and his ardent devotion and his indefatigable energy were needed in the unceasing toil required in the fulfillment of his duty. Before his ordination to the priesthood he had looked forward with pleasure to life in religion, and this desire was intensified after his first meeting with the Jesuits at Georgetown College. In the summer of 1833, just about the time the sisters were crossing the ocean, and before Father Donaghoe had heard of them, he made his annual retreat at Frederick, Maryland. During this particular retreat he wished to decide the question of becoming a Jesuit. In the college at that time was a lay brother, Brother Faye. To him the Retreat Master said, "Brother, I have a very important matter to decide for a certain person; pray that the Holy Spirit may direct me to give an answer according to the will of God." Not a word was said about Father Donaghoe, who was a stranger to the brother; not a word about his desire to become a Jesuit. Some days later Brother Faye said to the director, "Father, please tell that person he is not to be a Jesuit. This will be a disappointment to him, but add for his consolation that the Far West will one day resound with the praises of the Children of Mary." These prophetic words were a mystery to both priests, but in the light of the present, their meaning is clear.

Early in 1832, the sixth year of Father Donaghoe's pastorate there, the Jesuits entered into negotiations with Bishop Kenrick looking to the resumption of possession of the Church in Willings Alley, and in April, 1833, one hundred years after its foundation, it was transferred to the care of these fathers, while Father Donaghoe was appointed pastor of the new parish of St. Michael. At the

time of the sisters' arrival in Philadelphia, St. Michael's was far from being ready, but Father Donaghoe was in cordial agreement with Mary Francis Clarke as to the advisability of opening a private school. His many friends willingly assisted, and soon all was in readiness. As he witnessed the efficient work of the sisters and reflected upon their providential coming to Philadelphia, he was convinced that theirs was a divinely appointed work. There was little room in their hearts for thought or doubt on the subject. Their life had visibly tended to this end; and now receiving from Father Donaghoe strong assurance as to their vocation, they accepted his advice with generous self-devotion and with that absolute reliance on God which was to become more and more the very essence of their spiritual life. In an interview with the Bishop of Philadelphia, Father Donaghoe asked his approbation, his blessing for the work, and his prayers for its success. Bishop Kenrick hesitated at first; the time seemed unpropitious for this enterprise, and he deemed it prudent for Catholics to make no demonstration of zeal or strength in Philadelphia, lest it might provoke hostilities. But after some consideration and much discussion, and after being thoroughly well informed concerning the wisdom, prudence, and other good qualities of the sisters, the Bishop, convinced that their labors would result in the greater glory of God and the good of souls, gave his consent for the foundation, with Father Donaghoe as its director.

Exceedingly great was the joy of the sisters when they learned that henceforth Father Donaghoe would direct them and that their interests would be his. Their faith and devotion had at last received reward; they were to become true religious. The schooling of the cross, the salutary trials of separation from friends, the austere discipline of poverty, the stress of hard labor—all constituted a training which eventually revealed God's purpose in this singular

combination of circumstances. In the light of their new encouragement and in the surety of secure protection, Mary Francis Clarke decided upon the coming feast of All Saints as the day of their oblation. On that happy morning, November 1, 1833, holy Mass was said by Father Donaghoe, and after pronouncing their act of consecration, the sisters approached Holy Communion. In their private oratory on that memorable morning the sisters received the religious habit from the hands of Father Donaghoe, who then appointed Mary Francis Clarke as superior and Mary Margaret Mann her assistant. The first members retained their baptismal names, but that they might in a special manner be Mary's children, each received in addition the name of Mary.

Thus was begun a work which to the world appeared unwise, and which met with many difficulties and with little assistance. The first of November, 1833, is then the birthday of the sisterhood, and each recurring anniversary is an occasion of thanksgiving for the graces vouchsafed to the first members on that great day. The sisters were now an organized body of religious teachers, and God blessed their work with a success beyond all expectation. The first parochial school under their care was that of St. Michael, in Father Donaghoe's parish. The diligence of the sisters and their gentleness and kindness to the pupils, not less than the wise guidance of Father Donaghoe, brought prosperity, and the school work was gratifying to all concerned. It was soon necessary to provide additional schoolrooms; they had already been obliged to employ lay teachers to assist in the work, under the supervision of the sisters. Not the least part of their satisfaction was the commendation of the Right Reverend Bishop when he examined the classes they had prepared for Confirmation. He was delighted to see the number of children that had been gathered together, and to Father Donaghoe he said in his astonishment, "How

have you accomplished all this?" Father Donaghoe acknowledged gratefully that this was largely the result of the sisters' painstaking care, and that the prosperous condition of his school and of his sodalities could not have been attained without their aid. He spoke of the comfort and consolation their visits brought to the sick and afflicted, and cited instances of their success in winning souls that the unhappy local schism had separated from the Church.

About this time some bequests enabled Father Donaghoe to undertake the building of a new convent for the sisters, and he purchased land for this purpose near St. Michael's Church. Under the auspices of the great archangel the structure grew to completion, the sisters taking possession of their new home on St. Michael's Day, 1838. This was their first novitiate, for already many chosen souls had been called by God to join the ranks and strengthen the little community. Thus was the Institute of Mary Francis Clarke cradled in the City of Brotherly Love, a city henceforth endeared to her sisters as being their first field of duty in America. The quaint little church in Willings Alley is a hallowed shrine, for it marks the early pastorate of their venerated Father Donaghoe, and the fruition of his hopes for the establishment of a religious institute. It marks the spot made dear to them by the footsteps of Mary Francis Clarke and their first members, so abundantly blessed with heroic faith and great charity, to whom they owe under God the precious heritage of their vocation to the religious life.

To-day, great buildings of commerce and trade surround this little church. Down the alley one must go to reach it and through a low, arched gateway, then across a square, paved courtyard; here tall trees wave green branches wherein birds nest and sing. Except for its two long windows it has no churchly aspect. It is of brick and gray stone like the house still standing, in which Father Donaghoe

lived and in which Bishops Egan and Conwell died. The entrance is through a low, square tower in an angle on the court and over a stone sill worn hollow with the tread of countless feet. There are odd, foreign-looking lamps or lanterns affixed to the house. Within the church all is shadow-dimmed, aged, mellow; there one finds peace and rest, as of old the sisters there found comfort when they directed their faltering feet to its friendly portals. It is holy ground, this mother church of all the thousands that now surround it, the fountain from which have flowed the streams of grace and peace bringing precious benedictions to all the land and the inhabitants thereof. "Blessed St. Joseph's," thus the saintly Bishop Bruté terms it, and to it may well be applied these words of Holy Writ: "My eyes shall be open, and my ears attentive to the prayers of him that shall pray in this place; for I have chosen and sanctified this place that my name may be there forever, and my eyes and my heart may remain there perpetually."

In the formative period of the congregation the spirit and the end of the sisterhood were plainly marked. Under Father Donaghoe's good guidance the sisters were learning by experience the practices of religious life, and the Constitutions were slowly being formulated. The end of the institute was the perfection of each member and the salvation of souls. Charity, simplicity, and humility were to be their characteristic virtues. In alternations of adversity and prosperity the congregation passed the first years of its existence. Trials, the condition of every great undertaking, were not wanting, but they were met with the spirit of uncomplaining meekness that Mother Clarke instilled into her little band. Though confronted with hardship and privation they did not complain, endeavoring to be likened to Christ Himself who suffered greater things for them and so left them an example for their imitation. To suffer, if necessary, and then to forget this suffering; to lose in the

desire to promote the common good; to look upon private and personal interest as disloyalty—these were the daily proofs of their love of God and their earnest desire to promote His glory in the religious life. To be forgotten by the world and to do good to all seemed to be their controlling desire.

It has been said that the first years of a religious order are like the first days of the novitiate, possessing a freshness and enthusiasm not found in later experience. The poverty of the community was extreme, the labor constant, yet voluntary austerities were steadily practiced. Frugal as were their meals, the sisters practiced mortification even here. These external practices, however, would have been of little worth had they not been united to a charity which embalmed the daily life. There was a holy emulation among them who could be most serviceable to the others. God recompensed their generosity by extraordinary favors in prayer; only in eternity shall one reach to the full knowledge of the consolations they received, which in their lowliness they deemed to be the common lot of all religious. Their humility equaled their fervor, and in this Mother Clarke ever set them an example.

With all masters of the spiritual life Father Donaghoe taught that prayer, modesty, the flight of occasion of sin, and the keeping of one's self always engaged in useful labor, would be rewarded by that stainless purity which is so pleasing to the Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Mother. Exercises in self-fortification, in self-conquest, in self-immolation they practiced courageously and constantly in imitation of the hidden life of the Holy Family.

Thus peacefully the full days glided by until in 1841 letters from the Right Reverend Bishop of Dubuque led to an event of great importance and significance, and gave notice of a change. But before the transfer to Dubuque, the even tenor of their days was furnishing material for the

fragrant blossoms of traditions that, fadeless, adorn even yet the pathway of those who follow these pioneers. The facts that have been gathered from conversations with those who took part in these events are not miracles, but they certainly are of the number of those eventful happenings in which the fervent discern the hand of God. Only sincere sympathy and warm affection can give due meaning to these details, and can appreciate at their real worth these valuable auxiliaries which interpret, and inform with new vitality, scenes and characters typical of events momentous in the story of Mother Clarke's holy life.

The little community lived in close union with God, and His great graces were not wanting, for in souls thus dead to self, divine love finds a kingdom. Their spirit of prayer fostered by their humility and self-abnegation brought them sweetest consolation. At the close of each day it was their custom to sing a hymn and to their great joy they frequently heard a charming voice blending its strong, rich tones with theirs. So delightful was it and so sweet a consciousness of God's presence did it impart that they felt a foretaste of Heaven, but as soon as they attempted to enjoy the pleasure of merely listening, it ceased. Those who sang heard it; for those who did not sing, the sweet voice was silent. So impressed were they with its supernatural quality, that they spoke of it even to one another with bated breath, lest any act of theirs should deprive them of this marvel of comfort; and years passed before they ventured to speak freely of it, yet never without reverence. The voice seemed to emanate from a picture of the Blessed Virgin, a little print of no intrinsic artistic value, yet priceless to the little group of choristers singing their loved Mother's praises. Often have the sisters told this story of the marvelous picture, and no lapse of years, no conflict with the incredulous world, has been able to disturb their conviction regarding the sweet singing.

Not only were they prayerful, they were generous souls, and they rose to acts of unusual heroism. Nothing could disturb the joy of the sisters, though even the necessaries of life were entirely lacking. They strove for preëminence in the practice of poverty, but the palm was merited by Mother Clarke. Nothing could shake their confidence in God. They had left all for God; He would provide for them. One day their supplies were low, so low indeed, that there was nothing for breakfast, nor was there any money. Lest the younger sisters should become discouraged, Mother Clarke and Sister Mary Margaret tried to keep from them a knowledge of this extreme destitution. "Let us say our novena prayers before breakfast," said Sister Mary Margaret, for they were making a novena to St. Joseph, "and let us beg that God's holy will may be done, and that in abundance or in destitution we may be equally grateful." While they were still kneeling, a lady called and asked if "the pious ladies" lived there. She wished them to join with her in a novena to St. Joseph "for a pious and holy intention." She slipped a generous offering into the sisters' hands and was gone from their sight. An intention both "pious and holy"—the expression set them wondering, and smiling too, and was often quoted, but they did not neglect the request.

Yet once more a grim experience of poverty beset them and with it came unexpected and wholly unexplained relief. The sisters had been but a few days in their house on Second Street, and early in the morning had gone here and there through the house, each one to her appointed duty. Mother Clarke was to be housekeeper that day, and to her dismay found their supplies completely exhausted. Fearing to dishearten the sisters she said nothing of her anxiety, and when she was alone she knelt and begged of Almighty God to pardon her if she had led her companions into distress. Tears came as she thought of their brave, fearless

souls, and she prayed for strength against all that would lead to their discouragement. Just then a sister entered hastily to show to Mother Clarke a generous donation handed to the portress by a stranger who asked that his gift might be used by the sisters as they deemed best. No one who knew Mother Clarke could suppose that her prayer in this hour of distress was merely for the comforts of life and for the satisfaction of temporal needs; she knew that the feelings of anxiety and solicitude attendant on a state of want were unfavorable to the religious spirit; therein lay the cause of her disquiet. Then as always she could say with all her heart, "Welcome be the will of God."

For some time past the course of public events in Philadelphia had been portentous of trouble to Catholics. While the danger was still remote, Bishop Loras of Dubuque had written asking for a colony of the sisters to assist in the school work of his vast diocese. The invitation came when the sisterhood was well established, and when temporals and spirituals were well provided for, but at the same time when a growing spirit of aggression in Philadelphia was becoming more marked. It has been said that the riots in Philadelphia caused the transfer of the community from that city to Dubuque, but as a matter of fact, when these riots occurred, the sisters were teaching in Dubuque. The transfer was made, not through fear of hostile demonstrations—that was merely a coincidence—but it was brought about in the joyful hope that the step would serve to the greater glory of God.

A visit from the great missionary to the Indians, Father De Smet, who passed through Philadelphia in the autumn of 1842, brought to Mother Clarke and the sisters their first detailed information regarding the vast field of labor in the West. The interesting conversation of the missionary was a potent stimulus to the missionary spirit of the

sisters, and they assured Father Donaghoe that they would joyfully go whithersoever his good judgment would decide to be for the glory of God. When a second petition came from Bishop Loras, Father Donaghoe lent more willing attention to the request, for in his heart lingered the memory of Brother Faye's prediction, "Tell him for his consolation that the Far West will one day resound with the praises of the Children of Mary." Now that a bishop of the "Far West" pleaded for their coming, Father Donaghoe feared to take a step that would not be for God's glory and for the best interests of the community. He sought guidance in prayer and had the sisters make a novena in honor of St. Joseph, while he himself offered a novena of Masses asking of St. Joseph, as a special favor, an unmistakable sign of God's holy will. On the morning of March 19 the novena closed, and while all were still making their thanksgiving after Mass, a visitor from Dubuque was announced, bearing a message from Bishop Loras with an earnest renewal of his petition. After imparting the message to Mother Clarke, Father Donaghoe declared that he considered this to be a token of God's will, and that he would favor sending a colony to the West. From that time forward the feast of St. Joseph has been kept as a holy day in the community as a grateful remembrance of this answered prayer. For the same reason the new home in the West was named St. Joseph's Convent.

In May, 1843, when on his way to the Baltimore Council, Bishop Loras passed through Philadelphia and visited Bishop Kenrick, Father Donaghoe, and the sisters. All arrangements for the Dubuque mission were then made, and Bishop Loras spoke with deepest feeling of his happiness in securing this welcome aid for his diocese, and of his gratitude for help in his arduous apostolate. It was agreed upon that at the close of the last session of the Council he would return to Philadelphia, and would then take formal

charge of his little colony of sisters, and accompany them on their journey to the West.

As the Bishop of Dubuque was to receive their vows before their departure, a preparatory retreat of three days was made. In the private oratory of their convent in Philadelphia, on the morning of Whitsunday, June 4, 1843, holy Mass was said by Bishop Loras, and after the Elevation, the sisters, their hearts throbbing with great joy, pronounced their holy vows. In the afternoon of that day the five sisters accompanied by Father Donaghoe visited the Bishop of Philadelphia to receive his blessing and to bid him farewell. While there they met his brother, Right Reverend Peter Kenrick, the newly appointed Bishop of St. Louis, who had said Mass for them in their chapel on the morning of the departure from Dublin, ten years previously, and who by a singular coincidence was present on the two occasions in their history when a momentous change in the scene of labor was to be made.

All things were made ready for the journey; again they were to drain the cup of parting, and taste all its bitterness. But of those who were to go and those who were to stay, each bore with a courageous heart the pangs of sacrifice and, with loving smiles and kind assurances of mutual prayers and sisterly interest, could say good-by. Mindful of their oblation, their dear Lord was even then preparing for them the joy of a happy reunion.

The sisters left Philadelphia on Monday, June 5, 1843, under the care of Bishop Loras, and accompanied by the Right Reverend Patrick Richard Kenrick who was on his way to St. Louis as successor of Bishop Rosati, then recently deceased. The journey to Pittsburgh was made by rail and canal; and from there by boat down the Ohio and up the wide waters of the Mississippi. The sisters were deeply impressed with the grandeur of the great river. The story so lovingly repeated by those who heard it from the

travelers gives many interesting details of that picturesque journey on the Mississippi into the land of hope: of their astonishment at sight of the Indians, of their wonder at the groups of little huts alternating with long stretches of magnificent scenery, of the great masses of dark foliage sparkling with fireflies at night, of the green plains and the great bluffs, the tall reeds and grasses, the river birds, the swift current, and above all of the care of the good Bishop lest their entrance into these Western wilds should prove disheartening.

The Bishop expected to reach home on Thursday, June 22, but the sisters hoped to arrive at their new home on the next day, the Feast of the Sacred Heart. The only accident that befell them on the long journey so happened as to be the means of fulfilling their desire. Dubuque was not reached until Friday.

With that grand and kindly simplicity which characterized all his actions, Bishop Loras had planned a surprise for his people and had brought from the East a bell for his cathedral. As he neared the city, he had it mounted on a temporary stand in such a position that it could easily be rung. Around it were grouped the happy Bishop and the five sisters. Thus up the broad Mississippi, Père Marquette's River of the Immaculate Conception, where nearly two centuries before this early missionary had come bringing faith and salvation to the Indians, the little band sailed, their valiant souls, like his, cherishing no other desire than the glory of God and the welfare of the many to whom they would bring salvation.

It is a scene on which the daughters of Mother Clarke to-day love to linger. The glorious Feast of the Sacred Heart had dawned with all the freshness of June, and the soft breeze of early morning brought the fragrance of wild blossoms, the songs of hidden birds. For many days the people of Dubuque had been awaiting the return of their

Bishop from the East. The river was eagerly scanned for the up-coming packet, and there was anxious listening for the first sound of the steamboat whistle. The boat had been expected the evening before, but in those days electricity had not yet annihilated space; there was neither telegraph nor telephone to explain the delay.

Suddenly there came the sound of a bell. The triple threes rang out. The Angelus sounded for the first time in the diocese of the West! Many of those on the shore had heard it last in some fair eastern home, and now amid the privations of pioneer life it brought back the memory of the olden days. The boat rounded the island and came slowly up the river. Hundreds had now collected on the bank to give greeting to their beloved Bishop. Beside him on the deck stood five dark-robed figures, the first Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, with their message of faith and hope and love. There was a joyous shout of welcome to the prelate and his companions, while cannon and gun awoke the echoes from the hills and valleys that surround the present mother house on Mount Carmel.

On leaving the boat the sisters were conducted to the cathedral where Bishop Loras said Mass, and the sisters, with great love and thankfulness to God, received Holy Communion. Great was their emotion when in presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament, they offered their homage of adoration and thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and besought the Fountain of Mercies to bestow the gift of faith and all blessings upon those whom they had come such a distance to aid. As the sisters, with the Bishop, passed through the kneeling throng slowly up the cathedral aisle that morning, they were closely scrutinized; by none perhaps more carefully than by her who proved to be their first postulant from the West, Letitia Burke, afterward Sister Mary Agnes.

At the time of the sisters' arrival in Dubuque, the dwelling intended for them was not ready for occupancy, so for a while they were the guests of the Bishop. Like a true missionary and tender father, Bishop Loras took up his abode in the sacristy of the church for three weeks, giving to the sisters his residence. Rather than incommode him longer they went to the home destined for them, though it was by no means ready even then. Pioneer life was theirs for a time, but with that spirit which Mother Clarke had fostered and strengthened, they quailed before no difficulty. To the joy of well-doing was added the happy anticipation of reunion with the sisters from whom they had parted in Philadelphia.

The Bishop quickly recognized the great assistance the sisters could lend him, and long before they reached the journey's end he had resolved to write forthwith and invite not only the entire community but even their revered founder to come westward. With the utmost solicitude and without delay he wrote to Father Donaghoe:

Dubuque, Iowa, July 5, 1843.

Rev. T. J. Donaghoe,

Rev. and Dear Friend in Christ: After praying and making others pray; after offering the Holy Sacrifice; after applying to our dearly beloved Blessed Mother; finally after consulting these dear Children of Mary, I make again a most earnest petition, and I say with the crusaders, "God wills it!" and I wish you to say the same. You have promised to consider the matter. Permit the Sisters to come to Dubuque, and come yourself with them.

After much prayer and serious consideration Father Donaghoe was impelled to cast his lot and that of his spiritual children among the people of the West. Taking no serious determination with rashness, with him to resolve

was to act. The school of the sisters in Philadelphia was closed, and Father Donaghoe with fourteen sisters took the route followed by the first colony. He had some difficulty in severing his connection with the East, for Bishop Kenrick was unwilling to lose so valuable a priest. Though Father Donaghoe came with the sisters to Iowa and saw them comfortably settled, he was obliged to return to Philadelphia for some time longer. There was joy in the hearts of all when Bishop Kenrick's consent to the removal was obtained, and Father Donaghoe entered the Dubuque diocese.

Pioneer were the days when Mother Clarke and her first sisters came to Dubuque. As the passing of time dims the memory, the record of the days becomes but a shadow of the stern reality. The wilderness and its unexplored rivers and untraveled lakes: its immense tracts of pathless forests, its endless prairies rising and falling in gentle swells and stretching like an ocean, mile upon mile, until their dim outlines are lost in a hazy horizon; the Indian fights and massacres; the final triumph of the pioneer—all these details should be remembered. It was an heroic struggle to conquer these untamed Western lands and to make them yield prosperity.

Marvels of industry and perseverance were required in all lines of activity, but the great factor in the progress of civilizing the West was the Catholic religion. The real heroes of the Northwest were the missionaries, and among these missionaries, doing their full share of the glorious work, were the early sisters.

> Totally oblivious of self, turned from the comforts and happiness of home to encounter in a foreign land all the miseries and privations of the exile and the outcast; their sole weapon the faith and the cross of Christ, their only aim God's honor and glory; they labored even among the lowest class of humanity, the

> savage, yet they saw in him only the image of their Divine Master; they labored for a mere pittance or nothing, and withal they won an imperishable crown.

Such were the missionaries of the Northwest; such was Matthias Loras, the first Bishop of Dubuque; such were his auxiliaries, the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In 1845 an unexpected happiness was theirs. The Reverend Joseph Cretin, on returning from Rome, was the bearer of a special blessing from His Holiness Gregory XVI to the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This first formal recognition by the Holy See was justly esteemed to be a high and holy privilege, and was an incentive to greater zeal and to more fervent gratitude for God's loving care.

For some time Father Donaghoe's health had perceptibly declined, and during the summer months of 1868 his condition became alarming. Autumn seemed to bring a return of his former vigor, and the hearts of his children rejoiced at the happy change. But as the season advanced, his sufferings became severe and continuous. He himself felt that the call had come for his departure to his heart's true home.

His malady caused him acute suffering that seemed to find relief only at the sound of the voices of the sisters. When the sisters in their visit to the Blessed Sacrament recited the rosary, he listened eagerly, and with his beads in his trembling hands tried to follow the prayers. All the sisters were unceasing in their attention, Mother Clarke noting carefully his directions regarding the community. Once as she sat near him, she noticed that tears fell from his closed eyes and stole down his wasted cheeks. "Your poor eyes are very weak, Father," she said. Looking at her kindly a moment, he replied, "No, Mother, my eyes

are not weak; these are tears of genuine gratitude to God who has given me so much comfort."

The morning of January 5, 1869, the last which Father Donaghoe spent on earth, was wild and dreary. Snow and ice beat against the windows before a driving wind that made this midwinter season intensely cold. When at about half-past eleven o'clock the venerable father was told that he was dying, he smiled faintly and closing his eyes said, "O God, in union with Thy death on the Cross, in atonement for all the sins of my life." He had received all the helps the Church offers to her dying children. Ascetic to the last, he asked to be laid on the floor, and in that humble posture he yielded his soul to God. Just at noon on January 5, 1869, he breathed his last, without a struggle, and went forth to meet Him whom on earth he had served so faithfully and so well, and who was to be his everlasting reward.

The institute and rules received the final official approbation of the Holy See on March 15, 1885. A cablegram announced the good tidings to Mother Clarke. When the long-looked-for document arrived in Dubuque, the Bishop carried it himself to St. Joseph's Prairie and there congratulated Mother Clarke and the sisters on the inestimable favor conferred on them by the Holy Father, Leo XIII. The decree was received by the congregation with every demonstration of gratitude to God. The *Te Deum* was sung, and Masses and special prayers of thanksgiving were said in every house.

The brief confirming Mother Clarke for life in the office of Superior General was given on June 28, 1885. On July 25, the Bishop of Dubuque visited St. Joseph's Prairie to confirm the holy foundress in this office.

For fifty-five years Mother Clarke had led the life of a true religious; quietly active, tenderly strong, carrying out a grand work with unobtrusive energy, witnessing the most

encouraging results with the meekest humility. She achieved the difficult task of maintaining a high standard of spiritual life simultaneously with the many and insistent duties of her arduous office. And in her wonderful activity she preserved the spirit of a contemplative, admitting no feeling of gratified complacency even in the time of most marked success. After Father Donaghoe's death in January, 1869, there must have been for her some moments of oppressive responsibility and anxiety. But careful training had had its effect. The congregation was now a compact body, and discipline and habit had accustomed the members to think and act as one. Mother Clarke ruled by love, and won the confidence of all under her direction or control.

Mother Clarke was exceptionally mild. Her words, always few and to the point, were uttered in a low tone; her manner was indicative of the serenity of her mind. But her soul was lofty in its aims, even though she was so humble, patient, and meek. Utterly incapable of the slightest subterfuge, guileless and innocent as a child, yet withal, as if God's hand were outstretched over her, she never suffered in the least by her inability to recognize deceit, or better, perhaps, the deceitful in her noble presence were moved to partake of her truth and honesty. She was the very soul of honor, and with the courage of a lofty spirit she neither feared nor flattered anyone.

Extreme gentleness and modesty which, with the continual increase of grace, became the most perfect and admirable humility, were the basis of her natural character and of her acquired sanctity. This was supplemented by that generous, affectionate confidence in God which shone out so luminously in the great trials of her career. Besides the sufferings and the privations which she endured during the period of the first foundations, she practiced austerities and penances of unusual severity.

Contemplative prayer had for her a great attraction and

in it she attained a high degree of perfection. She was a lover of silence. During her lifetime, strictest silence guarded her extraordinary spiritual favors, and the humble obscurity in which she lived effectually concealed all that transcended the ordinary. Frequently after Holy Communion she was piously affected to a degree which she could not conceal. Her love for her Divine Lord manifested itself in many ways, and her efforts to repress her feelings only made them more evident and touching. It is no easy matter to get details. She bound the sisters who witnessed these remarkable events to secrecy and while they would have been glad to procure for the foundress honor a detailed account which these marvels would undoubtedly secure, they have passed away, leaving only the merest outlines. But as there were many evidences of supernatural gifts of an extraordinary kind during her life, so have there been repeated proofs of her power with Almighty God after her death.

Only once can a congregation suffer the loss of its foundress. But now this grief was merged in the personal loss of one who was indeed a Mother in the best sense of that beautiful title. All unexpected, too, was the sad event. For some time Mother Clarke's health, which had never been other than delicate, seemed declining; but while this caused sorrow and uneasiness it was not seriously alarming. Soon, however, it became apparent that death was near. She was fully conscious of her state. She received Extreme Unction with great serenity and a radiant smile lit up her face when she received the Holy Viaticum. She had no fear of death, and was free from all care and anxiety. She lay quiet and silent, absorbed in prayer. On the morning of December 3, she received a consoling spiritual comfort, the blessing of the Holy Father with a plenary indulgence for the hour of death. Her reply on learning that so great a favor had been conferred upon her was characteristic: "Thanks be to God! I need it."

Her vigorous intellect was not weakened even when the chill of death had manifested itself to her and those around her. She was fully aware that her last hour had come, and she approached the judgment seat of God in the same holy dispositions with which as a truly humble servant she had ever been blessed. The end came on Sunday morning, December 4, 1887. It was a singularly peaceful death. Painlessly and in perfect consciousness, she gave up her soul to God while the chaplain recited the prayers for the departing soul. She left to the congregation she had founded the inheritance of the most sublime lessons and virtues, and the example of her heroic generosity in responding to the call of God. As the presence of Mother Clarke in life was an instruction in every virtue, so has she offered to her spiritual daughters an example of a holy death.

Her remains were borne to the chapel where the sisters had so often knelt with her. But even in the gloom of such mourning there shines eternal hope; and those who have watched by the blessed dead "who have died in the Lord" know full well that the prayer of invocation becomes almost involuntarily a prayer of petition to the dear departed ones who have so fully appeased the divine justice, and who have merited the sweet mercy in which they so fully confided.

In the little cemetery, surrounded by the mortal remains of Father Donaghoe and her faithful companions, the body of Mother Clarke awaits the resurrection. Over marble crypt and low mounds the fir trees spread their drooping branches like the outstretched fingers of protecting hands. And day by day the shadow of the tall crucifix moves from mound to mound with the passing hours, gathering those quiet sleepers into the circle of its caressing care, marking them with the sign of the cross, the pledge of that happy resurrection when their human eyes shall rest upon the beauty of the face of Christ.

MOTHER THEODORE GUÉRIN

OF THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE OF ST. MARY-OF-THE-WOODS

Anne Thérèse Guérin was born at Etables, France, October 2, 1798, the daughter of Laurent Guérin and Isabelle Lefèvre, and was the eldest of four children. Nothing extraordinary seemed to characterize her childhood, except her tender devotion to the Mother of God and the fact that she was permitted to make her first Holy Communion at the early age of ten, a privilege very unusual in those days. She prepared herself for this happy event with great fervor, and on the day she received her Lord for the first time she consecrated her heart to Him, though years elapsed before she was permitted to realize the ardent desire she had of becoming a religious.

When Mademoiselle Guérin was in her fifteenth year, her father, a naval officer under Napoleon, met with a tragic death at the hands of brigands. Madame Guérin, who had already suffered much on account of the early death of two of her children, succumbed under this new sorrow and was ill for several years.

Mademoiselle Guérin was thus forced to assume the burden of family cares at a very early age. With characteristic energy and courage, however, she took up the management of the household, the care of her sick mother and of her younger sister, as a matter of duty. Under these trying circumstances she evidenced many of those traits of character which were so strikingly manifest in the foundress of later years.

Nothing extraordinary seemed to have marked the child-

hood of Anne Thérèse Guérin. The same might be said of many of God's saints. Certainly there was nothing of singular importance in the early years of St. Thérèse of Lisieux, yet she says herself that Pauline, her little mother, "never let a fault pass uncorrected." It is also stated in her life that while she was still very young, "Thérèse made her own the principle of doing one's duty in the smallest matters, of seeking perfection in little acts of self-denial, which she had imbibed from her mother and her elder sisters."

Indeed many who have achieved great things in later life or who have attained eminent holiness owe the beginnings of their greatness or their holiness to the hidden sanctities and true nobility of an early home training. Mademoiselle Guérin received practically all of her education at home. Her mother, good, pious, and well educated, was her first teacher. Later her studies were directed by a young seminarian, her cousin, who lived with the family for some time before his ordination.

Madame Guérin's illness at the time of her husband's tragic death left her completely dependent upon her elder daughter. It was only natural that, after her recovery, when she learned of Thérèse's plan to become a religious, she should oppose it, feeling herself unequal to the sacrifice of her daughter's care and companionship. Finally after three years of weary waiting, Thérèse, having gained her mother's consent, entered the congregation of the Sisters of Providence at Ruillé-sur-Loir in 1823.

Mother Mary, the Superior and Mistress of Novices, soon recognized the unusual qualities of mind and heart in the postulant, whose years of sacrifice and responsibility proved a wonderful preparation for her novitiate training. Mademoiselle Guérin's earnestness and fervor never relaxed and at the end of the year, by special dispensation, Sister Theodore, as she was called in religion, had the great happiness of pronouncing her first vows. On this

same day she was appointed Superior of the establishment of Rennes. This mission called for a directress of unusual tact and prudence. Mother Mary found she was not mistaken in her estimate of Sister Theodore's character when she entrusted to the young religious this delicate and difficult task.

So well did Sister Theodore govern the school at Rennes that both the pupils, and through them their parents, were led to reform their way of life. In time the locality of Sister Theodore's mission became the pride of the clergy and the people of the city.

God's ways with souls seem difficult to understand at times. But that is because mortals see only the wrong side of the tapestry of life. The Divine Artist alone sees the full and perfect design. With infinite care He chooses the colors and patterns, weaving surely and with exquisite effect the pictures that He wills. An innocent remark made by Sister Theodore at this time was strangely misinterpreted and carried back to Ruillé as an evidence that Sister Theodore was not in sympathy with some measures that had been adopted at the mother house. She was suddenly recalled from Rennes, and the trust and confidence hitherto reposed in her by Superiors was likewise withdrawn. That Sister Theodore suffered keenly from this trial may be seen from the letters of the Bishop of Rennes, her spiritual director, to whom she confided all.

Rennes, September 13, 1834.

The time of trial has arrived for you, very dear daughter, and perhaps a terrible struggle between nature and grace has begun; the latter, undoubtedly, will triumph.

I regret very sincerely that circumstances have not permitted you to return to your establishment, which will never forget the good that you have done in it. . . .

Let us call to mind what St. Cyprian says—"It is

impossible to exile a Christian, because he finds his God everywhere, Who consoles him in the pains of this life." It is to Him you must have recourse now, and He will say to you with paternal kindness, "Courage, daughter, the way of the cross is open to thee; do not listen to the repugnance nature feels; endeavor to enter the royal way with great confidence. I will not abandon thee. I am witness of the afflictions of thy heart. I will sustain thee and be Myself thy recompense. Bless the persons who struck thee. A misunderstanding has taken place. My Providence has thus permitted it in order to try thee anew in the crucible of tribulations that there may not be a fiber in thy heart for any creature. Pray for thy Superiors who are the instruments I have chosen for this purification; in giving thee the occasion of suffering, they open to thee the way to heaven, which is the way of the cross."

My sisters and the priests of my household beg me to remember them to you. I reiterate, my very dear daughter, the expression of our entire devotedness, in our Lord.

J. G., Bishop of Rennes.

In compliance with the advice of her director, Sister Theodore had made full statement of the matter concerning which she had been accused, but her explanation evidently was not accepted at Ruillé, and she was sent to the little country mission of Soulaines. About four years later the matter seems to have been cleared up, and Sister Theodore's reputation reëstablished. At this time the same good friend, the Bishop of Rennes, wrote the following to Sister Theodore:

It is a great satisfaction for me to learn that justice and truth have attained the ascendancy. . . . God has permitted this trial in order to make you more like His Divine Son—to nail you to the cross with Him.

> We all have our debts to pay. An excellent means of freeing ourselves from them is to pass now in this life through the crucible of tribulation. If they had been left to your own choice it is to be presumed that they would not have been of this nature. God is a skillful physician Who knows what is best for each of us. He sometimes inflicts very deep wounds upon us, but those of His Divine Son were deeper.

The work of Sister Theodore, without any effort on her part, seems always to have met with public appreciation and commendation. At Rennes she had been held in admiration and esteem by all from the Bishop and clergy to the youngest pupils of the school. Her superior talents as a teacher were soon recognized at Soulaines, and when the school inspectors came to pay their official visit, they were amazed at the proficiency of her pupils. In the report made to the Board of Education, the inspectors praised Sister Theodore as a remarkably gifted and efficient teacher, and she was voted medallion decorations of the French Academy.

In the year 1839 the newly consecrated Bishop de la Hailandière, of the diocese of Vincennes in America, visited Ruillé for the purpose of securing sisters for his Indiana mission. Mother Mary, after prayerful consideration, finally decided to undertake the American mission, on condition, however, that it would be placed in charge of Sister Theodore, whom she judged "the one person" capable of making such a foundation. Although many of the sisters had volunteered for the new mission, Sister Theodore was not of the number. She considered herself unworthy of the great and difficult work of the foreign missions. It was only when some one intimated to her that the fate of the Indiana foundation depended in a great measure upon her that she finally offered to undertake it.

Mother Mary's letter to Sister Theodore written about

a month before the departure for America leaves no doubt as to the part the latter is to take in the Indiana foundation:

> Now, my dear child, notwithstanding your representations, it is decided that *you* will conduct the sisters to Vincennes, that you will be the Superior of the Mother House which is to be founded there, and the Superior General of all the other houses which shall there be established later on, until the two prelates of Mans and Vincennes shall otherwise ordain. This is the way we wish to commence this work for the greater honor and glory of God, in order not to tempt Providence, nor on the other hand to distrust His goodness. In concert with our learned and worthy Bishop, we have determined to send at present only three of our Sisters—you, Sister St. Vincent Ferrer and Sister Dominique, with two novices and one lay Sister. We have thought, considering the poverty of the diocese of Vincennes, of the Bishop and of his clergy, who live but on alms, that it was necessary to proceed with prudence in order not to overburden them. You will begin by settling down in the dwelling destined for you, which, however, is not yet finished; there you will judge of your needs, of the good that can be done, of the assistance that you ought to have. You are to open a school amongst a small Congregation of Catholics, Sister Dominique will visit the sick, and next summer Ruillé engages itself to send you more help if necessary. One of your novices is a beautiful writer, the other a fine seamstress, both very good persons. . . .
>
> Bishop Bouvier says he can determine nothing at present in regard to the agreement to be made between Bishop de la Hailandière and himself; you will have to see how matters stand before anything can be concluded; however, the Bishop of Vincennes is to pay the expenses of the voyage. He besought us to ad-

vance you the money as far as New York. There you will find reimbursement at his agent's; a priest sent there to meet you will direct the remainder of the journey. The money you will have spent will be refunded to you; but we substitute you creditor instead of the Congregation (at Ruillé) and you will apply this money to your own wants and those of your Sisters. Thus the Bishop's indebtedness will be to you in place of the Congregation, which hereby surrenders all claim.

Adieu, my dear daughter, Sister Theodore. May the grace and peace of our Lord be with you everywhere in all things.

Your friend and Mother,
SISTER MARY, *Sup. Gen'l.*

The little band of missionaries left Ruillé on July 12, 1840, and from thence went to Mans to receive the last instructions and blessing of Bishop Bouvier. Sister Theodore's diary gives a most interesting and touching account of the departure from Mans and of the final sailing from Havre:

On the 16th, Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, Canon Lottin was at the Cathedral at four o'clock in the morning to celebrate the holy mysteries and to give us the holy Communion, our viaticum, that we might be aided from on high during our perilous journey. Then, having received the blessing of this good and holy priest, we took the coach for Havre, accompanied by our faithful friends. M. and Mme. Marie of Soulaines.

At Honfleur we had our first sight of the sea. On beholding it I nearly fainted. . . . My companions perceived my emotion and were exceedingly tender and attentive. The Dear Sisters! Had they not hearts as well as I? My weakness seemed to give them more courage, and they did everything they could to cheer

me. How I thanked God for giving me the example of their beautiful brave lives!

Another page of her journal reads as follows:

> How difficult it would be for me to describe what passed in my soul when I felt the vessel moving and I was leaving France. The dwellings appeared to fly from us. Fort Francis was the last object we beheld; it also disappeared in its time and we were on the great sea. The sails were extended one after the other, swelled by the wind and hurrying us away from our beloved France. I kissed my crucifix. It would remain with me to teach me that the life of a Christian and especially of a Religious, must be a life of privations and sacrifice.

And now there opens up a new phase of the life of Sister Theodore, a chapter which deals with her real life work—twofold in its object: the foundation of the congregation of the Sisters of Providence in America, and her part in the development of Catholic education in the great Middle West.

Through childhood sorrows and trials, through community misunderstandings and calumnies, and finally through the sacrifice of and absolute separation from friends and country, God had been preparing this chosen soul for great things. Tried in the furnace of tribulation and tempered in the flames of divine love she had become a fit instrument in His hands for the salvation of souls.

Sister Theodore and her six brave companions, bidding their silent adieux to France, turned with brave, hopeful hearts to the great work awaiting them in the New World. After a perilous journey of six weeks on the ocean, and another six weeks of arduous travel by steamboat and stage-coach the little band of missionaries reached their Indiana destination, Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, in the twilight hour

of a beautiful late October evening. Sister Theodore's journal gives a graphic and inspiring account of their arrival:

> Suddenly we stopped in the midst of a dense forest. It was growing dark. Father Buteaux announced briefly that we had arrived. We were perfectly silent; the gravity of the moment excluded any inclination to loquacity. Imagine our astonishment upon finding ourselves still in the midst of the forest, no village, not even a house in sight. Walking a short distance down a hill, we beheld through the trees on the other side of the ravine a log house with a shed in the rear. "There," said the good priest, "is the farm house where the postulants awaiting you have a room, in which you will lodge until your house is completed."
>
> We had agreed among ourselves that our first visit should be made to the Blessed Sacrament, and that we would speak to no one until we should have been admitted to the Real Presence of Our Lord, and there poured out our homage of thanksgiving and renewed the consecration of our lives to His holy love and service. Father Buteaux led the way; we followed in silence to the church. *The Church!* I send you a sketch of it. Yes, my friends, that is the dwelling of the Lord of the universe—the church, in comparison with which the stables wherein you shelter your cattle are palaces. There it is that every day the Lamb of God is offered up in sacrifice for the living and the dead. There He reposes day and night in a small custode; no tabernacle, no altar—for can the term "altar" be applied to three boards resting on stakes? . . .
>
> Called from our brief devotions we went to meet the four postulants who had been waiting a week for us. They led us to a small room which good Farmer Thralls had given up to them; this, with a corn loft, serves our every purpose—dormitory, refectory, recre-

> ation room, lavatory, and infirmary. A shed outside is the kitchen. Think of ten of us trying to live a religious life in a single room and an attic! But we are happy, though located in the very heart of the forest far from any human habitation.

The Sisters of Providence had indeed arrived to found a mission in the forest, to open a convent which was yet to be built, and to teach school where apparently there were no pupils. Truly had the good priest at Mans foretold their portion; when bidding these missionaries farewell he said to Sister Theodore: "You will have to suffer much." But he also added, "With the Cross and in the Cross and through the Cross thou shalt conquer."

Sister Theodore on her side had even in anticipation embraced the trials of her new mission for the following passage may be found in a letter written before she left France:

> I long for the Cross that Jesus holds out to me. When I think of my future, the work for souls in the faraway and wild country, I wish to fly to it. But, ah! my miseries! Pray for me that my sins and deficiencies may not prove a hindrance to God's work. I kiss my crucifix and bathe it with tears, entreating Him Who for mankind was slain to water with His precious blood the soil of hearts which the Sisters of Providence must bring as conquests of His love.

Now that the crosses and painful privations of a pioneer mission were really hers, she accepted them with love and heroic generosity.

For over a month the sisters and postulants lived in the upper story of Mr. Thrall's house. Then the family moved elsewhere and left the community in possession of the entire dwelling. One may imagine the sufferings of the sisters in this odd convent. They slept in the garret, the roof of which was so poorly shingled that the wind and rain and snow made their dormitory bitter cold. "Sometimes,"

wrote one of the sisters, "when we awake we find a comfort of down on our beds." Their cooking was done in the outside shed and a meager fare it was.

> Some pork and salt beef constituted all our provisions; we were sometimes even in want of bread, etc. Never a complaint expressed in my presence, never a regret for what had been left; their patience and fervor were my greatest and sweetest consolations.

In these early days the sisters did most of the manual labor, gathering brush and rolling logs so as to clear the land and prepare it for plowing. They cut and carried wood, and gathered the harvest; and at all times the Superior did her share of whatever work claimed attention of the sisters. One of the sisters in her testimony during the diocesan process for the beatification of Mother Theodore gives a charming picture of the holy foundress in the midst of her sisters lightening their tasks by her presence and conversation.

> Our dear Mother shared our heavy manual labor when she was able. At such times she always turned our thoughts to the spiritual benefit the work suggested. When gathering in the corn and shocking it, attention was called to the full sheaves, the perfection of the ears of corn, showing a loving Providence thus so bountifully providing for our needs; the full ears, also, she said, denoted the perfection of our work when we utilized all the graces given us. The defective ears reminded us of our want of fidelity. In gathering the fruit the lesson was continued, turning attention to the sweetness and perfection of Him Who gave it, and to the fruit of our labors and virtues. In clearing the ground of rubbish and stumps, salutary lessons came with that work, about removing obstacles,

rooting out obnoxious things and clearing away our faults, thus preparing the soil of our hearts for the seeds of virtue we should plant there.

The beauties of nature were continual reminders to her of the beauty of God; it was a thought she loved to put frequently before our minds. The luxuriance of the foliage suggested the bounty and infinite power of the Creator. The beauty of winter in its snowy mantle, purity of soul and the splendor of that spotlessness. And all these things, she would exclaim, with the sweetest expression of loving admiration, were made for man's use and benefit; were made for *me*: then *"O mon Dieu, je vous aime de tout mon cœur!"* softly died away on her lips as she lapsed into silent communings with the God she so loved.

After a delay of over eight months the new building was finally ready for occupancy; and on July 4, 1841, the first pupil was registered for the academy. Mother Theodore records the event in her journal:

> July 4 which is a Saturday, our first boarder arrives whom we must keep although we are not yet ready. Her name is Mary L.—— Glory to Mary; glory to our Mother the ever blessed Virgin!

Soon other students were enrolled and although during the first year the number did not exceed twelve, the boarding school, at least, was a reality. Mother Theodore writes:

> We must make a beginning, and trust to Providence. If it is God's work it will not fail, for we shall leave it in the hands of our Blessed Mother.

After a Mass of the Holy Ghost the new work was at last begun. There was in the wilds of Indiana an American school for American girls with classes both in French and English. The latter were under one of the English-

speaking novices. Besides wonderful natural administrative and organizing ability Mother Theodore brought to this new undertaking the valuable experience of seventeen years of teaching in the schools of her order in France.

Mother Theodore was a woman of vision and progressive in her ideas of education. She consulted the most eminent educators and experienced ecclesiastics in America and visited schools already established in the East, before deciding the curriculum of the higher education of women at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods. She wished to be sure that the school conformed to the best and latest methods in use and would meet the needs of the young women of America.

From the very inception of the St. Mary's Institute, as it was then called, the object was to develop the ideal Christian woman, equipped in every way to lead a useful and happy life.

In 1846 Mother Theodore obtained from the Indiana Legislature the charter for the school, which gave to it all the rights and privileges of chartered institutions. The Sisters of Saint Mary-of-the-Woods were hereby empowered to confer academic honors on students who had completed the courses of instruction.

> Thus did this French religious sound the needs and respond to the spirit of her adopted country [wrote one of her spiritual daughters]. The grace accorded by God to many founders of religious orders of "building better than they knew" was given in generous measure to Mother Theodore. The wisdom of her plans and system of education is made more deeply manifest every day, and her foresight seems almost prophetic, so well did she prepare the foundations, not of an institution whose influence would be confined to her own lifetime, but for one that would develop and grow with the growth of the country as Saint Mary-of-the-Woods has actually done along the wise lines traced by its venerated foundress.

Mother Theodore gave much of her attention to the academy, supervising the courses, visiting the classes, and conducting the examinations. From the very beginning she had decided that the community should adopt the English language and she herself used it in all her instructions. It was only on rare occasions, when she had "something hard to say," that she permitted herself the luxury of speaking French.

The Feast of St. Gertrude, 1841, marked the arrival at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods of Sister St. Francis Xavier, Irma le Fer de la Motte, whom Mother Theodore had met at Soulaines previous to her departure for America. Mademoiselle le Fer had offered herself to Bishop de la Hailandière for the work of the Indiana mission, and it was he who had sent her to Soulaines to meet Mother Theodore. From the very first these two chosen souls had felt a strong attraction for each other, an attraction which was all the greater because of their common hopes and holy ambitions to go to America and there to win souls for the Kingdom of Heaven. It was a great consolation to the sorely tried foundress to welcome as colaborer this kindred soul in whom she could confide and on whose sympathetic coöperation she could rely implicitly. How she thanked God for this new mark of His sweet and tender Providence!

During the first years the school and even the community were frequently threatened with dissolution on account of the pressure of poverty, the many trials and privations, and above all because of the attitude that Bishop de la Hailandière assumed toward the sisters and their work. At times he was most kind and considerate, striving to do all that he could to assist them financially, and ever alert to secure desirable subjects for the community; again he was strangely dissatisfied with the results accomplished by the sisters whom he admitted were laboring under tremendous difficulties.

The growth of the community, although not rapid, was

steady. The clergy of the diocese of Vincennes were particularly interested in adding to its numbers, as they hoped to have sisters from Saint Mary-of-the-Woods who would take charge of their parish schools. Mother Theodore, with a wisdom and prudence which characterized her every action, deferred as long as possible the establishment of these mission schools, not that she shrank from the sacrifices and privations which she foresaw the sisters would have to endure, but she wished first of all to see them thoroughly formed to the religious life, and trained in their duties as teachers.

The first mission was opened at Jaspar, Indiana, March 19, 1842, with beautiful ceremony. The Blessed Sacrament was carried through the streets by the Bishop; the people followed, singing hymns. It was an unexpected consolation to Mother Theodore to find that the pastor had provided a comfortable dwelling for the sisters and that the school had been properly equipped as far as limited means would allow.

Her letter to Father Kundek, the pastor, gives us some idea of the sentiments with which she undertook the establishment of this first mission:

> I hope to see you soon to recommend to you in a particular way the dear daughters whom we confide to you. May they promote the glory of God and respond to your zeal in behalf of your flock; this is my most ardent wish, and for this end we spare nothing, since we give you our dear Sister St. Vincent Ferrer, who is our assistant, to form this establishment. The Sisters with her are also filled with piety and good will. All leads us to hope that God will bless these first-fruits, even on the day chosen for their installation, which, by a happy coincidence, is Saturday, the day consecrated to the special veneration of Mary, our good Mother, and also St. Joseph's feast.

. The poverty of the beginnings of these first missions was extreme. One of Mother Theodore's letters gives a description of St. Peter's, established in 1843:

> They occupy what was the original Mother House of the Brothers of St. Joseph (Holy Cross) in America. It is in the midst of the forest, a log house open to every breeze. The furniture consists of a table surrounded by old benches, two clothes-presses, two bedsteads equally fine, one chair made of the bark of trees and one of common wood. This is all, with a few kitchen utensils. Had I been there I should not have had the courage to allow them to pass the winter in such a house. I cannot conceive how the good Brothers could have lived there for a year. I think they must have left behind them their spirit of poverty, for when I proposed to the Sisters that they should quit their old shed and return to St. Mary's, these poor dear children pressed me so urgently and extolled so highly the happiness of their position and the good they could do and had already done, that I decided upon leaving them there until the retreat. Three of the principal personages of the borough came also as deputies from the Congregation, to entreat me not to take away the Sisters. However, if after the month of August they are not rich enough to repair the log hut, buy a lock for the door, and some bedding, I shall order their removal. Imagine how heartily we laughed in the evening when, before retiring to what we called our dormitory, we were obliged to place the furniture against the door, because it possessed neither catch nor lock.

At Evansville, established in 1853, the house was without furniture of any kind. The first night the sisters were obliged to spend with a charitable family. The next day Mother Theodore purchased from the community funds what furniture was absolutely necessary. Their school-

rooms were in the damp and gloomy basement of the church. At Cannelton the priest's house was given to the sisters, but without any furniture until the ladies of the town furnished it. At Connersville the mission was so poor that two trunks had to serve for a table, and the sisters slept on straw on the floor for the entire first year. Is it any wonder that the work of these first sisters should be blessed with remarkable success, accompanied as it was by such sacrifices, poverty, and spiritual privations?

Mother Theodore's letter to Bishop Bouvier reveals something of her own sufferings and anxiety in those days of poverty and trials, not least among which were real persecution from the non-Catholics of Terre Haute who refused the sisters credit, and even threatened to burn their convent and school.

> Here, my Lord, it is true we have much to suffer in our deep forest, surrounded by enemies and having no other support than God alone. I, in particular, have sufferings which are personal, were it only that of having charge, almost alone, of a congregation already numerous, to whom sometimes I have not bread to give. Often I know not where or how to procure necessaries for the morrow. Without counting the many contradictions that happen daily there is the fear of being burned down by our enemies. How often in beholding my dear Sisters leave the chapel after night prayers have I not said to myself: it is perhaps the last time we shall meet there together at the feet of Our Lord! How often this winter have I not started out of my sleep thinking that I heard the flames and saw their terrible light! I believe that our situation here is not well understood. Sometimes I have felt so oppressed that I have thought I should be glad to die; but immediately thinking of my companions, I have been ashamed of my cowardice and have asked God's pardon.

In 1843 the community having sustained a great loss by fire and being in actual want, it was decided that Mother Theodore and a companion would return to France to solicit financial aid, and to make some final arrangements as to the relations between Ruillé and Saint Mary-of-the-Woods.

With the written approval of Bishop de la Hailandière and having received his blessing, Mother Theodore and Sister Mary Cecilia left for France in April of 1843. After several weary months of comparatively unsuccessful alms gathering for her dear mission in Indiana, Mother Theodore was astounded to receive letters from Saint Mary-of-the-Woods stating that the bishop had conducted the annual retreat for the sisters, that he had admitted two novices to profession, and having deposed Mother Theodore from office had held an election of Superior General. This information was confirmed by a letter from the bishop himself dated August 23, 1843, in which he says:

> I preached the retreat to the Sisters; they were earnest and devout, and so far as my experience goes, that retreat has been useful. I received the vows of Sister Mary and Sister Agnes. Sister Mary Joseph was absent.
>
> Since your time as Superior of our infant house had expired, we had, on the feast-day of our blessed Mother, an election, the first which has taken place in the Community. You have been elected for three years, and until your return, which is expected toward the close of the year, I have myself appointed Sister Basilide to replace you.

This letter of Bishop de la Hailandière manifested to the superiors at Ruillé and the Bishop of Mans, better than any previous accounts received from Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, the painful and precarious conditions under which Mother Theodore was laboring to establish her

little community and to carry on her work of Catholic education.

From the beginning, Bishop de la Hailandière had expressly stated that he had no intention of founding a religious community, that he wished the rule followed at Ruillé to be observed at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods and he had repeatedly refused to consider Mother Theodore's resignation which she had several times proffered, when she saw that her administration did not in all things meet with the Bishop's approval.

In Mother Mary's letter of appointment she had named Sister Theodore as "Superior of the Mother House" in Indiana, and "The Superior General of all the other houses which shall there be established later on, until the two prelates of Mans and Vincennes shall otherwise ordain." By special dispensation the Bishop of Mans had appointed Mother Theodore, "Foundress and *Superior General for life*, or as long as the interests of the new community require." Bishop de la Hailandière himself had requested the sisters to give her the title of Mother. In the light of all these facts the proceedings of Bishop de la Hailandière at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods during Mother Theodore's absence seem inexplainable.

Following the advice of the Bishop of Mans and her superiors at Ruillé, Mother Theodore hastened back to her little community at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods. Her voyage was made memorable by the terrible storm at sea, the story of which is still told to visitors when they are taken to see the small, shell-lined chapel of St. Ann. This little shrine was erected in fulfillment of the vow made by Mother Theodore to thus honor her patron saint if she would save the voyagers from the perils of the sea.

They landed at New Orleans, and the next day Mother Theodore fell ill of a fever which detained her another nine weeks from home and the anxious hearts that were longing

to welcome her. Sister Mary Cecilia and the two postulants who had accompanied Mother Theodore from France proceeded directly to Saint Mary-of-the-Woods.

It was not until April, 1844, that Mother Theodore found herself again in the midst of her little community in Indiana. She came back to them with added burdens of responsibility, for during her stay in France it had been decided by the superiors at Ruillé and the Bishop of Mans that in compliance with the wishes of the Bishop of Vincennes, Saint Mary-of-the-Woods would be entirely independent of the community at Ruillé. In the "Positions and Articles Proposed for the Beatification and Canonization of the Servant of God, Mother Theodore Guérin" it is stated that "though Mother Theodore suffered unspeakable anguish, she submitted humbly and courageously, bearing her cross for love of our Lord for Whose sake she had given herself to Indiana."

The letter of Mother Mary to Sister Basilide at this time explains clearly and to the point the conditions upon which the foundation at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods was made:

> Sister Theodore being at Paris, I believe I ought to write to you for the peace of your soul. It appears that you have not quite understood the end of your mission in America, and the conditions under which you have been given your venerable prelate. . . .
>
> Six Sisters of Ruillé were given to the Bishop of Vincennes to form a Congregation of teaching Sisters in his diocese upon the model of the Community at Ruillé. The six Sisters given by Ruillé belong, and will always belong, to Ruillé, the parent Congregation. They remain free to return to it, with the consent, however, of the Bishop of Vincennes; but the Superiors of the Congregation of Ruillé cannot recall them, and this is based on the principle that what has been given

cannot be taken back without committing an act offensive in itself and in its results. The subjects who join the Sisters at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods will be immediately subject to the Bishop of Vincennes, not to the Superiors of Ruillé. They do not pretend to exercise or retain any right over the new Congregation; so that, my dear daughter, in explaining well the authority of Monseigneur the Bishop of Mans over our Congregation, you will find the measure of the authority of Monseigneur the Bishop of Vincennes. Endeavor to conform yourself to it.

You will, perhaps, feel sorry that the Congregation of Ruillé is now entirely separated from that of Vincennes; but, my dear daughter, how could you expect the Superiors of the Congregation at Ruillé to retain the responsibility of a numerous Community established at more than two thousand leagues from their place of residence? A General Superior must cooperate in all that is of importance in the Congregation of which she has charge; now how could she visit the establishments, take part in acceptance or refusal of new houses or subjects; how watch over the temporal or spiritual welfare of her Sisters settled in America? So, for all these reasons, you stand in greater need of the authority of your Bishop and of his kind charity. Without it you would not do the good you are called to do.

I hope that notwithstanding the estrangement your good Bishop shows for Ruillé, which wishes him so well, and which has proved it and will prove it again, that he will not find reason to complain of the advice we have given you. . . .

Your Congregation is called upon to do a great deal of good in that country, and you will have the glory and the merit of having contributed to it.

Tell Sister St. Francis that I love her in America as I did in France. Communicate my letter to her and

Sister St. Vincent; also to your almoner if you judge it expedient.

All our Sisters love you, but no one is more attached to you than

Your friend,
Sister Mary, Superior General.

In the *Notice Historique* of the Sisters of Providence of Ruillé-sur-Loir, is found the following paragraph:

> Mother Theodore and her Sisters would have wished to remain always under the same obedience as the Sisters of Ruillé. But the Reverend Mother Mary judged wisely that the presence of a Superior General was required at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods; she saw that the Superior at Ruillé could not assume the responsibility of houses and of subjects two thousand leagues distant. The determination (to separate St. Mary's from Ruillé) saddened all hearts but did not break the bonds that united them, and which still remain the same. The two families make but one by their sentiments of the most religious and cordial charity. Before dying Mother Theodore said to her Sisters: "Write to our Mothers that I love them always and that I die in communion of spirit and heart with our dear congregation of Ruillé."

In confirmation of the above assertion it is interesting to note some of the passages in the letter of Mother Marie Julie, Superior General at Ruillé, to the Superior General of Saint Mary-of-the-Woods on the occasion of the celebration of the golden jubilee of the latter community:

> The blessed day of the 22d of October, 1890, the fiftieth anniversary of your arrival in Indiana, you passed in the quiet enjoyment of recollection and prayer. . . . How sweet and very consoling it must have been to you to dwell in memory, on the many and delicate attentions which divine Providence has

vouchsafed to bestow upon your cherished cradle at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods. . . .

And now, my dear Mother, learning that the pupils of your Academy are preparing to celebrate the joyous event of its Golden Jubilee on the 24th of June, we extend to them our hearty congratulations. . . . In spirit and in heart we shall be with you. Ruillé shall be all in festivity and rejoicing on the 24th of June. The holy sacrifice of the mass shall be offered, my dear Mother, for you, and for all your daughters, Sisters and novices, and for your dear pupils of the Academy. Neither shall your beloved departed be forgotten during that holy hour.

It would give us great pleasure to receive the account of your Jubilee celebration, for your joys are ours, you know it, my good Mother, as your trials are our trials. May this confraternity of our hearts and of our souls be always for you, and for us, a consolation, a strength in our labors here below, as they shall be our joy in heaven, where we shall be forever united in the bosom of God.

The years from 1844 to 1847 were full of anguish and anxiety for Mother Theodore, though she had learned the lesson of suffering so perfectly that even her sisters did not suspect the affliction of her heart. The growth of the community, the foundation of new missions, the visitation of these establishments, the supervision of the temporal and spiritual affairs of the community were a heavy burden; and added to these were Mother Theodore's continual frail health and frequent prostrating illnesses. Indeed her existence amidst the privations and hardships of these early days was almost miraculous. She bore her sufferings, however, with invariable patience and sweetness. As soon as she recovered sufficient strength she would set out again on her journeys, though the roads were at times almost impassable and the difficult modes of travel a veritable martyr-

dom. She was deterred by no thought of self, if only her presence were needed or good could be done.

The most crushing sorrows of Mother Theodore's life were undoubtedly those she had to endure in her efforts for the preservation of the rule and the very existence of the community. Though she had repeatedly asked the favor, she was never able to secure from the Bishop of Vincennes his written approval of the rules of the community for his diocese, and in consequence she was never assured of the permanency of the sisterhoods established in Indiana. A paragraph from the "Positions and Articles" proposed for the beatification of Mother Theodore sums up in masterly terms the profound humiliations she had to endure through no personal fault, save her fidelity to the rules of the Sisters of Providence to which she and her sisters had vowed obedience.

> Trials of a most painful and unexpected nature were encountered by the servants of God in the attitude of the Bishop of the Diocese. During seven years she struggled for the Community's existence and the preservation of the Rule, harassed continually, opposed, reprimanded, falsely accused, contemned, deposed from her office, threatened with excommunication, denounced to other Bishops at the Council of Baltimore, declared rebellious, she was finally expelled from the Community.

In May, 1847, she was excommunicated, and forbidden to return to Saint Mary-of-the-Woods. Upon the expulsion of the mother foundress, the sisters unanimously resolved to follow their beloved superior into exile, and hasty preparations were made to remove to another diocese where the community would at least be permitted to retain and observe their rule. The dioceses of New York, New Orleans, and Detroit were open to them. Circumstances had pointed to this climax and Mother Theodore, having previously ob-

tained the permission of her Superiors at Ruillé and of the Bishop of Mans for their removal from Indiana, had written Bishop Lefèvre of Detroit. This prelate had assured Mother Theodore the hospitality of his diocese and of his episcopal protection should the community decide to locate there.

Just at the critical time, Bishop de la Hailandière announced to the sisters of Vincennes that the diocese would soon have a new bishop, his resignation having been accepted at Rome. He stated also that he would leave the Sisters of Providence entirely to the direction of Father Corbe, their chaplain and ecclesiastical superior until the arrival of the new bishop.

Mother Theodore was immediately recalled to Saint Mary-of-the-Woods by Father Corbe, and the sisters decided to await the coming of the new Bishop of Vincennes, the Right Reverend John Bazin. It is worthy of remark that Mother Theodore was never heard to complain of her anxieties and trials. Her councilors were the only ones who knew of the serious troubles of the community and she enjoined the strictest secrecy upon them. The sisters who knew Mother Theodore were unanimous in their testimony that she was "always the same," always serene and calm, full of dignity and sweetness, and with a manner which never failed to win confidence. Her sentiments during these years of suffering are admirably summed up in a brief passage of a letter written to Bishop Bouvier: "I consider it the greatest privilege of my life that I have been permitted to suffer something for my God."

The consecration of Bishop Bazin took place at Vincennes, October 24, 1847. Mother Theodore was unable to attend the ceremony on account of a severe illness, but she later received a letter from the bishop which gave her much consolation and hope.

I was moved even to tears in reading your good letter. Bury the past in oblivion, or think of it only to bless the providence of God who sent you crosses because He loved you. God never fails to test His true children.

Rev. M. Corbe and your *mechante* Sister St. Francis Xavier have informed me of your difficulties. The future is yours. I shall judge you only by it and by your Constitutions. Please tell your daughters of the Woods also, that I shall be a father to you, and, like you, I entertain the same sweet hope that the enemy of all good will never succeed in disturbing the happy harmony that should exist between religious communities and the shepherd of the flock. It seems to me that if we both seek the greater glory of God, we must necessarily agree.

As soon as I can get off for a day I shall go to see you, which I hope will be soon. While awaiting this pleasure, I beg you to present to your Community my sentiments of devotedness and attachment; for yourself in particular accept the expression of my most profound respect and consideration.

Bishop Bazin had occupied the See of Vincennes for only six months when he was suddenly taken down with an attack of pneumonia and died after a week's illness. His unexpected departure to another life was a great affliction to the whole diocese, and an overwhelming grief to the Sisters of Providence, toward whom he had shown the greatest devotedness. One may imagine the anxiety with which the community awaited the appointment of the successor of Bishop Bazin. But great was their joy when they learned that their new Bishop was to be no other than their devoted friend, the Right Reverend Maurice de St. Palais, of whom Mother Theodore wrote, "God has given us the one the whole diocese earnestly asked for since the death of Bishop Bazin."

It was Bishop de St. Palais who graciously acceded to the request of the sisters that Mother Theodore be retained in the office of Superior General for life. During his administration he maintained the policy of Bishop Bazin toward the community, for the sisters ever found him "a father and a friend in Jesus Christ." His most earnest desire was to see these devoted religious observing their rule in all its perfection that they might become fit instruments to accomplish God's will in the great work of Catholic education.

Brighter and more prosperous days were now in store for Saint Mary-of-the-Woods. The school had attained an enviable reputation, and the number of pupils was constantly on the increase. The work of the sisters in the mission schools was also deeply appreciated by the clergy and the people, and establishments were called for in almost every parish of the diocese. This esteem and encouragement was a great consolation to Mother Theodore, although her humility made her disclaim any part in the success of the work of the community, which she repeatedly stated was due, after God's blessing, to the self-sacrificing spirit of the sisters, whose devotedness and piety were her greatest comfort and edification.

In order to accommodate the number of students the academy building had been enlarged and improved, but it was not until 1850 that Mother Theodore decided to replace the old farmhouse which, with the addition of two wings, had served as the convent during this first decade of the community's existence. In those days the building of a brick house at a distance from the city was not a small undertaking. The corner stone of the new convent was laid on the Feast of Corpus Christi, 1852, and on the sixth of August, 1853, the sisters moved into their new home. Mother Theodore's journal contains the following notations:

June 13, 1852—The corner stone of our Mother House was solemnly blessed by Father Corbe. . . . My God, grant that all those who shall live and die within these sacred walls may be good religious—Saints. Today we solemnize the Feast of Corpus Christi; yesterday, Saturday, the first joists were placed. Mary!

July 20, 1853—The Cross is placed on the house, it is gilded as is also the globe beneath it. The world was saved by the Cross; glory, honor to the Cross! How consoling to see it raised up in the new world! My God, grant that it may triumph!

August 6, 1853—On the Transfiguration we moved into our new house, My God, grant that we may be new creatures in Thy new dwelling which Thou vouchsafe to share with us. What love, my God, what love!

April, 1854—They have finished painting our house. The woodwork of the parlor and large corridors, the stair balustrade are of walnut varnished. My God, grant that all who shall dwell in this house may love Thee much—love one another and never forget why they came here. Grant that we may all be reunited in Heaven!

If one should search through all the correspondence and instructions of Mother Guérin, it would be difficult to choose more pertinent and luminous far-reaching influence of her little community than these brief jottings from her diary.

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was the fountainhead, one might say, of the spiritual life of Mother Theodore. Her one request when the foundation in Indiana was first proposed was that the sisters would have the privilege of daily Mass, for as she said, "When we have our good God with us we are strong." It was her delight to spend as much time as possible in adoration before the Blessed Sac-

rament and her reverence and recollection in prayer were remarkable.

Mother Guérin's heart was overwhelmed with sorrow to see the poverty and destitution of the mission churches in Indiana, and through the generosity of friends she tried wherever it was possible to supply suitable altar linens and vestments. At Saint Mary-of-the-Woods her first care on securing a house for the community was to prepare the best room for a chapel, that the King of kings might have a more suitable dwelling than the miserable log hut they called the church. Under date of November 29, 1840, she writes:

> Today we have had the happiness of having Mass celebrated in our best room where the Blessed Sacrament has been reserved upon a poor altar, it is true, but more becoming than the one we found on our arrival.

Days of Communion were days of great joy to Mother Theodore. Her instructions for the Feast of Corpus Christi are full of the wonder and the happiness of having Jesus Christ, the Emmanuel, ever present in the mystery of the Holy Eucharist. "If we truly knew how to appreciate it," she said, "it alone would suffice to fortify and sustain us."

In 1843 the Devotion of the Forty Hours was held for the first time at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, and a comparison of dates shows that this occasion marked the inception of the devotion in the United States. Each year, generally during the three days preceding Lent, this beautiful devotion in honor of the Eucharistic King is carried out with full solemnity. What joy must inundate the heart of this holy foundress in her heavenly home when she beholds the still greater marvel of love bestowed upon her community, in the Perpetual Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament now maintained at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods!

Mother Theodore notes also that the first joists of the new convent were laid on Saturday. In an earlier passage we read:

> Thanks to Mary! They are beginning to make our brick in the month of Mary. My good Mother, it is to you we owe all our prosperity, spiritual and temporal! Everything that has happened both pleasing and fortunate has come to us on a day consecrated to Mary!

Devotion to the Mother of God was characteristic of Mother Theodore from her very infancy. By her parents, she was consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, and among her earliest recollections was that of being called the Blessed Virgin's *petite fille.* No persuasion or punishment was so effective in correcting her childish faults as the suggestion that by them she would displease God's Holy Mother. Early in her religious life she made a vow to propagate devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and her instructions, her zeal in celebrating the feasts of Mary, the many pious practices adopted by the community all testify to her tender love and devotedness, her unbounded confidence in the Queen of Heaven. To Mary, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, she consecrated Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, its convent, school, and church. It was due to Mother Theodore's zeal also that the first Sodality of the Children of Mary in Indiana was formally established at the mother house.

"Glory, honor to the Cross! How consoling to see it raised up in the New World!" Ardent love of the cross, a deep appreciation of sufferings, trials, and humiliations borne in union with her crucified Spouse, are written across every page of the life of Mother Theodore. For her the cross brought with it that infusion of heavenly sweetness, joy of spirit, and perfection of sanctity so beautifully pointed out in the *Imitation of Christ.*

In the above passage, however, it is rather as a symbol

of faith that Mother Theodore speaks of the cross. Truly that faith through the labor and self-sacrifice of missionary priests and sisters was beginning to renew the face of the earth in Indiana, to bring in triumph to the feet of the Crucified many souls that had been groping in ignorance and sin. This conquest of souls through the work of Catholic education was the object of Mother Theodore's most earnest labors and prayers.

> In season and out of season, as the Apostle of the Gentiles tells us, we must work for the interests of our Spouse Jesus. Piety is only another name for devotion; and what is devotion but zeal? Try to inspire tender sentiments for our dearest Lord and His blessed Mother; for the angels whose ministry we share; for the saints whose bright example is our encouragement. Show them (the pupils) how sweetly tender is the Providence of God, that from their souls may go forth a touching homage of confidence and love; yet do not fail to set before them also the sterner truths; before we can expect to have much love we must lay the good foundation of holy fear, and this not simply fear of the justice of God in the punishment of sin, but of the least imperfection whereby we render ourselves displeasing to the Heart of our divine Saviour.

From the testimony presented during the Diocesan Process for the Beatification of Mother Theodore may be gathered the following fragments:

> Her charity embraced all classes, but her deepest affections seemed to be lavished on the ignorant, for whose instructions in the truths of religion she was most eager. Her soul was all aglow when she spoke of the beauties of our holy Faith, and the zeal which should animate us as religious teachers.
>
> Mother was unfailing in her devotedness to the cause of education, and whenever time permitted she

attended the monthly examinations of the pupils at the Academy.

Had it not been for her pious efforts there never would have been a St. Mary's! She would visit the poor, the sick, the reckless, and advise and console and help them for their good. When unable to go personally, she would send some of the Sisters. It mattered not what the religion of the sick and needy; all were cared for alike by Mother Theodore!

As a pupil—protestant—at St. Mary's from 1849-1852, I saw her frequently when she visited the school. There was something so pleasing in her countenance that we hailed her coming with joy. Her words to us were so full of unction that I was drawn to her and felt how good to be here.

"My God, grant that all those who shall live and die within these sacred walls may be good religious—Saints."

That the sisters who were to form the foundation stones and supporting pillars of the community should be saints was the most ardent desire of Mother Theodore. With unfailing zeal and energy, she labored at her own perfection and used every means to urge her spiritual daughters to sanctify themselves. Throughout her letters, her instructions, her personal admonitions, may be found the same exhortation, "We must be saints, for this is the Will of God: your sanctification."

What have we to do to become saints? Nothing extraordinary, nothing more than we do every day; only to do it all purely for His love, uniting our actions, however insignificant they may be, to those of our Divine Lord, our prayers to His prayers, our work to His work, our repasts and repose to His refreshment and rest.

In the Diocesan Process is the following testimony:

> Where Mother Theodore showed her heart's best devotedness to her little Community was in her religious instructions. These were not confined to the virtues of the religious life, but very often took the form of catechetical teachings in Christian Doctrine, on the Ten Commandments, the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Sacraments, Beatitudes, etc.

Another sister testifies:

> The sweetness and patience of our dear Mother opened all hearts to her, and once in possession of a heart, she could lead the will to the most heroic acts of virtue.

"My God, grant that all who shall dwell in this house may love Thee much—love one another, and never forget why they came here."

Mother Theodore's deep faith and ardent love of God were distinguishing characteristics of her life. It was her ambition to spend and to be spent that souls might be saved and drawn nearer to her Divine Spouse. Her constant union with God by prayer, her instructions, her work undertaken for love of God, her sufferings and trials borne in union with Him, her holy death all gave evidence that her heart was burning with an ardent love of the Master.

From the "Positions and Articles" proposed for the beatification and canonization of Mother Theodore, a few passages show her love of her neighbor.

> Out of her intense love of God grew an unbounded charity for her neighbor. Charity was in truth the leading virtue of the servant of God. It embraced all and everyone without distinction of condition, creed, or place. A wide sphere was given her both in the Old and the New World, and her life abounded in works of zeal and energy. . . . The poor, the afflicted, even Protestants sought her prayers. She was always ready

to listen to them, received them most graciously—she spared herself no fatigue or trouble; went in all kinds of weather to visit the sick, scattered throughout the neighboring country, and took them remedies and provisions from her scanty store.

She also undertook the care of the orphans of the diocese in two institutions, giving the services of the Sisters gratis. . . . She required that poor children be admitted into all the Schools without distinction; there was no house without its charity pupils. . . .

For all of her Sisters she had a heart of tenderest of mothers. . . . Her words were always charitable, her judgments kind, her manner and tone of voice full of that gentleness and sweetness that come from a heart entirely unselfish and overflowing with benevolence. All her actions, all her designs, bore the impress of love of God and of the neighbor for God's sake.

"Grant that we may all be reunited in Heaven."

The thought of heaven, of eternity was ever present to Mother Theodore. Even as a child she found delight in sitting near the seashore and meditating upon that limitless eternity of which the vast expanse of water was a symbol. Her frail health and many serious illnesses kept the thought of death ever before her. Far from making her melancholy, these reminders gave her courage and joy and she held herself ever in readiness to answer the Master's call. The death of her dearly loved friend and colaborer, Sister St. Francis Xavier, was the last great sacrifice of Mother Theodore's life. From a letter to one of the sisters on this occasion one may see how keenly she felt the loss of her whom she loved as the most perfect friend and religious she had ever known:

I loved her dearly, you know that, but when I saw that our Lord wanted to take her, I consented to that sacrifice and for me it was a great one. . . . What a

friend! We do not lose twice in life such a one as she was.

Several days before her death, Sister St. Francis saw in vision the beautiful Spouse of her soul who told her that in a day or two she would be with Him forever, and she added that Mother Theodore would follow soon.

On March 17, 1856, Mother Theodore was afflicted with another serious illness, from which she never recovered. She grew weaker day by day and finally on May 11 the last Sacraments were administered. With the dawning of the day on May 14 her soul took its flight heavenward, there to be forever with Him whom she had served so faithfully and well in the wilds of Indiana.

Beautiful letters of condolence and tributes to the saintly character of Mother Theodore came to the sisters from ecclesiastics, friends, and pupils in both France and America. Her reputation for sanctity and learning was widespread.

Abbé Sebaux, later Bishop of Angoulême, in a letter to Sister Mary Joseph, writes:

> This worthy Mother has fulfilled in America a very difficult mission. . . . She has had the consolation of seeing her work admirably consolidated and developed with full prospects for the future of religion. And if Divine Providence now breaks the instrument—too soon, alas! our hearts repeat—it is because the career of this worthy and excellent Mother has been long enough, rich enough in merits, the reward of which is heaven.

Another friend writes:

> Mother Theodore was an apostolic, a valiant woman like St. Teresa; no undertaking was too great for her when the honor and glory of God were promoted by it.

And from one who had known her through many business transactions:

> My recollection of Mother Theodore is that she was a remarkable woman, a model religious, guided by the spirit of God in all her undertakings.

In many of the letters of ecclesiastics who knew her or who later read her life, in the testimony of her sisters, of friends, and of pupils may be found repeatedly the statement that Mother Theodore was considered a saint. Cardinal Gibbons in his introduction to the *Life of Mother Theodore Guérin* calls her "one of those religious athletes whose life and teachings effect a spiritual fecundity and secure vast conquests to Christ and His Holy Church. . . . She was distinctively a diplomat in religious organization and eminently a teacher."

Father Coppens, S.J., styles her "a very superior woman both in natural gifts and in supernatural virtue. She lived a life of extraordinary union with God and conformity to His holy Will, and she practiced these virtues under the most difficult circumstances where they required heroic faith, hope, and charity."

"She foretold to me," writes another, "that I should live to see this place a city, inhabited by saints and angels, while she herself would not live long enough to see it."

Mother Theodore was buried near St. Ann's Chapel, but later her remains were transferred to the present Community Cemetery where they rested until December, 1907, when they were disinterred and placed in the crypt of the Conventual Church immediately under the main altar. On this occasion Mother Theodore's brain was found to be in a state of perfect preservation, and this more than fifty years after her death. Several physicians and specialists having examined the brain declared that its condition could not be explained by any natural process. The Right Reverend Bishop Chatard, who was present on the occasion, immediately took steps to organize the Diocesan Process

for the Beatification of Mother Theodore. Many favors have been received through her intercession and the cause of the holy foundress is now pending in Rome.

Marvelous developments have taken place at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods since the time of Mother Theodore. The six pioneer religious are represented by a community of over twelve hundred. Besides the college at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, the sisters have charge of over eighty elementary schools and academies, in the archdioceses of Baltimore, Boston, and Chicago, and in the dioceses of Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, Peoria, and Rockford, with an enrollment of more than thirty thousand pupils. In 1920 another favored six sisters of Providence, this time from Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, left their beloved convent home for China to establish there a school for the higher education of Chinese women.

The "city" visioned by Mother Theodore has indeed been realized at the mother house. Over a campus of eleven hundred acres are scattered a group of buildings that for classic beauty of architecture are unrivaled in the country. The white stone church lifting high its graceful tower is symbolic of the noble ideals and sacred traditions of the holy foundress that are still embodied in the education offered by her daughters. Truly, though Mother Theodore sleeps, her spirit lives on in the hearts and in the work of the thousand more Sisters of Providence from the Mother House of St. Mary-of-the-Woods in Indiana.

MOTHER GAMELIN

OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF PROVIDENCE

On the western slope of Mount Royal, which stands like a guardian above the historic city consecrated to Mary, Queen and Virgin, little Emily Eugenia Tavernier saw the light of day on February 19, in the century year eighteen hundred. In her small person were united two names whose meaning became strikingly apparent as her life continued and in the work that became so great a part of it. The first was "Emily," which had been conferred upon her in baptism, and the second, "Providence," the title of the seignorial fief belonging to her father, and which was the happy home of her infancy. Like her patroness, St. Emily, she was destined to know the joys and sorrows of married life before she could arrive at the haven of religious perfection: while the name of Providence, in the decree of Heaven, was preordained to become that of the future community of which she was to be the foundress.

A marked trait in the child's early years shows how strongly inclined her heart was to deeds of kindness. Charged with the pleasing duty of distributing the alms of the family to the poor, she burst into tears one day, because the bag that hung from the beggar's shoulder was so large and her gift so small that the latter seemed lost in the depth of his wallet. Nor would she be comforted this time until she had gained permission to give to him whatever dainties she could call her own.

The long series of trials, destined to bring about her absolute detachment, began at the early age of six years when she was bereft of both her parents by death. But

God provided a second mother for the little orphan in the person of an aunt, Madame Perreault, who brought the child to her own home and treated her as one of the family.

After an elementary course of studies at the Residential School conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, Emily returned to live with her aunt. No pains were spared to initiate her in all the mysteries of household arts and sciences so necessary for the perfect formation of an accomplished young woman. Very soon she excelled in these duties to such a degree that, at the age of eighteen, she was prepared to take full charge of her widowed brother's home and family. The new lady of the house made use of her title and her liberty in favor of her chosen friends, the poor. Her brother's dwelling soon became a hospitable refuge where they were always certain of finding, in addition to a hearty welcome, a warm shelter and food prepared and served by the young girl in person. From this period may be traced the beginning of a life to be wholly devoted, in the not very distant future, to the works of charity. She set aside a room close to the kitchen, which she termed her private office. Here she received the poor, waited upon them, and fed them at a large table which she called "the table of the King."

But soon she was relieved of her duties in her brother's household by his second marriage, and then she returned to her aunt; shortly afterward she made her entrance into society. Here she found life very pleasant in the charmed circle where Madame Perreault was well and favorably known. Owing to her own amiable disposition she soon became a social favorite in a world she began to love exceedingly and whose pleasures attracted her so strongly. But under the wise direction of her relative, Emily never deviated from the straight path of duty. All her actions were governed by the quiet modesty and reserve which so enhances the loveliness of a young girl. To her precious

gifts of soul and intellect, were joined a natural dignity that impressed itself upon her every word and deed, and added such charm and graciousness to her manners as to compel the respect and admiration of all who knew her. From her letters of this period one may perceive the candor and simplicity of her soul. From them one may perceive that although she joined whole-heartedly in the pleasures of her time, yet never did she curtail the sacrifices which, unknown to her companions, she imposed upon herself.

On the fourth of June, 1823, Emily Tavernier became the bride of Jean Baptiste Gamelin, a well-to-do citizen of Montreal, at a nuptial mass in the parish church of Notre Dame. She had dutifully prepared herself for this step by reflection and prayer. The autumn preceding her marriage, vague desires for religious life had manifested themselves in her soul. But God, who had other designs, did not permit them to develop to such a degree as to render a higher vocation positive, and, hence she accepted without question her call to a life outside the cloister.

> But [as one of her sisters writes in her biography] the Autumn of 1822 was not the time fixed for her entrance into the Promised Land, of whose pure and holy joys she had been vouchsafed a glimpse. It was God's will to lead her by a much longer and more devious path to the work for which she was destined. A more complete and more varied experience of life, with trials more numerous and more painful, were to serve as the remote, but more perfect, preparation for the foundation of her Community. After the example of other holy Foundresses she had previously known the joys, the sorrows, and the duties of conjugal life. In the married state, as during her widowhood and in the religious life, she never ceased to give an example of the purest virtues. From her personal trials, she learned the secret of a deeper compassion for suffer-

ings which she had herself experienced, and was enabled to console them more tenderly and effectually." [1]

In addition to a respectable fortune, the husband of her choice possessed great virtue. Of a generous and compassionate nature, he was well worthy in every way to further the charitable inclinations of his young wife. And she in turn reveled in the happiness of looking forward without the least apprehension to a future opening out before her, rich with smiling promise. But the rare happiness that seemed installed forever beside that favored hearthside was doomed to take wings before the dark cloud of sorrow that was hovering near and which was soon to burst into a fierce storm of human agony. Deprived of her children, one by one, a few months after their birth, Madame Gamelin soon saw her domestic felicity completely shattered by the death of her devoted husband four years after her marriage. God had willed to destroy in one fell stroke the peaceful existence she had thought hers in such security as a devoted wife and affectionate mother. This was but the beginning of her ordeal of trial! But the ruin of her happiness as wife and mother opened up in Madame Gamelin's soul the floodgates of more tender pity and greater compassion for the poor and unfortunate. It was the real beginning of a sublime vocation to be spent entirely for the sake of those whom the world has forgotten.

Bereft of every human comfort, Madame Gamelin instinctively turned to God, seeking in prayer and the Sacraments the strength her soul so sadly needed in its hour of bitter trial. Too profoundly Christian to enwrap herself in dark and useless melancholy, she strove to find in redoubled care and kindness toward her suffering fellow creatures, a soothing balm for a wounded heart, a pleasing occupation for her leisure moments, a safeguard for her

[1] *Life of Mother Gamelin,* Montreal, 1912, p. 17 *et seq.*

liberty, and an increased fortitude for her afflicted soul.

In dying, her husband had left everything to his wife. In that generous bequest, he had included a singular gift. Years before he had assumed charge of a mental defective, who had become the object of the greatest care and devotion. Now that death was approaching, her husband asked Madame Gamelin henceforth to take care of the poor unfortunate "in memory of me and of my love." Madame Gamelin promised. She willingly accepted a legacy so strange as a precious token from heaven, and lavished every care and attention upon the forlorn, stricken creature, who from that moment became the corner stone of the edifice she was destined to raise for the honor of religion.

Bidding a last farewell to her present home on St. Anthony Street, after disposing of the major portion of her property, Madame Gamelin went to reside with her cousin, Madame Nowlan, and began her regular visit to the poor and the sick. In the wretched hovels of the poor outcasts of society, she discovered to what a pitiable state the helpless and aged poor were reduced. Her compassionate heart was touched at the sight of such abject misery, and she speedily determined to find some means of relief. She appealed to the Reverend Father Fay, parish priest of Notre Dame, for guidance and assistance; and he immediately placed at her disposal for charitable purposes the basement floor of a small schoolhouse situated at the corner of St. Lawrence and St. Catherine streets.

On March 4, 1828, the *Asile*—for such it had already become—opened its doors to admit a poor old woman, one hundred and two years of age, amply qualified by her long span of life for admission to a refuge especially destined for the aged; many others soon followed. By exception, a widow with her two children were also received to assist with the housework. In that modest shelter the happy

refugees daily found clean beds, wholesome food, a fire in winter, and at all times the proper treatment required by their infirmities. It proved to be, however, a little center where the querulousness and whims incidental to old age, individual needs and lack of good breeding, raised many a storm which naught but the restraining influence of the Foundress Mother could calm. Realizing the necessity of residing near her protégées, Madame Gamelin rented two adjoining houses on St. Philip Street suitable for her purpose. In one of these she domiciled her old people, and reserved the other for her own dwelling. In this manner she was able to preside at their prayers, attend to their spiritual readings, and keep them all contented under her personal supervision.

But at what a cost in self-renunciation, painful struggles, and overwhelming anxieties was all this accomplished! Covet sneers, open criticisms, and harsh censures were heaped upon the modest enterprise; but like mists before the morning sunlight, they melted away before the perseverance and ultimate success of the charitable Madame Gamelin. Encouraged, moreover, by the saintly Bishop Bourget of Montreal, his clergy, and many eminent laymen, she could afford to brave the scorn and contempt of ignoble minds. But outward opposition, at best, was not her principal torment. She had, besides, to combat the suggestions of the evil one who in her care, too, became the wily adversary of the great good she was accomplishing. Had she not presumed too much upon her own strength in a work whose future was so uncertain? Was it not tempting God to incur additional expense for the support of so precarious an undertaking, when already she had to fare forth each morning to market for the daily wants of her poor with an all but empty purse? In answer to these disquieting thoughts, Divine Providence often came to her assistance in a wholly unforeseen, if not miraculous, manner. The valiant, noble-hearted woman

determined, therefore, to continue her work of love and self-forgetfulness which already had been so visibly blessed by God.

Relying confidently for help from Heaven, Madame Gamelin considered enlarging her house at the moment when her meager resources were barely sufficient to meet the daily expense. She prayed and had her old women pray that the price for a new and better location might be forthcoming. Practical in this, as in all things else, she did not hesitate to address her request, likewise, to a generous citizen of Montreal, Mr. Oliver Berthelet, distinguished chiefly as God's provider for the indigent poor and sick of every station. Thanks to his liberality, Madame Gamelin and her little company of aged invalids were placed, on May 3, 1836, in possession of a piece of property on St. Catherine Street, opposite the site of the present-day Providence *Asile*. This location, known in the Community Annals as the "Yellow House" on account of its color, became from this date the cradle of the Institute.

The new refuge, standing almost within the shadow of the episcopal palace, soon took on more active life and energy under the watchful eye of the bishop and his devoted clergy. The work grew apace and became impregnated with a forceful character of stability and regularity. In order to increase her revenue, Madame Gamelin had her protégées do different kinds of work according to their strength and ability. She then invited her friends to visit the Home; they came gladly and never left without bestowing alms for the benefit of her wards. The priests of the Seminary of St. Sulpice also came to her assistance, and from these various sources, she was enabled, though at the cost of many hardships, to meet her increasing expenses.

Madame Gamelin, nevertheless, did not confine her charities within the narrow limits of her small refuge. She continued her visits to the poor in their homes, and no matter

how great the misery she discovered in her rounds, she always managed to find means for its relief. The cholera epidemic which ravaged Montreal in 1832, offered a vast field for her untiring devotedness. The political uprising in 1837 permitted her fellow citizens to admire anew her universal kindness and charity. On account of the esteem and confidence she enjoyed, Madame Gamelin obtained, without the least difficulty, authorization to visit the prisoners. Daily might she be seen crossing the threshold of the gloomy prison in those troubled times, carrying to the unfortunate victims incarcerated there, in addition to material comforts, loving messages from their anxious families, and the consolations of faith, which only a soul so ardent as hers could inspire in such hours of general distress.

A very serious illness during the year 1839 brought the venerated Madame Gamelin to death's door. But God lent a merciful ear to the pleadings of her poor, and He granted the boon of health they so earnestly solicited for their cherished Mother. Her strength and vigor gradually returned and she was soon able to resume her ordinary occupations.

At the very outset of her career, Madame Gamelin had associated with her, in her works, some charitable ladies, either relatives or intimate friends, who were all most deeply interested in the welfare of the poor, and well able to second her generous designs.

In the spring of 1841, she obtained from the Legislature an act incorporating their Association under the title of "Corporation of the Aged and Infirm Women of Montreal." Twelve married and single women founded the new association; and their first assembly was held on October 22 of the same year under the auspices of Bishop Bourget, who already had made the work of Madame Gamelin the special object of his care and paternal solicitude. He had accorded the foundress and her aged women the privilege of daily Mass in the humble oratory of the "Yellow House,"

and the inestimable favor of keeping the Blessed Sacrament during novenas, the month of May, and on a few of the most solemn festivals.

Soon after his return from a voyage to Europe, Bishop Bourget was able to impart unexpected glad tidings to the women of the new association, by which their ardor was increased and their hope animated to a wonderful degree. He informed them that while in Paris, the Superior General of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul had promised him some sisters for the foundation ready to blossom forth in his episcopal city, and under his immediate patronage. This idea of securing French sisters, he told the ladies, had occurred to him during his travels abroad. Likewise, it seemed to him a direct inspiration from Heaven, as no suggestion or agreement had been made to him by any person prior to his departure from Montreal; and, again, because the superior's promise had been so readily and graciously given.

The news was enthusiastically received by Madame Gamelin and her associates, who decided at once to purchase a site, and to begin the construction of a building amply proportioned for the needs of a community and the development of its works. At this point in the proceedings, it would seem that Madame Gamelin might be justified in feeling some sadness at the thought that other hands than hers were to gather the fruit of her hard labors; but it was far otherwise. Personally disinterested, and seeking only the good of the poor and the greater glory of God, she rejoiced at this unhoped-for solution of her grave embarrassment. She unhesitatingly agreed with the ladies in the proposed purchase of a desirable piece of property near the cathedral at a cost of twelve hundred louis. This was, assuredly, a bold venture, yet it was justified by the intervention of Providence. A friend contributed four thousand, eight hundred francs. Public sympathy, roused to

action by a strong pastoral letter from the Bishop, gave liberal alms in favor of the *Asile*; the proceeds of a fair, and a collection taken up throughout the city, realized the sum of two thousand, six hundred louis; and with this sum in hand, the projected construction was begun.

Actuated by a lively spirit of faith, Madame Gamelin could not, meanwhile, keep within the narrow limits of mere human prudence; therefore, in order to draw down the blessings of Heaven, which alone could give the enterprise life and vigor, she organized the systematic visit of the poor and the sick by the Ladies of Charity, and opened two general depots where soup was daily served to the needy. Such extraordinary zeal could not fail to produce precious and abundant fruits. The following tenth of May, 1842, saw the blessings of the corner stone of the new convent. The ceremony was presided over by Monsignor Power, Bishop of Toronto, with great pomp and solemnity in the presence of a large gathering of people.

When in June of that year, the Reverend John Timon, Superior of the American Vincentians, came to Montreal as the representative of his Superior General in Paris, who was also that of the Sisters of Charity, he found in Madame Gamelin another Louise de Marillac who had done so much for St. Vincent to carry out his charitable designs. He blessed Madame Gamelin and her coworkers, and gave them a rule modeled on that drawn up by St. Vincent for the Ladies of Charity in Paris. So encouraged were the Montreal women that they determined to visit the poor and sick in their homes. Soon afterward, the country parishes and the villages followed the example of Madame Gamelin in Montreal, by organizing associations of Ladies of Charity. The most prominent women in Longueuil, Terrebonne, St. Hyacinthe, and Laprairie felt honored when the presidency was conferred upon them.

Everything was moving smoothly and happily toward the

desired end, when, suddenly and without warning, there came the disastrous blow, which cast consternation in the ranks of the organizers, and plunged Bishop Bourget into the deepest anxiety! A letter from the Superior General of the Daughters of Charity, through Father Timon, brought the disheartening news that no sisters could be sent to Montreal from France as had been promised! The almost simultaneous foundation of two new houses of the community, respectively in Algeria and in Rome, rendered it impossible, for want of subjects, to accept the asylum in Montreal. Again and again arose the anxious query: "What is to be done?" To make an appeal to another French community would take precious time. And, besides, to what community other than the handiwork of the great Vincent de Paul could they have recourse?

God's own hour had now come! The veil that hid His inscrutable designs was raised ever so slightly! And the bishop, doubtless, after many a prayer, come to a mighty decision. In his success, lay the proof that his inspiration came from Heaven. Facing his keen disappointment most heroically, he instantly resolved to found a diocesan community, similar in aim and rule of life to that of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and to install it in the new *Asile*. In response to an urgent call for volunteers five young women of the diocese presented themselves. A sixth, already engaged in the work, joined them. The latter, Miss Magdelen Durand, had been the friend and faithful companion of Madame Gamelin from the beginning, and was the acting vice-president of the corporation.

The Bishop accepted these recruits, and made them begin a novena preparatory to the Feast of the Annunciation. The three last days were spent in the exercises of a retreat; and, on March 25, 1842, *seven* instead of six novices received the Holy Habit from his hands in the primitive little oratory of the "Yellow House." The seventh had arrived

unexpectedly at the *Asile* on the eve, or first day, of the novena. In the absence of the Bishop, who was making his own retreat with his priests, Madame Gamelin had taken it upon herself to admit the new recruit. Fortunately, enough material remained, after making the costumes for six, for a seventh outfit. This fact coincided strangely with an incident that occurred during the Bishop's previous trip to Europe. One day, while gravely preoccupied with the question of establishing the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul in his diocese, he went to pray at the far-famed cathedral of Chartres. Hardly had he finished his prayer, when an unknown, elderly lady approached and begged him to accept the seven chaplets of Our Lady of Seven Dolors which she offered him. But to him there came no enlightening dream the following night, as formerly to Bishop Hugh of Grenoble, predicting the arrival of St. Bruno and his six companions, nor did seven bright stars fall at his feet. But God foreknew and foresaw all! In His omniscience, He seemed to have established by this mystic number a harmonious accord between the seven sorrows of His mother and the seven victims, whom He designated to serve Him in the persons of His suffering members, the poor. In very truth, seven victims were immolated on that altar of sacrifice in the "Yellow House" on that memorable twenty-fifth day of March. Even though one of the first postulants returned to the world, seven still remained to pronounce their vows, and the seven privileged ones wore at their side the chaplets of Seven Dolors their father had received in the distant Basilica of Chartres! The second was none other than Madame Gamelin herself, who stepped into the place left vacant by the dismissed postulant! For so sudden and complete a transformation to occur within so short a space of time was brought about with no little struggle before arriving at so momentous a decision. No one can for a moment doubt the unparalleled

sacrifice it must have cost this woman to venture forth alone toward God on the thorny path of unconditional self-surrender to His good pleasure.

Long ago had she renounced all that savored of vanity and love of ease to lavish her modest patrimony more exclusively upon the poor, yet it was a far cry from that point to her complete destitution in the religious life. She had already reached the mature age of forty-three years; she had tasted the absolute freedom of doing her own will for the past fifteen years; the good works in which she was engaged were all of her own choice and inclination. And now, to relinquish all that made life pleasant, in order to become a humble Sister of Charity; to be as pliant and docile in the hands of superiors as the youngest novice, to learn the first rudiments of the religious life—all this was a profound abyss through which her soul, gifted with superhuman abnegation, alone could pass. Nature whispered to her that there was no need of so whole-burnt an offering; she could remain at the head of the work and direct it by her loving devotedness, by her superior wisdom acquired in the stern school of adversity, by her strong will, purified in the saving waters of affliction, and by her firm faith in the conviction that God would strengthen and confirm His work and render its future permanently secure; she could rely upon the assured prestige of her position for the present, and the alluring prospect of a happy old age, mellowed and sweetened by the veneration, admiration, and respect of her poor, her orphans, and of the young religious whose mother she would always be. But grace whispered more insistently still, and finally triumphed. The entrance of her loyal friend and faithful companion, Magdalen Durand, the spontaneous outburst of fraternal charity among the young novices at the departure of one of their number—all this had made a deep impression upon her tender heart, and reawakened her earlier desire for the religious life.

Moreover, on the second day of February, 1842, she had already bound herself by vow to her present state of life: in itself, a secret but virtual step forward to a public and inviolable contract. On that day, she made a vow "willingly and with great joy," to quote her own words, to live the remainder of her days in perfect continency; to serve the poor to the fullest measure of her ability; to exercise more restraint in her conversations; to retrench from her attire any and all appearance of luxury and personal adornment. "I desire to give myself unreservedly to God," she wrote in her journal. "Let Him do with me whatsoever He pleases. I submit to all with entire resignation. Help me, O my God, in the resolutions I take this day." How much our Lord's conditional invitation to the higher life costs poor human nature! Even in Madame Gamelin's soul, the conflict between nature and grace was long and hard. Nature showed how helpful she could be to the new community, tortured with a thousand and one difficulties besetting an enterprise wholly unknown and surrounded with every privation; grace, on the other hand, held before her eyes the merits and supreme joy of complete self-immolation. And yet, in spite of all, poor, craven nature begged a truce.

Sadly agitated by these and similar disquieting thoughts, Madame Gamelin found in the person of her spiritual father, the good Bishop Bourget, a most persuasive interpreter of God's will in her regard. Acting upon a lively impulse of faith, and with a view of overcoming the last vestige of doubt and hesitation, he invited her to kneel with him in prayer in the chapel, for divine light and guidance. After an hour of common fervent communing, Madame Gamelin arose, vanquished at last by grace and fully determined to obey the call of God. Her director, Monsignor Prince, no longer able to urge any further obstacle to a request, seconded by so victorious a combat, permitted her

to replace the novice whose departure had caused such desolation in the little religious family.

Before assuming the habit of a religious, Madame Gamelin was advised by the bishop and superior to visit some charitable institutions in the United States. She was told by the bishop to see the real Daughters of St. Vincent at work, and if possible to work with them. Madame Gamelin undertook this journey in order that she might render more and more perfect the work which God had already crowned with so many favors. She visited their establishments in New York and Boston, and finally went to the mother house of the American Sisters of Charity, in St. Joseph's Valley, Emmitsburg, Maryland. Her reputation had gone before her into this cradleland of charity in the United States where her devotion to the prisoners and the needy were well known. She made constant and devoted friends of Mother Xavier Clarke and Mother Étienne Hall, successors to Mother Seton in the government of the American community. This marks the beginnings of the friendship that exists to-day between Madame Gamelin's Sisters of Charity of Providence and the American Sisters of Charity, Mother Seton's cornette daughters.

Madame Gamelin returned to Montreal on October 6, 1843, bringing back with her the much desired Rules of St. Vincent de Paul. Father Deluol, Vicar-General of Baltimore, and Superior of the Sisters of Charity, had given her the copy, thanks to the good offices of Mother Xavier Clarke, who had been very close to Mother Seton in the establishment of the American Sisters of Charity. The copy was the very same one that Bishop Flaget had obtained in 1810, from the Superior-General of the Vincentians in France. The precious document was transcribed for the Sisters of Charity of Providence by Canon Blanchet, and returned to Father Deluol. Inexpressible was the joy and

thankfulness with which this rule was received by the novices in Montreal. They recognized in it the most certain guide for their religious life, and a source of strength for the community.

Two days after her arrival in Montreal, Madame Gamelin finally put off the habiliments of the world, to clothe herself with the poor and humble livery of the Sisters of Charity of Providence.

And now the sacrifice was consummated! Madame Gamelin had made it valiantly as became a noble soul, but at what a cost of anguish and desolation notwithstanding the powerful aid of Divine grace! Well she knew all that the rule and the common life would require of her day by day, nor did it occur to her to try to evade even one of the smallest points of either. From the moment of her investiture, Sister Gamelin was the perfect novice she desired to become, and what Canon Prince, superior of the community, sternly exacted of her she did without compromise or exception. Like her sisters, she was reduced to the extremely meager fare of the "Yellow House," and this was continued without mitigation in the new convent. The daily meals consisted of left-overs from the tables of friends; the beverage, weak tea from the second infusion of leaves sent in by the neighbors. She did her good share of the hard laundry work on the river bank in summer whither she went with all who could be of assistance. In the winter season the same work was done at the house by means of melted snow. They were forced to resort to methods so primitive, because they were too poor to pay for city water.

Accustomed hitherto to a life of comparative ease, Sister Gamelin sought neither glory nor merit for herself in what she considered her duty, and a cross she was to carry like Our Lord faithfully to death. He alone knew the extent and value of the manifold acts of general self-

renunciation offered Him in the secret of her soul. The high ideal she proposed to herself necessitated absolute immolation; it imposed heroic combats against her natural vivacity of character, and it forced her to the utmost watchfulness over her every word and deed, since upon her devolved the inexorable duty of setting her young sisters a shining example of every virtue. Sister Gamelin neither faltered nor failed in her difficult task. The day of her religious profession found her prepared for that solemn engagement, and she made it in all the fervor and joy of her soul.

The first seven novices of the new institute made their religious profession on the twenty-ninth day of March, 1844. Before a large assembly, the chaplain of the *Asile* read the pastoral letter of canonical institution; he reminded the sisters, kneeling at the foot of the altar, and their successors, that henceforth the world would know them no longer, that their sole duty hereafter would be to wipe away the tears of the widow and orphan, to feed the hungry, to nurse the sick, to receive the last sigh of the dying, to enshroud the dead; in fine, to perform all the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. He gave them the rules of St. Vincent de Paul, and the act of acceptance which they signed the following day. Bishop Bourget received the vows of each novice individually, and bestowed upon each the silver cross and ring, symbol of her indissoluble union with Jesus, the Spouse of Virgins. Each ring was placed on the finger of the sister to be professed by a poor, infirm woman, who at the same time said: "Remember, my sister, that to-day you have become the Servant of the Poor." After the act of consecration to the Blessed Virgin, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the *Te Deum* was intoned. The newly professed sisters, escorted by the lady benefactresses, the aged women, and the little orphan girls, who had all taken an active part in the ceremony, filed out

processionally to the adjoining ward, chanting the *Ecce Quam Bonum*. The Institute of the Daughters of Charity, Servants of the Poor, was now a living foundation. On that day how many hopes were realized, how many tormenting doubts dispelled, and how many adjudged follies became wise conceptions! The wise and merciful designs of God had triumphed over all obstacles and Sister Gamelin and her associates stood upon the threshold of a new existence.

Nevertheless all was not completed. The outline only of a grand plan was faintly traced. Later on Bishop Bourget, in a pastoral letter to the community, told of the agony of soul he endured during the ceremony of the first religious profession on beholding those seven victims prostrate at his feet, and so trustingly confiding their all to him. He told how the appalling prevision of the unhappiness and misery, ready to overwhelm them should unforeseen obstacles arise, stamped itself indelibly upon his heart at that hour, and seemed to pierce it through and through with one of the swords of sorrow that transfixed the Mother of Dolors at the Foot of the Cross. The firm, unwavering trust of the holy prelate in God's most adorable Providence conquered and put to ignominious flight the wicked suggestions of the tempted. God Himself had inspired the work. He would bring it to a successful issue.

Meanwhile in Sister Gamelin's heart, a minor strain of sadness mingled with the joyous tones of her *Magnificat*. Entering, in company with her sisters, upon a new mode of life, knowing but little of the methods of persevering therein, and still less of how to guide others in the path of holiness, she could not see how she was to lay the foundations of an institute on a solid basis. In addition to financial worries, there were privations of all sorts to be endured, hard and constant labor to undergo. There

were, besides, the organization of the different works to be conducted by the sisters, and the initiation of the members in lucrative industries in order to assure the means of honest livelihood for the community and support for its protégées. But the sight of these various difficulties did not dampen the ardor of the foundress mother. Too many times already had she experienced the maternal solicitude of Divine Providence in behalf of the poor and their humble handmaiden to yield now to temptations or discouragement. She knew that every work from on high must be signed and sealed with a stamp of humility, of privation, and, above all, of faith triply refined in the furnace of affliction. The charge committed to her care bore the required marks as proof of its divine origin, and she was content. Elected superior of the community on March 30, 1844, Mother Gamelin accepted the post, not as an honorary title, but as a heavy burden whose obligations she was determined to fulfill to the very letter.

The utter destitution and poverty of those early years of foundation were so extreme that to-day it seems impossible how the first Sisters of Providence accomplished so vast an amount of labor without sinking beneath the hardships they had to endure. Strong in her confidence in God, Mother Gamelin drew therefrom the great energy and courage she needed amid the embarrassments and difficulties of an administration growing daily more and more complicated. Regarding these privations, Mother Gamelin's biographer says:

> In addition to their exterior works, the care of forty-two infirm women had to be divided between our first Mothers, who had to multiply themselves in providing for the needs of the poor. Madame Gamelin never gave herself an instant's rest. Her dear Asylum was lacking in much of the necessary furniture. There

were scarcely enough chairs to permit each one to sit down after the fatigue of the day; and during the day, they never thought of sitting down at all, though the hour of rising was half past four.

Their poverty was very great, their food extremely frugal. It is difficult to understand how our Mothers, in the midst of such privations, could accomplish the amount of work which they imposed upon themselves. The survivors of that period, and it may be said of the succeeding fifteen or twenty years, have left a touching picture of the painful privations which they had to endure, and which they bore so patiently, and even joyfully. Their food consisted of sheep's head boiled in water. Every day, being a fast day by the Rule, their breakfast consisted of dry bread, watered by a sort of artificial coffee, made of barley, ground and roasted, or crusts of fried bread, collected in the hotels of the city, and taken always without milk or sugar. At supper, they made a diversion in their beverage by means of the leaves of tea, which had been previously infused in the boarding houses of the vicinity. Butter was a rare luxury, reserved for days of abstinence, to replace the fat of bacon, or other meat, which had been received through charity. If by chance, another offering of charity in the form of a bit of cheese appeared upon the table, the Sisters had to choose between that unusual delicacy, and butter, the use of both together being forbidden. "We were poorer," said one of those generous servants of the poor, "than many of the indigent families whom we visited."

And in spite of all that, they were happy, because they had the consolation of knowing that they reproduced in themselves the poverty of their Divine Master whose naked and suffering members they had vowed to serve, and the consciousness of accomplishing a work signed with the seal of the cross, by humility, deprivation and charity.

Mother Gamelin had implicit faith in the power of prayer; and, when too sorely pressed, she could be seen going through the wards of the sick and the poor, begging her dear children to unite their feeble, quavering voices with hers in singing her favourite hymn, *O Douce Providence*. This same hymn, sweet to her daughters as a mother's parting blessing, is still sung with trusting confidence when danger threatens or peril is near them. Mother Gamelin loved to sing the songs of Sion. It is related of her that, when clouds of sadness and gloom seemed lowering, she would intone a pious canticle for all to join in refrain. Fancy pictures the admirable scene! The foundress mother, herself nearly overcome with the weight of her charge, and tormented with her own interior trials, bravely hides her personal feelings, the better to sustain the drooping courage of her daughters; for their sake, she maintains an exterior ever cheerful and serene.

Mother Gamelin's life in religion was foreordained to be of short duration; and, as though she had a premonition of approaching death, she hastened to multiply on all sides her deeds of benevolence. Like the sower sowing the seed, she scattered her good works broadcast over the land. In the beginning of May, 1844, she opened a ward for orphan girls. A short while later, she organized, for the benefit of the poor, the Banquets of Charity which have become traditional in the houses of the Sisters of Providence. Nothing pleased her more than to witness the keen satisfaction enjoyed by the old women at these banquets where the tables were laden with good things furnished by friends and benefactors.

The dimensions of the *Asile* having become too small, it was a great sorrow to the superior to be unable to accept all who applied to her for admittance. She submitted her perplexities on this score to the sisters and the Ladies of Charity, and they, yielding to her entreaties, decided to

enlarge the *Asile,* with confidence in Divine Providence as their only resource; but Mother Gamelin counted upon the immensity of a treasure that never yet had failed her. The enlargement was accordingly begun, and early in the autumn of 1848, the aged poor were comfortably installed in better and more commodious quarters.

In 1846, Mother Gamelin founded successively the missions of Longue Point and Laprairie. Firmly imbedded on the solid rock of poverty and trial, these two establishments, like the mother house, were destined to make rapid progress, and to become fruitful in good works.

The year 1847, notable chiefly for the frightful epidemic of typhus fever, afforded the community the opportunity of becoming the consoling angel of the victims of that dread scourge. Night and day, the sisters lavished every care upon the plague-stricken. Mother Gamelin spared no pains to replace those who nobly fell at their post of duty beside the unfortunate strangers within the city's gates. She opened a refuge, where over six hundred and fifty children belonging to the Irish immigrants were sheltered. A great number of these little ones died of the fever; others were reclaimed by surviving relatives, or adopted into different Canadian families; while the remainder found a home in the community which provided generously for their future welfare. Twenty-seven of the sisters were stricken down with the disease; of this number, three went to their eternal reward. Profoundly afflicted by the disaster threatening the very existence of the young community, Bishop Bourget made a vow in the name of the professed sisters to burn seven candles every Friday, in perpetuity, at the mother house in honor of our Lady of Seven Dolors. The Blessed Mother heard his earnest appeal. No others took the fever, and very soon, indeed, all were convalescent and able to resume their duties.

After the strenuous days of that dark period of trial

were ended, Mother Gamelin thought not of rest for herself. She was keenly absorbed, at the time, with the question of servants out of employment. For their benefit, she succeeded in finding room for them at the Providence, and she formed them into a society under the patronage of St. Blandine.

The exterior development of the institute was not, however, the only aim of the foundress. Attentive to the interior progress in virtue and in the spirit which should animate each of the members, she made use of every means to stimulate and develop the zeal and fervor of her daughters in the path of perfection, serving them in this, as in the outward works of charity, as model and guide. She frequently implored Bishop Bourget for the favor of a pastoral visit, or for an annual retreat. The prelate always acceded graciously to her legitimate desires. By his counsels and encouragements, he upheld, corrected, strengthened, and fortified his spiritual daughter. Desirous of firmly grounding them in the true spirit of St. Vincent de Paul, he incessantly recommended to them the practice of humility, simplicity, and charity; he exhorted them constantly to make these three virtues their distinguishing characteristics. In his instructions, he often dwelt upon the excellence and the merit of devotion to the Passion of Our Lord and the Sorrows of His Blessed Mother; by constant meditation thereon, he assured them they would, eventually, become true lovers of the Cross.

Mother Gamelin was well qualified to understand these sublime lessons of holiness. Long since had she learned to seek her only consolations and comfort on the Mount of Calvary; and to the Sorrowful Mother standing beneath the cross she had always confided her own anguish of soul. To that Mother's protection now, she attributed the marvelous progress of the institute. The Passion of her Lord and the Sorrows of His Blessed Mother were the oft-

recurring themes of her meditations, and in them she found irresistible attraction. Nevertheless, nowhere is it recorded that she enjoyed the delights of spiritual consolation. The stray notes of her journal rather reveal a soul upon whom God was pleased to lay the weight of interior trial and desolation, with little other encouragement than that of her great faith and confidence in His Divine Providence.

In 1849, an epidemic of cholera ravaged the city. Mother Gamelin could not prevail upon Bishop Bourget to permit her to devote herself personally to the care of the victims. It was heartbreaking for her to stand aside while her daughters went courageously forth on the perilous mission she would have shared with them. She consoled herself in a way, however, by opening an emergency hospital for the plague-stricken.

In 1850, Mother Gamelin undertook a second trip to the United States, in order to qualify herself better for the organization of the works of charity on a broader scale. Together with a companion, Sister Ignace de Loyola, she visited the institutions of the Sisters of Charity in Albany, New York, and Emmitsburg. Everywhere she was received with the greatest cordiality, and found in some of the houses kindly remembrance, as well as the sympathetic acquaintances, of her first journey. She drew closer the bonds of friendship which united her with Mother Étienne Hall of St. Joseph's mother house, Emmitsburg, with whom was maintained a mutual interchange of letters and good offices. In the month of August of the same year, Father Burlando, superior of the American Sisters of Charity, visited Montreal. He preached in the chapel of the Sisters of Providence and invested the sisters with the Scapular of the Passion. Some dozens of these scapulars, made as is usual of red cloth, had been graciously sent to the sisters by Mother Étienne of Emmitsburg. The priest congratulated Mother Gamelin on the excellent condition and the

progress of her work, and expressed his happiness at seeing the spirit which St. Vincent de Paul had bequeathed to his daughters flourishing in Canada, through the action of events no less clearly providential.

A few months after her return from the United States, Mother Gamelin, amid storms of protests, inaugurated the work of the deaf-mutes at Longue Point. Aided by Sister Marie de Bonsecours, and in spite of every opposition, she steadfastly continued the enterprise. In February, 1851, she succeeded in opening a class with only two deaf-mutes for pupils! The number gradually increased, however, until the undertaking was finally crowned with success. This great work in behalf of countless "souls in prison" proved to be the crowning jewel of Mother Gamelin's casket of good deeds.

Proportionately with the increase of her foundations and labors, Mother Gamelin was forced to multiply her acts of zeal, vigilance, and abnegation, all of which, necessarily, absorbed her time and consumed her strength. Such activity demanded some respite, some time of rest, and this well-merited repose, God was soon to give his faithful spouse. Out of pure love of Him, she had spent herself in the exercise of a charity that knew neither boundary nor limitation, and now He alone was to be her reward exceeding great. Realizing the decline of her physical strength she wrote in her Journal of Retreat in 1849:

> It seems to me, that I have but a short time to live upon this earth; it is necessary for me, then, once for all to put my hand to the plough, without ever looking backwards. I hope all from the mercy of our good God."

As 1851 approached, Mother Gamelin seemed to feel that death was not far away, and all during the summer she busied herself more than usual in "putting her house

in order." September came, the time for a Community Council meeting. Hitherto the ecclesiastical superior appointed by Bishop Bourget had presided over the Councils of the Community. But Monsignor Prince had lately resigned the office of superior, and Mother Gamelin begged the bishop to preside over the next council. The bishop responded by authorizing her to preside for the future, judging her perfectly capable of acquitting herself well of that function. That reply, at first, alarmed the humility of the foundress, accustomed as she was to receive direction from her ecclesiastical superiors in all her deliberations. But she made no difficulty in following the decision which she recognized as the will of God, and consequently presided, for the first time and for the last over a Council of the sisterhood, for this September 22 was the last day of her life. During the meeting she made a most pressing exhortation to her sisters on the obligations of their state, recommending very specially charity toward the novices. The session over, her features bore the impress of unusual joy and serenity, the first ray as it seemed of that eternal happiness wherewith God was soon to crown His faithful servant. During the evening recreation, her joyousness was most remarkable; she little realized that the coming night was to herald the advent of the grim Messenger with all his attendant terrors. Awakened suddenly at the early break of day by violent pains she recognized at once the symptoms of the dread scourge which had already claimed three of her daughters for its victims. Calling to her companion, sleeping in the same room, she exclaimed: "My dear child, I have the cholera! . . . I am dying!"

She was immediately removed to the infirmary, but no one dreamed the end was so near. In deep affliction, the Ladies of Charity, the poor old women, and the little orphan girls passed the whole day in the chapel, and vied with the sisters in imploring Heaven to spare their beloved

Mother's precious life. This time, however, the final hour had struck, and God would no longer delay the reward His daughter had so richly merited.

Mother Gamelin had always feared the approach of death. Her great terror in finding herself attacked by the fatal malady weakened her power of resistance and hastened its progress. Profound peace and resignation to God's Holy Will, nevertheless, soon took possession of her heart, verifying the words of St. Vincent de Paul: "Whosoever hath loved the poor during life shall have no fear at the hour of death." Fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church and the prayers of Bishop Bourget, her habitual calmness of demeanor returned. Surrounded by her daughters whom she embraced in one long regard of motherly tenderness and affection, she awaited the coming of the Eternal Summons as that of a great friend upon whom she depended to transport her safe to the Heart of her Beloved. Wishing to give her religious family her last dying recommendation, she faintly whispered a few broken words to the devoted prelate kneeling by: "This is your dying Mother's last will and testament," said he to them in a voice choked with emotion. "Let it be the foundation of your perfection: Humility, Simplicity, Charity." Toward noon of the same day she lost consciousness. Her daughters' watch of love and prayers continued until late afternoon when her soul passed into the great Presence Chamber. The tidings of her passing spread through the wards of her poor, and the homes of her friends and benefactors where naught was heard save the weeping and lamentations of her children who could not be comforted.

All that was mortal of Mother Gamelin was laid away to rest in the crypt beneath the chapel of the mother house. On the marble tablet, bearing her name and the date of her death, the following words from the Book of Proverbs (xxxi. 16) may be read: "She hath considered a field, and

bought it, with the fruit of her hand she hath planted a vineyard"; also the prayer of her daughters: "Watch over thy children." Simple the wording of her epitaph; but for those who knew her and felt the greatest of her being, how vast the meaning!

Foundresses must die, but the work of God goes on forever! When Mother Gamelin died that autumn day in 1851 nine houses and forty-nine professed sisters made up the congregation of her building. To-day the houses number more than a hundred in Canada and the United States, whereas the professed sisters have almost reached the three thousand mark. What a glorious harvest this blessed foundress takes each day to the Throne of Grace; for her daughters attribute their increase and success to no other, after God, than their beloved Mother Gamelin. Their work has spread into the frozen North and across the Rockies to the sea. To the aged and the outcast they have given homes that are really homes; to the foundlings and the orphans they have become mothers in the truest sense of the word; to the sick and dying they have made themselves angels of mercy and consolation; to the afflicted mind and the poor deaf-mutes, whom they lovingly call their "souls in prison," they are a benediction. Thousands of children are cared for in the parochial schools under their care; thousands of prisoners are visited yearly and instructed in the mysteries of religion. And thousands have been the long night watches these daughters of Mother Gamelin have kept in the houses of the poor where sickness and suffering valiantly borne have made them blessed places of sacrifice in the eyes of the Almighty. These are but a few of the precious souvenirs that are a constant reminder of the greatness of this woman. In viewing the ensemble of this unusual life, one may catch a gleam, faint though it may be, of the mystic golden thread that runs through the

warp and woof of her beautiful existence. It discovers for the world, moreover, the secret mainspring of her activity. It is the golden cord of charity that knit her soul as one to those of the poor and afflicted, that bound her a prisoner of love to the compassionate heart of her crucified Jesus.

MOTHER MARY XAVIER WARDE

OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY

At Mountrath, County Queens, in Ireland, there used to be an old estate called Belbrook House. Around it was the charm of greensward and hedgerows, rippling streams and nooks of shrubbery. Here, about the year 1810, was born Mary Frances Warde. Those were the days when the penal laws and the Rebellion of '98 had left the traces of their ravages on the prosperity and happiness of the Irish people. The infant soul of Frances must have imbibed the beauty of her environment with every respiration of her young life; for, as a child, as a young woman, and as a religious, she was an intense lover of the beautiful in this world, and an ardent craver for the infinite beauty of Heaven.

Frances was the youngest of the five children who blessed the marriage of John Warde and Jane Maher. Mrs. Warde died shortly after the birth of her little daughter. Thus, this child, destined for great things in the mind of God, was called upon, through the tender period of childhood and the confiding years of girlhood, to make the sacrifice of a mother's care and love.

John Warde was absent from home when his wife died. It is said that on his return he yielded to such excessive grief as to endanger his health. Although he lived for several years afterward, he was never again the vigorous man he had been before this great sorrow. Mr. Warde's second son, studying at Maynooth, was taken dangerously ill when near his ordination, and died on the day selected for him to be raised to the holy priesthood. Helen, a sweet

girl in her eighteenth year, her father's favorite, and the flower of this interesting family, died soon after her brother, leaving her father a broken-hearted man. A maternal aunt took charge of the household affairs after Mrs. Warde's death, and continued her benevolent task until Frances Warde had reached womanhood.

Frances received her education from private tutors, supervised by her sister Sarah, but her aunt reserved for herself the responsibility of the child's religious instruction. She spent many hours telling sweet, soul-stirring stories to the little girl seated at her knee, stories which awakened an intense love of God in the pure heart of the child. To this early training can be traced the deep faith, the trustful love, and the holy fear of God which filled the innocent soul of Frances Warde. Her happiness knew no bounds when she was told to prepare to receive Our Lord for the first time. Later she received Confirmation from the noted Bishop Doyle. Frances was deeply impressed by her first Holy Communion and the Sacrament of Confirmation. From this time may be dated her earnestness in winning souls to God. The gay little girl, well burdened with a store of delicacies coaxed from her aunt, would trip away to the homes of poor old women and hungry-faced children. Before leaving their cabins, she would gather the children around her to catechize and instruct them in religious truths.

Many years later, when the family had left Mountrath and taken up their residence in Dublin, Frances went into society, where her fascinating personality and superior qualities of heart and mind brought her much notice. She was carried away by her desire to please, and soon visits, parties, and other amusements were her delight. She threw her whole energy into these rounds of enjoyment, sparing no pains to excel in the art of pleasing. This sprightly eagerness of disposition added to her attractiveness, and made

her the ruling spirit wherever she happened to be. Tall, well proportioned, with a dignity of bearing that characterized her to her last day, she could have graced a court, or added dignity to the poorest cottage. The expression of her face bespoke the strong tendencies of her character. Her forehead was high and commanding; her eyes, deep blue ones, often twinkled with merriment as she surprised the dejected into a lively sally of wit or playfully smoothed over some disagreeable occurrence. Her character was a strong combination of candor and common sense, offset with sweetness and firmness. Apart from her genuine sincerity, perhaps her most lovable traits were her delightful simplicity of manner and depth of feeling. Any demand on her sympathy was met with heartfelt kindness.

At this time the vanities of the world were not at all distasteful to her; but when she turned her eyes upon her innermost soul, she recoiled from the consciousness of her neglect in doing what was required of her in order to please God perfectly. Her firm principles of faith stirred up the old ardor of God's love, and there came into her heart a fear that she had offended the true Lover of souls by her coldness toward Him in her moments of infatuation with the world. Father Armstrong, her confessor, explained to her the terrible responsibility of wasting the precious time given by God for high and holy pursuits in a round of idle pleasures which, though trifling, were, nevertheless, offensive to the Great Judge. Touched by these considerations, Frances deeply regretted her ingratitude and insensibility. Humbled and penitent, she prayed for grace to see what God wished her to do. In giving her a rule for the useful employment of time in doing some particular good, Father Armstrong recommended her to teach a few hours each day in the poor schools which Catherine McAuley had lately opened in Baggot Street. She complied, and a strong friendship grew up between these

two gifted women. Frances never tired of teaching in the schools and instructing in the House of Mercy, and her intense ardor in her work attracted other young ladies to join those already inspired with zeal for the charitable enterprise.

In May, 1828, the institute had progressed so rapidly that the Divine impress seemed to rest on it. On September 24, 1828, the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, Archbishop Murray gave the institute permission to adopt the title of Sisters of Mercy, and be placed under the protection of "Our Lady of Mercy." Mother McAuley chose the Presentation Rule as best adapted to the duties of the rising order. Later this rule, devised and modified by the foundress, was authorized and approved by the Holy See.

On September 8, 1830, Catherine McAuley went to the Presentation Convent at George's Hill to commence her novitiate, accompanied by Anna Maria Doyle and Elizabeth Harley. The Presentation Nuns welcomed them warmly and provided generously for their thorough training in the principles of the religious life. On December 9, three months after their entrance, the three postulants were clothed with the religious habit, retaining their baptismal names with "Mary" prefixed.

On December 12, 1831, at the end of an eight days' retreat, Sisters Mary Catherine, Mary Ann, and Mary Elizabeth made their profession, with the proviso that the rule of life they would follow would be in accordance with the performance of the duties of a Sister of Mercy. The Archbishop had received authority from the Holy See to establish the new institute.

After their profession, the new religious hastened home to Baggot Street, to the joy of Frances Warde and her fellow novices. The day after their return His Grace, Archbishop Murray, canonically appointed Sister Mary Catherine the Mother Superior of the new order.

On January 23, 1832, Frances Warde, with six other postulants, presented herself for the habit of religion. The name Mary Francis Xavier was given her at this ceremony. Her choice of patron would seem providential, for as St. Francis Xavier was associated with St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus, so she was associated with Catherine McAuley, the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy. As he turned away from home and friends, from honors and fame, from the land of his birth and his heart's affections, to carry the light of the Gospel to heathen lands, so she, with sorrowing heart yet joyful soul, bade farewell to her dear native Erin to spread Christian education in the then great missionary country of America. And when she met with difficulties and hardships in her missionary career, the same zeal and love for God, burning in her breast as in that of her patron saint, never permitted any contact with coldness or indifference to lessen the warmth of her first fervor. As St. Francis Xavier revered St. Ignatius, writing to him on his knees as an exterior mark of his inward veneration, so did Mother Xavier Warde love and respect the foundress from whom neither distance nor time ever subtracted one iota of the love of her great heart.

The cholera of 1832 will be long remembered in Ireland. So panic-stricken were the people over its approach that many actually died of fear. His Grace, the Archbishop, and the Board of Health made frequent requests to have the sisters attend the afflicted populace. Mother McAuley did not hesitate but came immediately to the rescue, taking charge of the Cholera Hospital. The presence of the sisters had a comforting effect on the poor patients. They trusted these gentle nurses and would accept from their hands any remedy offered. The sisters, while applying to the body the necessary remedies, did not forget the kind work of consolation, nor fail to remind those whom they visited of the duty to reflect, and prepare their souls for

the sentence of death, if decreed by the Eternal Judge. The sisters ministered faithfully to every victim of this dread disease until the pestilence had quite disappeared from Dublin, and in all their ministrations, though hundreds died around them, not one of the religious died from its effects. After the cholera had disappeared from Dublin came the epoch of real misery. During this time the sisters used every exertion to afford all the relief in their power to the destitute.

In May, 1835, the solemn approbation of the Holy See in a formal document was granted to the newly founded order, accompanied by the Apostolic benediction. On July 5, 1841, the Rules and Constitutions were confirmed by His Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI.

The first foundations of the new institute were made at Tullabeg and Charleville. When a petition came from Bishop Nolan for a foundation at Carlow, Mother McAuley chose for Superior Sister Mary Xavier Warde, her secretary for many years, and now her Mother Assistant, though this selection entailed great inconvenience to the parent house, and on April 10, 1837, Mother McAuley, Mother M. Xavier Warde, and four other sisters set out on their journey to Carlow.

Here Mother M. Xavier had much to occupy her attention in overseeing the plans and building of a new convent, the first one founded outside Dublin. At the time of its erection it was considered the finest convent structure in Ireland.

A little later, Father Gerald Doyle applied for Sisters of Mercy to establish themselves in Naas, a thriving little town in Kildare where bigotry was rampant. The Bishop referred Father Doyle to the foundress in Dublin and to Mother Xavier Warde in Carlow. Arrangements were speedily planned that the foundation should be sent out from Carlow. Mother Xavier founded the Convent of

Mercy in Naas on the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, September 24, 1839. She remained with the foundation in this ancient seat of the kings of Leinster until the works of mercy were well organized. Bigotry soon gave way, and before the end of the first year the sisters' schools were attended by several hundred pupils; while among the sick poor, the comfort given, and the aid afforded by the tender ministrations of the nuns, will only be known at the Judgment Seat of God.

Doctor Keating had been Bishop of Ferns, a diocese including the county of Wexford and part of Wicklow, for nearly twenty years when, in 1839, he applied for Sisters of Mercy to establish free schools. Mother McAuley knew the spiritual needs of the children and grandchildren of the brave men who fell, unconquered, in the massacres of '98. Therefore it was the delight of her heart to be able to send her religious, as "angels of mercy," to educate the youth, and to cheer and comfort the poor and sick among the near descendants of those heroes of faith and fatherland. The charge of founding this house was given to Mother Warde, who with six sisters left Carlow early in December, 1840. The house was opened on December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The first convent was a miserable dwelling which in its poverty was often truly compared to the stable at Bethlehem. This condition of things was, however, of short duration. Soon, through the generosity of several kind benefactors, they had a neat, well-planned convent, arranged and furnished throughout in conventual order. It is a fact worthy of notice that all of Mother Warde's foundations commenced with small beginnings, but each has been blessed by God with a success far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine.

While the work of the order had been thus extending, Mother McAuley's health had been failing. In October, 1841, she seemed to apprehend that her days were drawing

to a close. She had set all things in order, and having arranged papers and important concerns of the community, remarked, "All is now ready." She gradually weakened from day to day until Monday, November 8, when she received the last Sacraments. She died about five in the evening, on November 11, 1841.

A few months before Mother McAuley's death, Very Reverend Dean Burke had applied to her for sisters for Westport. Mother Warde made the foundation September 5, 1842, and remained at Westport until all the works of mercy were well established. The convent thrived and has sent out large foundations to different towns in the vicinity, as well as to Australia.

In 1835 Father Michael O'Connor, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was named first Bishop of Pittsburg. He went to Rome to beg of the Pope to reconsider the appointment, alleging, as his excuse for declining, his strong attraction toward the Society of Jesus. "My one great desire," he said, "is to become a Jesuit." The reigning Pontiff, Pope Gregory XVI, considered it better that he should accept the miter. "A Bishop first; a Jesuit afterward," he said. Father O'Connor was consecrated in Rome, August 15, 1843. From Rome he proceeded to Carlow to represent to the sisters the great need of religious teachers in his diocese and to urge that great good would result from their labors in America.

Bishop O'Connor's appeal for religious was wisely considered and after much prayer and deliberation it was decided that seven of their number should be sent to Pittsburg, with Mother Warde in charge of the foundation. Each of the twenty-three sisters in the Carlow convent cheerfully volunteered to embark for the New World if God desired the sacrifice. Mother Mary Cecilia selected Sister Mary Margaret O'Brien, Sister Mary Veronica McDerby, Sister Mary Philomena Reid, Sister Mary

Aloysius Strange, Sister Mary Josephine Cullen, Sister Mary Elizabeth Strange, and Mother Mary Xavier Warde.

Mother Warde and her companions bade farewell to their convent home on All Souls' Day, 1843. On their arrival at Liverpool the missionaries went to St. Ethelburga's Convent and remained some time with their English sisters. Mother Warde, with her special facility for giving instruction, was kept busy instructing adults preparing for the Sacraments. They came in such numbers that immense crowds were collected at the gate where they passed in and out.

On November 10, the *Queen of the West,* the largest vessel crossing the Atlantic at that time, was in readiness to set sail. The voyage was a stormy one and fears were entertained for the safety of the vessel. Many of the steerage and cabin passengers were ill, and the sisters spent much of their time in ministering to them. Diaries kept during the voyage record many edifying examples of patience in suffering and resignation to the Holy Will of God practiced by the poor emigrants on board.

December 10 brought the ship in sight of land. The Bishop and several other gentlemen went on shore late in the evening, but the sisters remained on board until the following day, when they were received on shore by Bishop O'Connor and other eminent persons. They were brought to the residence of Bishop Hughes, who gave them a cordial greeting and introduced them to Mother Harden and her community of religious of the Sacred Heart, asking hospitality for the Sisters of Mercy until the latter could commence their journey to Pittsburg. The Religious of the Sacred Heart were kind beyond measure, a favor gratefully remembered by Mother Warde and her own religious.

Three days later they started by rail for Philadelphia where they remained four days with the Mother Seton

Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg. During this time many of the clergy and laity called at the convent to welcome them to the United States. Miss Emily Harper of Baltimore, a granddaughter of Charles Carroll of "Independence" fame, was among the number who paid their respects to the sisters. A warm friendship commenced here between Mother Warde and Miss Harper, who became a noted benefactress of the convents established by the former.

On December 18, the sisters took the stage for Pittsburg, which they reached December 21. They went directly to the cathedral where they heard Mass and received Holy Communion. The Sisters of Charity brought them to the orphan asylum and entertained them until the next day, when they took up their abode in their own convent, a four-story building on Penn Street. It contained a well-finished, airy basement which was used for a school in the early days of the foundation. Mother Warde ordered all the necessary furniture immediately, and on Christmas Day the different apartments were furnished as became a religious house. The sisters were greatly consoled at the coincidence of the birth of the order in the United States with the blessed time when the Christian world commemorates the birth of the Divine Redeemer.

The first postulant, Miss Eliza Tiernan, entered the novitiate February 2, 1844. She was twenty-five years old, an accomplished woman possessed of great personal attractions, burning with a holy ardor to do great things for God and His poor. Miss Margaret O'Brien, a postulant who came from Carlow at the time of the foundation, received the habit and white veil February 22. After the first few months, many subjects entered the novitiate.

Mother Warde spared no pains in establishing her subjects solidly in the principles of the spiritual life. In the

early days on Penn Street, she gave frequent admonitions to the religious on the qualities that should characterize the Spouse of Christ. She never tired of repeating: "Let not your thoughts rest on earth; keep them buried in the Divinity, and busy yourselves about spreading God's Kingdom in the hearts of men."

She had the faculty of seeing noble qualities in every one, and the more she observed defects of character and training in those she governed, the more careful she was that, while cautiously and tenderly using the "pruning knife," she made them feel that she had a high estimate of their worth. She dealt with those she admonished as if they were diamonds needing but a little polishing to show their brilliancy. Mother Warde realized that human nature loves to be trusted, and human beings sometimes fail in their efforts to attain nobility of character for the want of the helpful sympathy and good opinion of those whose appreciation they value most.

Bishop O'Connor considered the establishment of a boarding school with an academical course of study, a necessary work of mercy in his diocese. There was no such institution for Catholics in all Pennsylvania at that time, and much expense and many embarrassing circumstances attended the placing of children at distant academies. Mother Warde took the same view. A generous benefactor, Mr. Kuhn, donated the "Kuhn Farm" for the site of the new school.

Father Gallagher, the pastor at Youngstown, placed his own house at Mother Warde's disposal until the new school should be ready. The academy opened with fifteen pupils. Before the year had elapsed there were eighty in the building. When the school was removed to the new St. Xavier's, there were over one hundred pupils, sixteen of this number being Protestants.

The Sisters of Charity in charge of the orphanage with-

drew in 1845, on account of a pressing need in what was considered a more necessary field of labor. The Sisters of Mercy were appointed to take charge of the orphans.

A new hospital was in course of erection, but when the epidemic of typhus broke out in 1847, the sisters opened a temporary hospital. It was soon occupied by typhus patients, and sick, broken-down soldiers returning from the Mexican War. In May, 1848, sisters and patients took up their abode in the new building.

In 1848, on account of the emigration from Ireland, the school attendance was doubled; the visitation became extensive; and the hospital work increased because many patients arrived with "ship fever." Night and day the sisters did their duty diligently in the deadly typhus wards, comforting the dying and winning souls to God. Five choir sisters and three lay sisters caught the disease in their ministrations and died martyrs of charity. Mother Warde became so broken down in health from her constant attention to the sick and dying that Doctor Addison ordered her to leave the hospital at once. Sister Xavier Tiernan, then Mistress of Novices, left her duties in the novitiate to aid in the hospital work. She labored in a close ward, consoling and encouraging the poor victims with heavenly hopes, until she sank exhausted. It was Mother Warde's cross not to be allowed to assist this dying religious, who was her first subject in America, and, indeed, a hidden saint. But the superior's own condition was serious at this time.

About this time the Reverend Father Quarter of Chicago invited Mother Warde to plant the order in what was to become the "Garden City of the West." He urged his request repeatedly until the foundress acquiesced in the summer of 1846. She selected six religious for the foundation, with Sister Mary Agatha O'Brien for the superior. The bishop's "palace," a small cottage at the corner of Michigan and Madison avenues, was given to them for a convent,

while he took up his residence with Father McElhearne, the rector, in a wretched hovel near the cathedral.

At one end of their shanty-convent stood a dilapidated frame building. This, Mother Warde and the sisters arranged and beautiful inside, with the help of the Bishop's private purse, until it was, perhaps, the prettiest and best-equipped school building on the shore of Lake Michigan. Among the pupils who flocked to this school were children of trappers, border men, hardy settlers, and sea-faring men, with their unformed minds and guileless hearts ready to receive every impression of goodness, beauty, and knowledge given by the religious, who were happy beyond measure in their work. Mother Warde enjoyed the spontaneous vivacity of these bright, matter-of-fact youngsters, and often laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, as she related droll stories of the unique originality which they evinced on all occasions, even in saying their prayers.

After some months absence, Mother Warde was recalled to Pittsburg, to the deep regret of her Chicago sisters whom she was never to meet again until the blessed reunion in Heaven. The evening before her departure she gave them a parting exhortation, dwelling especially on the spirit of poverty, love of the poor and the faithful practice of the small acts of virtue. Mother Warde's ideal of the religious teacher was high. She impressed each with the thought that the teacher was the angel of the children under her charge, the keeper of their innocent hearts, into which she must infuse a love for virtue and the practices of our holy religion. She insisted upon the cultivation of a spirit of prayer and recollection.

On the way to Pittsburg Mother Warde traveled with Bishop O'Connor through the domain of "The Apostle of the Alleghanies," Prince Gallitzin, and the Bishop told her of instructions he had received from the prince-priest before his death to bring sisters to educate his dear little moun-

taineers. Standing on the summit of the Alleghanies, the Bishop exacted a promise from Mother Warde to send, at her first opportunity, a branch of her pioneer community to labor there. Her promise was redeemed in 1848, when she founded a branch house at Loretto and placed the zealous Sister Mary Catherine Wynne in charge.

In 1850, Bishop O'Reilly of Hartford negotiated with Bishop O'Connor for Sisters of Mercy to establish schools in Providence. He stipulated that the religious chosen to take charge of this foundation should be a woman of prayer, tact, and good judgment, for bigotry was rife in Providence at that time, and it was expected that she and her community would be exposed to some degree of persecution. After much reflection and prayer the Sisters for the Providence foundation were appointed: Reverend Mother Xavier Warde, Sister Mary Paula Lombard, Sister Mary Camillus O'Neil, Sister Mary Josephine Lombard, and Sister Mary Joanna Fogarty.

Only brave, prayerful women could cope with the trials awaiting the first sisterhood in Providence, but Mother Warde's unbounded confidence in the protection and blessing of Almighty God kept her cheerful and patient in the face of discouraging events. She spent long hours before the Blessed Sacrament, and from the King of Kings she asked and received help in the day of trouble.

On a certain eventful evening a mob surrounded the convent. As the rioters made their way up the street, the Catholic men of Providence, well armed, took up their places, rank and file, in the sisters' garden. Perfect quiet reigned within the convent. The novices knew nothing of what was going on without. They enjoyed their evening recreation as usual, said their night prayers, and retired. The older sisters remained on guard before the Blessed Sacrament. A few assisted Mother Warde, who, with the utmost self-control, quietly made her way through the ranks

of men within the convent enclosure, and exacted from each a promise that no firearm should be raised, nor offense given, unless they were called on to do so in self-defense.

The rioters noted the calm dignity and self-composure of the revered Mother as they drew up in line before the convent; and one was overheard remarking to his colleagues on either side, "We made our plans without reckoning the odds we will have to contend with in the strong controlling force the presence of that nun commands. The only honorable course for us to follow is to retreat from this ill-conceived fray. I for one will not lift a hand to harm these ladies." But the mob hissed and hooted at these words, and threatened the sisters with death if they did not leave their convent. At this juncture, the Bishop and Mr. Stead, the former owner of the convent, appeared at the front entrance. Mr. Stead, with the courage of a Spartan and the serenity of a saint, addressed the mob in the following words: "The first shot fired at this house will go through my body. Let me tell you there is a strong force of brave Irishmen, well armed, within the enclosure of the garden walls. If you dare to attack the convent or the religious, they will defend them with their hearts' blood."

The Bishop then came forward, and said, in grave, clear tones: "My dear friends, in God's name, let not this city, nor the free institutions of this republic, be tarnished by any dastardly uplifting of your arms against those who have wrought you no harm, but whose blameless lives are their sure defense before God and man. Depart in peace to your homes, and sully not your honor in an act so vile." As the Bishop finished speaking, the mob withdrew in peaceful detachments, and thus ended this uprising of bigotry in a city which can boast to-day of some of the finest Catholic institutions in the country.

On May 3, 1854, Mother Warde opened a convent and schools in Newport, placing Sister Mary Gertrude Bradley

in charge. St. Mary's Convent has long since taken the place of the first inadequate building occupied by the sisters. In 1857 she made a foundation at Rochester, New York, and opened free schools and a select school. Visitation of the sick and other works of mercy were commenced at once. Within the year of 1857, sisters went from Rochester to take charge of a school in Buffalo, at the request of the Reverend Martin O'Connor, who proved himself in after years an earnest, devoted friend to the community.

In 1858 Bishop Bacon of Portland, Maine, appealed to the newly made Bishop McFarland, of Hartford, for a few Sisters of Mercy to aid the faithful pastor of Manchester, New Hampshire, in the education of the children under his care. Later, Father McDonald negotiated personally with Mother Warde in the interests of his congregation. On the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, July 16, 1858, Mother Warde and her little band of missionaries left Providence for Manchester, where, only a few years before, in July, 1854, the Know-Nothings had driven the Catholics from their homes, dragged the sick from their beds into the streets, destroyed the furniture, and then proceeded to break the stained-glass windows in St. Anne's Church, which was nearly completed at that time. Father McDonald, by his peace-making spirit and wise executive ability, kept his people from retaliating. Subsequently good order and friendliness gradually grew out of the chaos caused by angry excitement, as the spirit of prejudice exhausted itself. When persecution, resulting from bigotry, was at its height, Father McDonald had built his convent. True, an attempt was made to demolish it. But this did not daunt the courageous priest. He went on with his undertaking, but the church and convent were guarded every night lest they might be destroyed. On the day of the sisters' arrival in New Hampshire, the Catholics commenced their kind offices of religious loyalty and generosity toward the sisters.

Sister Veronica Dillon, a postulant who accompanied Sister Mary Rose Davis from Providence, two weeks after the sisters were established in Manchester, was the first novice to receive the white veil in New Hampshire, and Sister Mary Agatha, who came as a white novice from Providence with the foundation, was the first to pronounce her vows of Holy Profession. Mother Mary Gonzaga, who came with Mother Warde to Manchester from Providence, was her faithful helper in the great work of zeal and charity; and when Mother Warde was no longer able to attend to this cherished duty, Mother Gonzaga took up the good work and continued it.

A convent was founded in Philadelphia in 1861 at the request of the Right Reverend Bishop Wood. Sister Mary Patricia Waldron was given charge of the community. The foundation was made in August, but Mother Warde remained with the new foundation until the schools and works of mercy were in successful operation. In the summer of 1864 the Omaha foundation was sent from Manchester. Mother Warde started to accompany the sisters to Chicago on their long and, at that time, dangerous journey; but before reaching Chicago she was recalled to Manchester by a telegram announcing the dangerous illness of her assistant, Mother Philomena. When Mother Warde reached her, Mother Philomena was unconscious. She died on the eve of the Feast of the Assumption.

Bishop Bacon wrote from Portland in the spring of 1865, asking for a branch house of the Sisters of Mercy for Bangor. On receipt of the Bishop's letter Mother Warde began preparing for the new mission. Mother Mary Gonzaga O'Brien was appointed superior and sent with six sisters to open the schools, Mother Warde accompanying them to their destination. Pastor and people were delighted to have, at last, a religious community of their own.

At the urgent appeal of the Right Reverend Eugene O'Connell, a colony of sisters was sent to Eureka, California, in 1871. In May of the same year Mother Warde accompanied sisters to found a mission in North Whitefield, Maine. This field of labor required from the sisters much self-sacrifice, prudence, and confidence in God, as poverty and hardships were to be the portion of the noble religious destined to work for souls in regions remote from the centers of commerce and religion. Accordingly, the most trusted and zealous religious were selected for this trying but meritorious field of labor. Sister Mary Ignatius Kelly, Sister Mary Gertrude McConville, Sister Mary Ursula Bradley—afterward superior of the Portland convent, where she died in April, 1881—Sister Mary Pauline Stapleton, and Sister Mary Dominica O'Hanlan were those most closely connected with the schools and missionary labor of winning back the renegade and uninstructed Catholics of that section of the country.

Jersey City and Princeton were the next foundations. These houses remained branches of the Manchester community for many years. In 1872, Mother Warde found herself, at last, able to grant the favor the Right Reverend Bishop de Goesbriand of Burlington had constantly sought, of having Sisters of Mercy in his diocese. She founded the order in St. Johnsbury, but the community has since been transferred to Burlington. This was the fifth New England state in which Mother Warde established the institute.

Mention has been made of only the diocesan foundations, not of the home growths; but this would be impossible in so brief a sketch. Much was accomplished to which reference may not even be given; as when on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 1878, Mother Warde sent her religious to labor among the Indians of Maine, in com-

pliance with the wish of Bishop Healy. The sisters' first convent there was the wigwam of the chief of the tribe, who vacated it for the nuns.

Mother Warde outlived all who were associated with Mother McAuley and herself in the foundation of the institute. When her Golden Jubilee drew near, in 1883, she was the oldest Sister of Mercy in the world. Preparations for this event commenced in the latter part of 1882. Every convent of the order joined in a Novena for the American foundress, and invitations were extended to numerous bishops, priests, and religious to be present at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of her consecration to God by the religious vows. The sisters she had trained in the spiritual life were as intensely devoted to her as ever daughter was to a real parent, and they found a source of living pleasure in making the joyous occasion a festal celebration worthy of the venerable jubilarian.

During the winter of 1883, Mother Warde showed symptoms of failing strength. Her sight failed rapidly during the following summer months, and before the end of July she was almost totally blind. She accepted her cross generously. Her favorite aspirations were, "Let all be lost, provided God be not lost!" "O Sweetest Jesus, be to me a Jesus!" "O my Savior, suffering and dying on the Cross for me, be a Savior to me when I stand at the Judgment Seat of God!" "Holy Virgin, Queen of Heaven, show thyself a mother to me at the hour of my death." "O Jesus, be my strength, I have no hope but in Thee."

On the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, by the prudent direction of Bishop Bradley, Father McDonald, who had been her spiritual director for over twenty-five years, administered to her the last Sacraments. Sorrowfully, but with hope in their hearts that she would be restored to health, her religious knelt with lighted tapers around her bed. She spoke only in broken whispers,

kissed the crucifix, and seemed to pray with intense fervor before sinking into an unconscious state. Father McDonald gave her the papal benediction, then went to the church to say his Mass, which he offered for her. She died in the early morning of Wednesday, September 17, 1884.

In the sisters' burial ground, St. Joseph's Cemetery, is a marble shaft erected in the form of a cross, bearing the inscription:

> Rev. Mother Mary Francis Xavier Warde, Foundress of the Order of Mercy in the United States, December 21, 1843, and of Mount St. Mary's Convent, Manchester, New Hampshire, July 16, 1858. Died September 17, 1884, in the 74th year of her age and the 53d of her Religious Profession.
>
> Grant to her, O Lord, Eternal Rest.

The Divine Master for whom her life was spent in a world of cares and sorrows had regard for her soul's deep love for the beautiful, in ordaining her body to be laid to rest in a spot sublimely impressive in the solemn aspect of its loveliness.

Among Mother Warde's traits of character, piety and charity were the most prominent. Another notable trait was her ingenuity in putting a bright side on the most trying circumstances. She always lived, according to her own version, in the most delightful city, ruled the best community, dealt with the most agreeable persons, enjoyed the kindest and most spiritual superiors and pastors. Father McDonald, in his usual droll fashion, used to remark, "All Reverend Mother's geese are swans." Her faith and confidence in God were as childlike and implicit during all her years as in the days of her novitiate. Even the tone of her voice in the recitation of the office and prayers touched all hearts around her. Her generosity to the poor, no doubt, called down upon her community many substantial blessings. The senior sisters tell that, on one occasion, a person in

distress came to her for alms, when only a few dollars remained in the community treasury. She listened to the sad story of want, which she knew to be true, and withdrew. Returning in a few moments with all that she had, she placed it in the hands of the person asking for aid. Before the evening of that day, a generous donation of money was left at the convent, and the sisters were never again in such straitened circumstances. Humility and contrition seemed to be the prevailing sentiments of Mother Warde's old age. She dwelt frequently on the inscrutable judgments of God, and the awful responsibility of occupying the chair of superior in "God's House."

A paragraph taken from a sermon preached by Bishop Bradley, of Manchester, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Order in the United States, seems a suitable closing to this sketch of the life and labors of the great American foundress of the Sisters of Mercy:

> Fifty years ago they numbered seven. To-day they number thousands, and are established in fifty-eight dioceses in the United States. We were favored in having as foundress one who drank in the spirit of the Order at its very source, one who governed this community for twenty-five years, the revered Mother Warde. She now rests amongst the hills of New Hampshire, in this land which was very dear to her. "Rests," did we say? We think she rests not, but is as near to each of her living children as to the dead by her side, reminding them of the blessedness of their high vocation, and of that reward exceeding great which awaits them in Heaven.

MOTHER MARY ROSE DUROCHER

OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES OF JESUS AND MARY

"MOTHER, will it soon be time to pray?" was a favorite query of little Eulalie Durocher when she was but three years of age. And this question is the index to her character. To commune with God, to serve Him to help suffering humanity, to follow in the footsteps of the Master—these made up her existence. Surprisingly great are the achievements of those who have learned to love prayer and to pray continuously either in word or action. From the days of the Apostles to the apostolic workers of to-day the series of their achievements run on to infinity. Often enough this seems the success of folly, of the folly of the Cross. That a young woman frail in health, with no extraordinary gifts of fortune, should have organized an educational movement that became nation wide seems incredible. Yet this is what Eulalie Durocher did; for Eulalie Durocher had learned to pray.

Sieur Olivier Durocher and his wife Genevieve were Eulalie's parents. Madame Durocher, brought up by her aunt, Madame Mauvide, Seigneuresse of the Island of Orleans, had been educated at the Ursuline Convent, Quebec. Her early training eminently fitted her for the responsibilities of a mother of ten children. Two of these children died young, three married and in their own homes became faithful imitators of their parents' virtues. Three, Flavien, Theophile, and Eusebe, sought a life of service to humanity in the priesthood. Marie Seraphine, as a Sister of the Congregation of Notre Dame, served the cause of educa-

tion, whereas Eulalie, the youngest, became one of America's greatest foundresses.

Eulalie was born in the quaintly beautiful parish of St. Antoine on the banks of the Richelieu, October 6, 1811. Ill health menaced her life from infancy to womanhood. Consequently, her early education was conducted by the dearest of all teachers, her mother. Sieur Olivier's father took up the good work where the mother left off and continued it until the autumn of 1821, when the little girl of ten was enrolled in a school at St. Denis, conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation. Here Eulalie remained two years and during this time she made her first Holy Communion.

Four years of home training followed, for although there were two servants in the Durocher household Eulalie's mother believed that she should be the one to fit her children for a life of usefulness. Eulalie, at the same time, grew spiritually; she meditated, attended Mass frequently, received Holy Communion often. Her young soul, thus nourished, turned to God. She would belong entirely to Him, and she said so when she had attained her sixteenth year. Her sister, Marie Seraphine, had entered the novitiate of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame and Eulalie earnestly desired to join her and give her young life also to God. With this end in view she went to the boarding school conducted by Margaret Bourgeoys' daughters in Montreal. Here, the goal of her desires seemed nearer. She would study diligently and pass from the schoolroom to the novitiate. Ah, that would be happiness! Had she not longed with a great longing for this step? But this she was not destined to take, for illness spoiled her beautiful dream. Eulalie was never strong. Her sojourn at boarding school was accordingly short, yet long enough to impress her companions with her high courage. One of these wrote years afterward:

> In my eyes Eulalie Durocher was wonderful; she alone was unaware of her own worth, attributing all to God that was found favorable in her, and asserting that of herself she was only weakness and misery. She possessed charming modesty, was gentle and amiable; attentive always to the voice of her teachers, she was still more so to the voice of God, who spoke to her heart.

A rest under her mother's gentle care, a return to normal strength, and Eulalie again considered what course she would follow. Perhaps, teaching was too arduous for her. But, oh, how strongly it appealed to her! Should she relinquish her cherished project? Had God other designs on her? Was He manifesting His will in her regard through illness? Well, then, she could try nursing in the General Hospital, at Quebec. If this were her vocation, she would devote her life to the work despite the other appeal, the great one of education. It might be that God wished the sacrifice of her taste in the matter of her vocation. Yes, she would decide to try nursing. And this she did, only to be forced again by illness to return to St. Antoine, where her brother, the Reverend Eusebe Durocher, said of her: "She was affectionate, prayerful, peaceful, cheerful without noise, the delight of our home."

Sorrow is never very far away from the lovers of the Crucified. With her thwarted hopes and broken plans a heavier cross came to Eulalie Durocher. Her mother, "The Angel in the House," as her children lovingly called her, passed away and Eulalie found herself at once the housekeeper and the stay of her father. At this time her other brother, Reverend Theophile Durocher, was parish priest at Belœil. He thought of the old man and the young girl in their loneliness and insisted that they should make their home with him. They fell in with his views, and the change provided Eulalie with a wider field for her

charity. Like St. Elizabeth, she delighted to wait upon God's poor; she was wont to give "until it hurt" to relieve some one less fortunate than herself. Whenever a kind word or a kind deed could bring cheer or warmth, well-being or better living, Eulalie spoke the word and saw that the deed was accomplished. Her own busy hands provided for the needy; tirelessly she sought to bring comfort and help. If lack of material means appealed to her tender heart, there was another kind of poverty that caused her greater sorrow—the poverty of educational opportunities for every child of the parish. She learned of this greater need daily as she went about "doing good." How to remedy this condition she often asked herself as she prayed and planned. Her survey did not stop with the limits of the parish of Belœil. St. Hilaire across the Richelieu also had many girls growing to womanhood without education. The children of the well-to-do everywhere were educated, but what about the numerous families who could not afford to send their daughters to boarding schools? Eulalie thought that means must be found to have a school in every parish.

These considerations led to larger problems. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame had thirteen schools in the Province of Quebec; the Ursulines had one at Quebec, another at Trois Rivières. Fifteen schools for the girls of the Province of Quebec in 1835 did not seem adequate to Eulalie. She saw that the harvest was ripe but that the workers were correspondingly few.

The light gradually broke until the way was made quite clear. The Right Reverend Ignatius Bourget, the saintly Bishop of Montreal, had recently returned from a trip to Europe. During his stay abroad he had been mindful of the needs of his diocese and from Monsignor Mazenod he had secured the services of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate for the establishment of several houses in Canada.

These missionaries opened a college at Longueuil and were entrusted with the parish of St. Hilaire, of which Reverend Father Telmon, O.M.I., was appointed rector. This zealous missionary was destined to become the light bearer to Eulalie and to many other young girls of the district.

Shortly after his arrival Father Telmon established at Belœil, May 25, 1843, the first parochial Sodality of the Children of Mary in Canada. Of this Eulalie was superior. Nearly every pioneer member became a religious, and one, Madame Galipeau, founded the Sisters of the Misericorde at Montreal. Eulalie had in the Sodality a new outlet for her zeal. She knew neither weakness nor human respect, and when a member on one occasion came to the meeting in décolleté attire, Eulalie supplied the missing material. All was done so sweetly, and so gratifying was the existing Christian spirit, that no offense was taken where none was intended to be given.

Monsignor Mazenod had promised Bishop Bourget Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary from his foundation house in France for a school in Longueuil. Father Telmon wrote to his superior at Marseilles about Eulalie and Mélodie Dufresne. He told the bishop that these two young women wished to become Sisters of the Holy Names, and wanted to know when the sisters were coming from France. Eulalie and Mélodie, Father Telmon assured the bishop, were working earnestly for their cherished project. They were gaining in fortitude and forbearance. According to the testimony of Mélodie the exquisite Eulalie was at this time imitating the rigors of the saints. Yes, Eulalie the gracious, the amiable, the kind, could be very hard on herself, but she made her friend promise not to reveal what the latter had discovered. And so Mélodie did not tell about the hair shirts and girdle, nor about disciplines and fastings until Eulalie's beautiful life on earth had ended. And what of Mélodie herself? Mélodie, the

austere, did not tell what she was doing in her work of preparation; that was not Melodie's way, for Melodie always considered herself the culprit of the ages, and that in consequence atonement was her portion. Dear, strong, suffering Mélodie!

Reverend Father Telmon, O.M.I., was transferred shortly afterward to Longueuil, and given charge of the neighboring missions. He left for France in May to seek help for his congregations. Bishop Bourget encouraged Father Telmon to bring Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary from Marseilles, and Eulalie and Mélodie decided to join them on their arrival at Longueuil. But the Marseilles community was not prepared to send any of its members to distant America; it was young and had no house out of Monsignor Mazenod's diocese. Eulalie was disappointed but not discouraged. Since the sisters of Marseilles had refused to come, why not found an institute without their help? Although she failed to see clearly how such a measure would fit the requirements, she was confident of success. Bishop Bourget gave his hearty assent, but Father Theophile Durocher, the devoted brother, did not approve. "Found an order? Found a congregation? Why, what are you thinking about?" and Theophile was a gentle, generous brother. But the project seemed unusual, extraordinary; it was preposterous. The idea was a "delusion and a snare." And he told Eulalie so in public and in private. Then Father Eusebe called at the Belœil rectory and the matter was discussed easily and familiarly at table, as families often do among themselves, in jest and fun. But it was no joke to Eulalie, although those who knew her best were wont to say, "If you wish to be Eulalie's friend, hurt her."

"Since you wish to be a religious," Eusebe told her, "why not join the Grey Sisters or some other established congregation?"

Eulalie belonged to the family, so she listened and reflected. Before Eusebe left that day, however, she went to the confessional and put the question squarely to him. "Father Telmon and the Bishop insist that I help to found a teaching congregation. What do you advise me to do?"

"With the Grey Sisters you will not accomplish half the good you will at Longueuil," he answered.

Was he inspired? Had he been given an insight into the soul of the sister whom they all loved devotedly? The light in all its dazzling brightness had come at last and for an instant seemed to bewilder both her brothers.

This period brought even greater trials to Eulalie. She had always been a frequent communicant. Father Odelin had led her nearer the Eucharistic King after she came to Belœil; Father Telmon, his successor, had heartened her upward struggle through frequent Communion. But now Father Telmon had gone to Longueuil and he who succeeded him had withdrawn the Great Privilege from Eulalie. How desolate was her soul and how sorely in need of her great Comforter! But "nothing unusual" had been the warning, and Eulalie submitted with a lonely, longing heart, as every one must do who has grown to love the Presence, and who feel abandoned without It. Surely these were trying days for Eulalie, the center of whose life was God. The trial stretched out its tortuous length. There were months of desolate waiting before circumstances called her to Longueuil, where she went for the Religious Profession of her brother, Eusebe. Here she met the Bishop, who insisted on her and Mélodie's coming to Longueuil at once, and that there should be no further delay. This was October 6, 1843. Even to this day there seems to be a soft voice coming from her note to Mélodie. The note says, "The Bishop and Father Telmon bid us come to Longueuil immediately"; but in our souls we hear the song of her heart: "At last! At last! Suffering, trials,

want, and woe ahead! But what matter? The Master calls! Oh, the Master calls! Let us up and away to do His bidding as best we can! Let us away!" And away they went on October 28, 1843, to Longueuil. Eulalie was then thirty-two years old.

As the traveler proceeds through Longueuil village toward the great boarding school of the Sisters of the Holy Names, he may notice on his left as he draws near the school a small stone building with deeply slanting roof. This building was the cradle, the Bethlehem, of the Sisters of the Holy Names. It was to this house Eulalie Durocher and Mélodie Defresne came October 28, 1843, to begin their novitiate in obedience to the advice of their Bishop and of their spiritual director.

Henriette Céré and her sister Emilie were at the time conducting a school in the building. Thirteen boarders and about twice as many day pupils constituted the school. Henriette had long been desirous to become a religious teacher. She was fitted for her profession and had expressed the determination to join the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary when they should arrive from Marseilles. Since the sisters could not come, Henriette like her two friends, Eulalie and Mélodie, felt that their Bishop and their spiritual director were leading them aright. Hence she became one of the three evidently chosen by Providence to found a new congregation on the Western Continent.

Over this small community Bishop Bourget appointed Reverend Father Allard, O.M.I., Novice Master and Master of Pedagogy. The beginning was humble, yet it is from humble beginnings accompanied by trials and sacrifices that great ventures grow. And trials and sacrifices were never wanting to the foundresses. Nor did Father Allard undervalue the task entrusted to him. Valiantly and energetically he set about it, and if every vestige of self-love did not disappear forever, if every virtue that can adorn humanity

did not flourish in that fervent school of virtue, the Novice Master was not to blame. He was zealous in seeking perfection in his work of religious formation. His ideal was high, as was the ideal of Eulalie herself. And next to the religious formation of his postulants was their formation as teachers. Father Allard visited the classes often, taught in presence of the teachers, assembled them after class hours, and showed them where to prune and where to add. Eulalie became the object of his severest criticisms. And why not? Was he not fashioning her to be the corner stone of the new edifice? What nicety of care he gave her! Long years afterward, when bishop and broken in health from missionary labors in Africa, he found comfort in the thought of the three generous, fervent souls whom he had helped Heavenward.

Months slipped by. Even Father Allard on looking over his work found it good and began to speak about the religious clothing of his postulants. Eulalie took fright; she thought herself better fitted for the life of an auxiliary sister than for that of teacher. To be convinced of her unworthiness to figure actively in the new congregation was to act. She went to Bishop Bourget for advice. "Do the will of God," he told her and she submitted again to his views. God's will! Why, that was the aim and end of her every action. Certainly she would try to do God's will, but she was so useless, so unworthy; she deserved only contempt and reproaches and the Lord was calling her to be closely His own! The favor seemed too great for one so undeserving. Consequently, she sought as her right the lowest and most menial work of the house.

Within their humble convent chapel, February 28, 1844, were Bishop Bourget, Father Honorat, O.M.I., their new ecclesiastical superior, Father Allard, O.M.I., and Father Theophile Durocher, for the religious clothing of Eulalie, henceforth to be known as Sister Mary Rose; of Henriette

Céré, to be known as Sister Mary Magdalen, and of Mélodie Dufresne, ever after Sister Mary Agnes. This is a day held in blessedness by every Sister of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. A model of the religious habit had been sent the sisters from Europe; the rule likewise had come from abroad and had been arranged by Bishop Bourget to suit the conditions and needs of the New World. That day in the little assembly, not unlike that of the Cenacle, were two gifted young women, Salomé Martin of St. Philip, and Hedwidge Davignon of St. Mathias. In time they, too, were clothed with the habit of the Holy Names, took the names of Sister Theresa of Jesus and Sister Veronica of the Crucifix, and were sent to Montreal for their normal studies. Brother Facile did everything in his power to make the training of the two novices effective. They lodged with the Sisters of Providence, St. Catherine Street, and daily made their way to the Christian Brothers' school on St. James Street. Day after day they went notebook in hand to observe, study, note down, and ponder over classroom tactics. Every Saturday on their return to Longueuil they organized the material collected, discussed it with their three elder sisters, who applied it as far as possible to the work in which they were actively engaged. Later these notes after being tested were again arranged and formed the basis of the pedagogical training of the young teachers of the congregation.

While Sister Theresa of Jesus and Sister Veronica of the Crucifix were preparing a pedagogical treatise for the new congregation, Sister Mary Rose and her two companions were working earnestly at their own perfection. Bishop Bourget, speaking of this period of Mother Mary Rose's life, says:

> Eulalie was no sooner in the Novitiate at Longueuil than Father Allard subjected her to the severest trials. Although she was long accustomed to suffering, she

> now found herself in a new sphere, where it was necessary to undergo all kinds of humiliations that would help nature to be transformed into the highest human excellence, to submit to those trials which alone can aid the soul to acquire complete self-renunciation; and all must acquire this who desire to follow the Divine Master: "If anyone will come after Me, let him take up his cross!"

Eulalie understood that there is no other way to Heaven except the way of crucifixion. Listen to her as she says: "My virtue while in the world seems to me now only an illusion"; and again, "While I was at home I aspired to extraordinary graces, and now I see this was an unpardonable illusion on my part."

Aridity added to her tortures. Yet throughout all her bodily and mental suffering she bore herself patiently, beseeching God to supply the defects of her virtues out of the excess of His bounty. "It is so little compared to what I deserve," she was wont to say, and daily grew more lovely, while the tender-hearted Sister Veronica of the Crucifix wept as she witnessed such suffering and such humility. Well might Father Allard exclaim: "Oh, Lord Jesus, what wonders Thou workest in souls that belong to Thee!" Through the priest's care the novices moved generously forward, sacrificing all for God. The day of complete spoliation drew near. Sister Mary Rose speaks of it in a letter to her sister, Marie Seraphine, now Mother St. Cecile.

> DEAR SISTER:
>
> I was about to invite you to my Profession when I heard of your illness. You must know that it would be a very great joy for me to see you present, to have you pray near me when I take the step which you have already taken to your own great happiness. But God has willed otherwise. So while I am at the foot of the altar consecrating my poor life to His love, you will

be on a bed of pain, offering Him your sufferings. Share your merit with me to supply the deficiency of mine; and renew your sacrifice to supplement the smallness and meanness of mine. I rely on your prayers and on those of your Reverend Mother and kind Sisters.

On December 8, 1844, the first religious profession of the Sisters of the Holy Names took place when the three foundresses vowed their lives to God. Before the Mass Bishop Bourget read a mandate granting the young congregation official recognition; after Mass he organized the first government of the Sisters of the Holy Names by appointing Sister Mary Rose, Superior and Novice Mistress; Sister Mary Magdalen, Assistant and Directress of the Boarding School, and Sister Mary Agnes, Directress of the Art Department. The burden of the bishop's sermons to the sisters was, "Little children, love one another," invariably adding, "Let this be the soul of your congregation."

With government commenced, canonical recognition given, and their novitiate completed the foundresses kept on diligently at their double line of endeavor—personal perfection and perfection in teaching. In both these important enterprises the bishop helped them greatly. Two weeks after the profession of the foundresses he came again and bade the sisters to follow St. Ignatius's method of mental prayer; he likewise made two hours of daily study an imperative duty for every teaching sister. He decided, moreover, that only qualified applicants should be accepted for choir sisters. The distinctive features of the congregation were becoming marked, and each recommendation given by the bishop was scrupulously carried out.

The reputation of the school grew steadily. The number of pupils increased so rapidly that the foundresses were obliged to secure a larger building as early as August 4, 1844. The parish of Longueuil, benefiting most by the

foundation, eagerly offered the sisters a more spacious domicile, and this was gratefully accepted. This transaction led to important issues, trying situations; but so accustomed are great-souled Christians to look for the shadow of the Cross athwart their young enterprises, that if it is absent they question if the work is from God. Mother Mary Rose's Calvaries and Gethsemanies were so numerous along her life route that she was left no occasion to question. Poverty, even deprivation of what is considered the necessaries of life, marked the first days in the new abode. For weeks potatoes were the only food of the sisters; their dining room was the end of a corridor and that without chairs. Their sleeping apartments were the schoolrooms and halls which necessitated an early shifting of the scenes before the pupils began anew their tasks of the day. These, however, were minor trials compared to those the good Lord had in His keeping for the new congregation, and which were even now knocking at its door.

The trouble came unexpectedly and from a surprising source, the parish of Longueuil. The same trustees who had so graciously offered a building to the sisters for their school, imposed conditions, the acceptance of which would do nothing less than mortgage the future. Mother Mary Rose laid the demands before the sisters and they unanimously rejected them. Bishop Bourget told the foundress to take heart, that should the trustees persist in their demands, he himself would find a convent site near his episcopal residence; and Father Brassard, to keep the sisters in Longueuil, made a generous offer. Adjoining the boarding school Mother Mary Rose had opened a day school on a lot belonging to Father Brassard. This he now offered to her with the promise of erecting the necessary buildings. The conditions attached to Father Brassard's offer were acceptable; the chief of these was that the sisters should agree to liquidate any debt that might remain

against the property on the death of the pastor. The deed of transfer was made and Mother Mary Rose began planning the needed improvements, a step which necessitated mortgaging the property.

With all these pressing affairs at Longueuil, Mother Mary Rose did not hesitate to reach out to greater things. The Belœil parishioners had with regret seen Eulalie Durocher leave her brother's house. How often during her stay among them had they slipped into the church to watch her and Mélodie pray! "How well they pray!" had become a general remark. On Eulalie's profession they resolved to have a school in their parish conducted by her sisters and accordingly they began a convent which was completed September 26, 1846. Mother Mary Rose sent them, on November 3, Sister Theresa of Jesus, Sister Mary Ursula, and Sister Mary Anne. Her mother heart prompted her to write to her brother regarding the teachers of this first local house, "They are only novices and need encouragement. You will be their father and friend." He was both, for no more devoted and generous friend did the young congregation have than Reverend Theophile Durocher.

The Longueuil boarding school grew and postulants came in goodly numbers to the novitiate. To accommodate these new contingents Mother Mary Rose purchased another piece of land, although this, together with the recent improvements, sorely taxed the revenues of the house. But the foundress's trust in Providence carried her safely through these and keener struggles ahead.

An ecclesiastic all too notorious in his day had been requested to leave the Diocese of Quebec. Bishop Bourget in his Christlike charity offered the man another chance, and appointed him assistant to Reverend Father Brassard. The stranger was a trouble brewer and almost immediately began to criticize everything in the Longueuil parish. Soon

he persuaded the pastor to seek control of the school. He repeated his views and with time they began to have effect on Father Brassard. Mother Mary Rose saw the subtle change in Father Brassard, she understood perfectly the cause, and grew more prayerful in consequence; but the depths of her serene soul were undisturbed. To her it was another instance in which her unworthiness was bringing pain and punishment on the congregation.

With these personal trials a great public calamity was at this time threatening the lives of the people. Ireland, made a torture house for her own people by alien rule, saw many of her bravest sons and best daughters seek freedom in strange lands. They paid their passage in English ships which offered accommodations that were an outrage to humanity. No wonder that typhus broke out aboard these vessels; no wonder that it raged among the immigrants at Quebec, that it spread to Montreal and Ottawa. The Sulpicians, Jesuits, and the diocesan clergy proved, as ever, equally heroic. The bishop himself, good father that he was, went among the stricken. He, his coadjutor, Monsignor Prince, the Oblate Fathers, and many other ministering angels fell victims to their zeal. Prayer became more fervent in the Longueuil convent, mortifications more frequent. The sick recovered; but now there were many children deprived of their parents. The foundress's charity, as always, rose to the occasion and she decided to educate some of the children orphaned by the malady. Oppressed with burdensome debt, she could still find means to help where help was needed.

When the siege of death passed a real siege of trouble began for her, all the more painful because it was caused by a friend of the congregation. Public examinations proved again that the school was progressing, that it was conducted on the right lines by able teachers. But one sat at the pastor's table who never could respect truth on ac-

count of some psychological mistake in his nature. His words were producing results at last; he had won the pastor. The congregation had borrowed money to build and heavy payments were the order of the day. In the heart of these besetting difficulties Father Brassard asked for the land he had deeded to the congregation. Mother Mary Rose did not hesitate; she bought the land from him at his price. He had an adjoining lot, and if the sisters would not buy it he would find another purchaser. Mother Mary Rose purchased this lot also at the owner's figure. Deprivations were increased to meet these new demands. Twelve days later another note came from the pastor: "I do not consider [it read] that I am unreasonable in asking you to return my piano which you have had for the last three years." This elicited the following reply: "We are very grateful for the use of your piano, nor have we forgotten that when we bought a new piano we offered it to you. My word then pledged is still pledged. You may have whichever piano you wish, and you can have it to-day. I beg you to accept my gratitude for all your kindness."

"I was very much touched," the pastor answered, "by the generous offer of your beautiful new piano. I let you have the use of mine without remuneration, and I am pleased to receive it as it is now. By taking back to-day more than I let you have, I would lose the merit of a service rendered."

These relations with the pastor furnish an interesting psychological problem, and also show that the bishop's advice had borne fruit. He had written Mother Mary Rose:

> I think, Reverend Mother, that you should not be alarmed at any trials or difficulties Providence may send you; they will teach you to live for God alone and for His Blessed Mother. Be true daughters of Jesus and Mary, and take care not to prove unworthy of these Names to which you are consecrated. May

> Jesus and Mary bless all your Sisters and grant you prudence! Truly, we need it when we have the direction of others. You will please ask it for me. I need it more than you.

When the attempt to hurt the community financially had failed, clever insinuations were next leveled against it in the ignorant manner of all the "ex's." The residents of Longueuil sprang to the breach through the *Minerve* of Montreal, to silence the maligner, if possible. The attacks were perverse and malignant, yet they did not bewilder Mother Mary Rose. She opened a school at St. Lin, another at St. Timothy, and when Father Brassard's name day came around she did not forget the occasion, judging from his communication:

> The expressions of your gratitude pleased me [he wrote] and I gladly accept your gift. Knowing that it was made at the Convent gives it exceptional value in my estimation. Accept my thanks. I recommend myself to your prayers, and promise to ask God, at every Holy Mass I shall offer, to bless your Institution. To-morrow at seven the Holy Sacrifice shall be celebrated in your intention.

Father Brassard was too upright a man to be long swayed by an individual who might for a time conceal himself behind a screen of seeming zeal, but who ultimately became the worst apostate Canada has yet known. He was simply an instrument used by Providence to purify the foundress more and more, and to strengthen the foundations of an edifice she was raising.

This period was remarkable also for the many recruits of merit and ability who joined the ranks of the sisterhood. Among these candidates for sainthood were Hermine de Rouville, daughter of Seigneur de Rouville, later Mother Mary Scholastica, long superior of the new boarding school at Hochelaga; Joanna Roche, the gifted Mother Mary

Elizabeth, an able teacher and a capable leader; Catherine and Mary O'Neill—the former, Sister Francis of Assisium, noted for her heroism during the smallpox plague in Jacksonville, Oregon; and the latter, Mother Mary Margaret, one of the most noted educators Oregon has ever had; Josephine Legasse, Mother Marie Jean Baptiste, the upbuilder of Sacred Heart Convent, Oakland, California, and long the life of the houses of the Holy Names in the Golden State; Virginie Duhamel, Mother Mary Stanislaus destined to be General of the Congregation, gentle and holy; and Mary Hagan, Sister Mary Patrick, one of the strong teachers of these early years. There are many other names that could be here inscribed, for probably no other community within so short a given time has ever enrolled so many really superior women. To great natural ability they added the fervor of the first Christians and retained it, too, to steep each successive band of recruits with that beautifully earnest spirit they had imbibed from the foundress. Their conversations dealt with her to the edification of the younger members. When they had built up schools on the Gulf and the Pacific slope, they kept alive the torch of education she had set in their hands, enlightening the young in the things of time and of eternity. Surely, Mother Mary Rose's labors were blessed by God through the sweetness with which she accepted trials and the eagerness with which she sought them, and the valor with which she fought weaknesses and imperfections either in herself, the pupils, or in the members of her religious family.

Mother Mary Rose early learned to follow in the footsteps of the Savior. Her parents, like the parents of the Little Flower, trained her not to flee from annoyances, but to meet them serenely and live them through. This is a fitting childhood for life here and especially for the life to come. In the Belœil rectory Mélodie Dufresne alarmed Eulalie's humility by discovering the latter's instruments of

penance, which told their own persuasive story of love for the Crucified. At Longueuil Mother Mary Rose seemed to look upon herself as a sinner deserving of every chastisement. Even when her gentle demeanor as portress during her noviceship was drawing souls to the congregation, Eulalie considered herself fit only for the most menial work of the house. Nor did her humility find expression solely in words. Often she surprised the sisters by assuming the lowest duties in the infirmary, and meeting all objections with her gentle pleading to be allowed to serve the suffering. Again she would join Sister Mary Felicienne in scrubbing the corridors, putting herself at the task with all her feeble strength. In a word she always did whatever her hand found for her to do and this she did as perfectly as possible.

When not busy with the actual demands of the convent she was cheering the pupils or contributing to the happiness of the sisters. Her own spirit of mortification did not make her severe toward others. When an occasion demanded she could be gently firm but never weakly indulgent. Among the pupils of that period who have left notes on Mother Mary Rose are Mary O'Neill, Mother Mary Margaret; Hermine de Rouville, Mother Mary Scholastica; Joanna Roche, Mother Mary Elizabeth; Thaïs Lacoste, Mother Mary Thaïs. Their "reminiscences" of the devoted foundress as she came and went among them are all aglow with her mother love and unselfishness.

Mary O'Neill says that Mother Mary Rose found her one morning bathed in tears.

"What is the trouble, little girl?" she tenderly inquired.

"There is no one to do my hair, Mother!" Mary replied.

"I'll find some one," Mother Mary Rose said, as she left the scene to return quickly with comb and brush. The superior herself curled Mary's black locks and made a small girl very happy by her kind deed. Later through Mother Mary Rose's intercession Mary came to the noviti-

ate from the boarding school at the early age of fourteen. But Mary left her canary behind, much to her sorrow. Mother Mary Rose, knowing Mary's fondness for her pet, gave her charge of the bird to the postulant's great joy. Neither could Mary forget in after years the many other kindnesses which the foundress lavished upon her. There was the occasion of Mary's illness when Mother Mary Rose herself went to the kitchen and made her the appetizing apple pie, and finding that Mary liked the pie, told the cook to prepare one occasionally for the young postulant. Mary, who had been motherless from her infancy, learned to love Mother Mary Rose with a daughter's love, and the superior, knowing the ardent, generous soul entrusted to her, fashioned it with a firm hand to render magnificent service. Once when Mother Mary Rose noticed that Mary was inclined to imitate the rigorous fasts of the saints, she called the postulant and inquired who gave her permission to fast.

"No one," Mary answered.

"Then I'll serve you at supper," Mother Mary Rose said, and Mary never had a more appealing or generous portion served her at table than that served her that evening.

The personal training for life was the cause of the brilliant success of these young educators in a later day, as it likewise was the key to the happiness of many a home. Mother Mary Rose was accustomed to appear among the pupils at unexpected times with certain delicacies. Sometimes, too, she would return with empty plate in hand and ask, "Who thought of the poor?" Only one little girl on the first of these occasions chanced to have candy to put on the plate. These lessons, however, soon bore results. The majority of the pupils began to think, after a treat, that an empty plate might return for contributions for the poor. "Always remember God's poor!" Mother Mary

Rose insisted, for these were not the days of organized charities.

Her perfect understanding of the need of occasional relaxation contributed greatly to the strength of the ties which bound the sisters and pupils to her. On several occasions Hermine de Rouville had expressed her views about her pony. Might it not forget her? she asked, and Hermine was not talkative. Mother Mary Rose listened to the query, and followed it up by suggesting to Madame de Rouville that the groom might bring the pony to the convent. Great was Hermine's joy when the animal whinnied at sight of her. She mounted and had a very satisfying canter around the convent grounds.

In these "Ages of Faith," as Joanna Roche named them, Mother Mary Rose might say to the irrepressible Hortense Dufresne, Mother Mary Agnes's sister, "Amuse yourself, laugh, play pranks"; but none could be firmer than the foundress.

> If the bell called us to a Community exercise, to class, or other duty [says one of these novices] we went immediately. Were we writing, we left a letter unfinished; were we sewing, the needle stopped in the stitch just begun. I like to remember how Mother taught us to observe the rule. She was not severe, but firm and kind; yet in her kindness there was no weakness. She was persistent in recommending cheerfulness under privations. "These mean death to self-love," she would say, "common life is its grave. Do not be surprised at unkindness, lack of delicacy, or lack of thought; they help you to die to self, and by this death you shall reach ideal life here—the life of grace." "Jesus and Mary suffered, they consented to pay the tribute of pain, we their followers must do likewise." "Go to the Chapel, Sister," was one of her oft-repeated recommendations, "and ask our Blessed Mother to help you; she suffered and she understands."

> Any infraction of the rule might be stayed by the words, "Oh, don't do that, it would grieve Mother."

While the charm of her life was drawing souls nearer God, and the peace of her soul seemed great, the storms were still buffeting the bark she was guiding. In 1848 she writes to Reverend Father Telmon, O.M.I., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who had asked her for altar linens and vestments, that the articles had been sent and adds:

> There is no change in our relations with the pastor. The trials which God has been pleased to send us are not yet over. They say many people are surprised to see that the Congregation has weathered the storm, and has been strengthened by its buffetings. It was no ordinary tempest, for word and deed were actively combined against the existence of the Congregation. If I had become a religious to live in peaceful retirement, would my deception not have been complete! You, know, Reverend Father, that this was not my intention.
>
> My sole regret is, that I do not give my Sisters the example they have a right to expect. The thought grieves and pains me. Your letter did me good, for nothing is so helpful to us when we suffer as the sympathy of those in whom we have confidence. Our Community will prosper, aided by Heaven, for we have the fervent prayers of many zealous friends.

Gradually the debt was paid off through the income of the school and the dowries of the sisters. Mother Mary Rose had considered the "lilies of the field," and her trust in the Master was vindicated. Gradually, too, the pastor returned to his former friendly attitude toward the congregation, but not before the foundress had passed through the door that "never outward swings." Her health, always delicate, was weakened perceptibly now. She still went about her duties, her cough aggravated, her feebleness more

apparent, the besetting difficulties many, yet gradually vanishing. Realizing that the end was not distant, she confided her religious family to Mary's blessed keeping.

> Immaculate Virgin Mary [she wrote] of stainless birth, Holy Mother of God Queen of Heaven and Earth, and in particular of this Community which is consecrated to you, and Mistress especially of this poor slave, Sister Mary Rose, permit me to express my thoughts to you on this day of retreat, April 29, 1849, whereon I am preparing to celebrate the beautiful month of May, your month, dear Mother, and which I would employ to honor, bless, and love you. I wish to imitate you more in deed, by practising your virtues, rather than by speaking of them. I desire this Community, of which your Divine Son willed that I, although most unworthy, should be the Superior, to love, bless, and serve you. Allow me to open my heart to you today. Humbly prostrate at your feet, I come, O tender Queen and compassionate Mistress, to beg light to know more clearly my inability, pride, inconstancy, negligence, and sloth, and that self-love over which I now weep, and which causes me to be so selfish in your service and that of your Divine Son.

At the beginning of May Mother Mary Rose set the example of practicing some particular mortification or devotion each day to acquire the virtue most pressingly needed. Toward the end of the month she wrote to the Blessed Virgin:

> Let me beg you, dear Mother, to obtain for me light to know and understand my Sisters, and what is best for the spiritual advancement of each one. Give me the spirit you desire them to have; give all your children whom you cherish the knowledge of what real love is; grant this in particular to your unworthy daughter and servant, who longs for nothing so much as to depart. . . .

She did not finish the sentence. God's will was the food of her soul, and as long as there were difficulties she would not ask to escape.

The picture Mother Mary Rose leaves of herself is quite different from that given by Mother Veronica of the Crucifix, who says:

> The Foundress had become so perfectly mistress of herself, that under the most trying provocation she did not show the least impatience even by a gesture or change of countenance; nor did multiplicity of duties affect her serenity. She never spoke in her own praise, or repeated any incident that might redound to her credit; she never referred to what she quitted when she entered the Convent. Exact observance was sacred to her, nor would she tolerate an infraction of it in another. Yet when she reminded the delinquent of her fault against the Rule, she did it with affection and kindness. If Mother, however, thought that there was any warmth in her reproach, even when it was imperceptible to the offender, she threw herself on her knees, saying: "Sister, pardon me for the love of Jesus!" The trials through which the Community passed came near wrecking its existence. "They happen for our good!" Mother would say, as she bent to each additional burden uncomplainingly. Nor did interior sufferings diminish her courage nor weaken her confidence. God allowed every spiritual consolation to be withdrawn from her to such a degree that she felt abandoned by the Almighty. This, indeed, was anguish but it was not all. While her soul was enveloped in densest darkness that completely hid the Heavenly Father's smile, she had other keen tortures. When an able hand is at the helm, guiding the bark through desolate night-stretches, trust in the pilot is a help and a joy; but if the comfort of confidence is removed, and ever-increasing repugnance for the voice of the helmsman is experienced, then truly, is the poor

> soul really tried. Yet this is what was asked of the foundress for her sanctification and our instruction. These interior storms finally ended like the furious assaults on the Community—one can scarcely tell how. The tempest was; it is no more. During the fiercest interior attacks her outward calm was undisturbed.

Bishop Bourget confirms this testimony of Mother Veronica of the Crucifix. "She believed she was abandoned by God!" he repeats, and what suffering this statement implies! Her physical weakness soon confined her to her cell, where she received the First Communicants, June 7, 1849. Among them was Thaïs Lacoste, Mother Thaïs of St. Joseph, to whom the foundress said: "You will be one of us." How often when Novice Mistress did Mother Thaïs repeat the foundress's words with glowing face.

She, who had hungered for suffering, was given it in full measure; she, who sought to crush nature by penance and prayer, seemed to have attained her object; she who went often to the cook and said, "Command me, you are mistress here," was ready through the practice of obedience to submit lovingly to God's will in the great act of life, the final surrender. But before that hour grew near she was to see the withdrawal of the Oblates, who had been the instruments used by Providence in the foundation work of the Sisters of the Holy Names. She was even to see the departure of Father Allard, who for six years had devoted himself to the religious formation of the blessed foundress. She was to experience the deprivation of Holy Communion and to make her spoliation complete, she resigned, with the bishop's permission, her office of superior. Now she lay surrounded by her desolate daughters, waiting for the end, waiting and suffering, thus causing them the first great sorrow of their religious life. They had stormed Heaven to keep her, but God judged her ready for her reward. She left her children at 12:15 on the morning of October 6,

1849. Her stay with them had been brief but effective, for her spirit still sways their hearts and guides their actions. They continue to ask as they did back in the "Ages of Faith," "Would Mother Mary Rose have it so?" And now that the process of her beatification has begun, the prayers of many ascend that the seal of God's Church may be put upon this life from which such blessings flowed and still flow among the two thousand living members of her community who have enrolled under the banner of the Holy Names. Mother Mary Rose left early, but that her spirit will tarry long and late with her daughters, all the signs of to-day tend to indicate.

To do every good her hand found to do, was a trait of this blessed foundress. This characteristic she left to her congregation, for although the end of the sisterhood is: "To educate young ladies according to their station in life," yet they have departed from their life work several times at the call of duty. In 1868 they closed their school in Jacksonville, Oregon, when the black smallpox was making a charnel house of the city. "Husbands abandoned their wives, parents their children," one of the sisters wrote, yet Sister Francis of Assisium and Sister Mary Edward went out to nurse the victims, although they knew they could not return to their convent until the plague had subsided. Once, too, in Key West, when yellow fever scourged the island, the sisters dismissed their pupils and went bravely forth to scenes of menace among the plague-stricken. During the Spanish-American War hungry soldiers reached Tampa, Florida, with their provision train well in the rear. The sisters and pupils of the Convent of the Holy Names undertook to brew tea, make coffee, and feed the famished men. The Convent of Mary Immaculate, Key West, was offered to the United States authorities for hospital purposes during the same war. The offer was accepted and the sisters were trained to care for the wounded as well as they could

be trained in the short time allowed. Had Mother Mary Rose been alive she would have desired to be actively employed wherever human need was calling for help. Her spirit it is that prompted these heroic deeds, just as it is her spirit that inspires the teachers with kindness and love toward every child with whom they come in contact; and which impels the sisters to prepare themselves well for their great work of education. For the Sisters of the Holy Names realize that it is their chief duty to form true men and women for the nation. Mother Mary Rose taught them that with true women and good men any nation's future is guaranteed.

MOTHER CORNELIA CONNELLY

OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS

Cornelia Peacock was born on January 15, 1809, of a wealthy and distinguished Protestant family in Philadelphia. Her father, Ralph Peacock, came of a Yorkshire family, and her mother was of Spanish extraction. Cornelia was the youngest of six children, all of whom were gifted with talents and beauty. She grew up a lively, high-spirited, strong-willed girl, with gifts of intellect and character which early marked her out for leadership. She was educated at home and made rapid progress in all her studies. Her father and mother died before she was fifteen years of age and the elder sons and daughters being now settled in life, Cornelia was adopted by her half-sister, Mrs. Montgomery, who lived in the same town. Of her religious belief and practice during these years unfortunately there are no details. Probably a soul, whose response to the grace of faith when it came was so immediate, had turned to God from childhood, and had reached that knowledge of Him which is given to the pure of heart.

At the age of twenty-three she married a young Episcopalian clergyman, Pierce Connelly. They went to live at Natchez, Mississippi, where a chance occasion brought them into contact with nuns and roused their interest in Catholicism. Four years after their marriage both were received into the Catholic Church. As Mr. Connelly was then left without occupation, they took advantage of his temporary leisure to visit Rome and afterward spent two years traveling in Europe. News of financial failure then brought them back to America and necessitated a search for the means of

MOTHER CORNELIA CONNELLY

livelihood. Mr. Connelly became professor of English in the Jesuit College of St. Charles at Grand Coteau and his wife began teaching music to the pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent in the same place.

Such were the outward circumstances of Cornelia's life for its first thirty years. They differed in nothing from those of many another Christian wife and mother. Crosses had thrown their shadow over her path from time to time, but joy had greatly predominated. The recent loss of riches means little to a husband and wife of simple tastes, young, talented, and devotedly attached to each other. They still had interesting occupations, beautiful children, and opportunities for useful work. Moreover, after their long spell of travel both were glad to settle down again to a quiet home life, however humble.

They lived with their three children in a pretty cottage to which they gave the name of Gracemere. The joy of their religion increased their natural happiness, and their home became a center of peace and love, so that one of the Jesuit Fathers wrote of them, "They edified us and the whole parish by the spectacle of their tender piety." Both husband and wife had an extraordinary gift of personal charm. In him it showed in the interest and natural eloquence of his conversation; in her it was rather a fresh, irrepressible gayety, and a sympathy which took so profound a part in the joys and sorrows of every one around her that no room was left for self in any form.

Cornelia's school duties were not so arduous as to interfere with the care of her children to whom she was completely devoted. The eldest boy, Mercer, was now about six years old, then came Adeline, aged three, and then John, or "Pretty Boy" as they called him, a lovely baby with fair curls and laughing dark eyes like her own, the very "delight of her heart."

All then was joy and peace in the little home, as in the

heart of the young mother who ruled it so happily. But Cornelia aspired to sanctity, and in this world the way of sanctity is always the Way of the Cross. As she was destined to do a great work for God and to attain to high virtue in its fulfillment her trial came with a searching and terrible intensity. It was preceded by a generous desire to share in the sufferings of Our Lord. She began to long for suffering and even to pray for it, urged on, as she afterward said, by an interior force of love almost in spite of herself. Later to those of her religious children who showed the same desire, being zealous like herself for the better gifts, she used to say, "When the wish for suffering comes upon you strongly without previous effort on your part, it is from God. Do not resist it."

It has been said that in most cases the crisis of a life comes suddenly. To Cornelia Connelly it came on the morning of January 30, 1840, while she was out walking with her children. She described it afterward. It must have been one of those days when all the earth and air seem instinct with joyous life. At a little distance stood their cottage nestling among the green shadowy trees, while the sunshine hung golden around it. Close at hand her children were running and shouting in the bright keen air. A sense of intense happiness and love of God flooded her soul. Suddenly, impelled by she knew not what, she raised her eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "O my God, if all this happiness be not for Thy glory and the good of my soul, take it from me. I make the sacrifice."

She herself tells of that eager cry of her heart, but who shall tell what mysteries of grace were wrought in her at that moment? Everything tends to show that it was then that she first felt the mystical embrace of God, and in that supreme contact understood that He would call her to stand lonely beside the Desolate Mother very near to the Cross.

Twenty-four hours later her younger son was laid upon

her lap in the agony of death. He had run out alone into the garden to play with a large Newfoundland dog, and before any one had noticed him he had been knocked over into a tank of boiling maple juice. For forty-three hours he lingered in unspeakable torture in his mother's arms, until, as she wrote, "at early dawn on the Feast of the Purification he was taken into the Temple of the Lord."

One may not try to look into the deep places of the mother's soul during those long hours, or to venture where none but the Pierced Feet might safely tread; but one may know that it was then that there grew up in her heart the intense devotion to the Mother of Sorrows which marked her later life.

The shock of this loss made her cling even more closely to God, praying for greater faith, for yet more perfect resignation to His will. She must have felt a presentiment that still more would be taken from her, for through all her spiritual notes of this time there runs like an inspiration the thought of future sorrow and the earnest confiding of herself to God. Yet no suspicion can well have crossed her mind of what form that sorrow was to take. A note written by her at this time makes this more evident. "When I first became aware," she writes, "that the religious state was higher than the secular, I secretly rejoiced that my state in life was fixed and such a sacrifice would never be asked of me, for had I been a girl and examining my vocation I should always have felt that I must have given all—my very best to God."

She wrote these words, and then the incredible blow fell that was to shape her life's course anew, and to single her out alone among millions to be wife and mother and religious.

On the Feast of St. Edward, October 13, 1840, while walking home from Mass with Cornelia, Pierce Connelly told her of his urgent desire for a new ministry more glori-

ous than the one to which, in error, he had consecrated his youth. He longed to be a priest, and he asked her to make it possible by herself entering a convent.

Later, recalling that conversation, she declared that she must then have died of grief had it not been for the special assistance of God's grace. Yet, in spite of the confusion into which her mind was thrown, she had answered, taking refuge in words grow familiar by constant use, that if this should indeed prove to be God's will she would not oppose it.

As the days passed by, every detail of her home life must have impressed upon her with relentless accuracy all that the sacrifice would entail. The caresses of her children, and even the sight of the little empty cot which was awaiting the arrival of another child, must have been pain almost past bearing. Her whole being recoiled from the idea of separation. But there was another side. There were those sacred moments in which she had realized God's love, what He had done for her, the shortness of this life, the length of eternity. There was her own prayer for suffering, her offering of herself and all she had as a holocaust to God. If He really wished her husband to be a priest—to offer the Infinite Sacrifice—could she stand in the way? For the children, too, would it not be a privilege unspeakable?

Gradually her soul grew calmer, and she prayed as One prayed long ago "with a strong cry and tears," and in the strength of His prayer she, too, was able to repeat "Thy Will be done." There is no doubt that such a sacrifice can be, and occasionally has been, inspired by God, for it has the express commendation of Our Lord Himself. "Everyone that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or *wife or children* or lands for My name's sake shall receive an hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting" (Matt. xix. 29). It requires, of course, a special and clearly marked vocation, and it has been allowed by the

Church only in rare cases and after most careful investigation. If there are children provision must be made for them, and before the husband receives Holy Orders the wife must enter a religious congregation, or at least make publicly a vow of perpetual chastity.

For the moment Pierce Connelly's directors advised only calm consideration and much prayer that God would make known His will in this matter. No immediate outward change in their life took place. The daily routine continued, and Mrs. Connelly appeared, as always, calm and cheerful, so that no one guessed the struggle that was going on within. Yet in spite of her generosity there were times when her strength almost failed her. In later years Cardinal McCloskey described one of these moments when she had sought spiritual help from him. "Is it necessary," she cried, "for Pierce to make this sacrifice and *sacrifice me?* I love my husband; I love my darling children. Why must I give them up?"

Amid the strain of conflicting feelings the weeks and months went by, and in March, 1841, her youngest son, Frank, was born. In the following September she made a retreat in which she seems to have received a clearer intimation of God's Will and of her own call to religious life. She writes: "Examined vocation. Decided. O my good Jesus, I give myself all to Thee to suffer and to die on the cross, poor as Thou wert poor, abandoned as Thou wert abandoned."

Although her consent was then definitely given, five years were to pass in suspense and delay before the matter was settled. Pierce Connelly went to Rome to lay his petition before the Holy Father, Pope Gregory XVI. The case was examined, and Cornelia was summoned to follow her husband in 1843. Two years later, after having heard the advice of many theologians and learned men, the Pope gave his consent to the separation, and Cornelia made in public

a solemn vow of chastity. She had retired to the Convent of the Trinita in Rome with her two younger children until her destiny should be decided. On July 6, 1845, Pierce Connelly was ordained priest, and on the next day he said his first Mass in the church of the Trinita. While he stood at the altar Cornelia was singing in the choir the solemn words *"Tu es sacerdos in æternam secundum ordinem Melchisedech."* As the Holy Sacrifice proceeded the mother led their little daughter Adeline to receive her First Communion from the hands of her father, and herself kneeling before him also received the Heavenly Spouse to Whom both had now sworn eternal fidelity.

Cornelia was still undecided as to her own future, but one day while she was praying to know God's will, the answer came in a way that dispelled all doubt. In a memorable interview, Pope Gregory XVI declared to her that she was not called to join any existing order, but that a great work awaited her in God's Church. This work was to be the education of Catholic girls in England. It does not appear that the Holy Father then intimated to Cornelia that she was to be the actual foundress of the new order. The details were left vague for the moment, and she was instructed to draw up rules and constitutions suitable for such a foundation. The aim of the society was to be first the individual sanctification of its members, and then the extension of the Kingdom of Christ in the souls of others, especially of children, through education and spiritual works of mercy.

As regards the cradle of the society, Cornelia's heart turned instinctively to America, but she gave way at once upon the Holy Father's saying to her, "From England, let your efforts in the cause of education reach America." This decision was principally due to the representations of Bishop Wiseman, now Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District and most zealous in his efforts for the conversion of Eng-

land. He had long been seeking for some means of improving Catholic education for girls in England. The boys were not wholly unprovided for, but there was at that time very little possibility of a Catholic education for their sisters. The Earl of Shrewsbury, whose daughters had been educated chiefly in Rome and had subsequently married Italians, was also interested in the question.[1] Bishop Wiseman and Lord Shrewsbury had known Cornelia Connelly since her first visit to Rome in 1836, and to both she now seemed to offer a solution of the problem.

Cornelia had secretly hoped that God might lead her into some contemplative order where, hidden from the world in which she had known joys so pure and grief so poignant, she might finish her days in prayer and penance for the souls of others, and above all in that intimate communion with Himself which had now become her daily solace. But in all things she was to sacrifice her own wishes. Her vocation was to be rooted and to flourish in utter self-abnegation and detachment. One consolation was given her in this hour. She greatly longed to have the Holy Name of Jesus in some way impressed as a seal upon her work, and He vouchsafed to grant this desire. One day, while praying for the future congregation, Cornelia distinctly heard the words, "Society of the Holy Child Jesus." From that moment she always thought of it and spoke of it under that sweet title. Once more her love for the Holy Child was supernaturally encouraged, when as she was working at the rule before a picture of Him in His Mother's arms, the Sacred Infant miraculously smiled upon her.

On April 18, 1846, with the blessing of the Holy Father, Cornelia left Rome for England, where, under the protection of Bishop Wiseman, she was to begin her life's work. Her elder son had already been for some years at

[1] Lady Mary Talbot married Prince Doria Pamfili, and Lady Gwendalin married the Prince of Sulmona, afterwards Prince Borghese.

school in England. The two younger children accompanied her. It had been agreed that Adeline should complete her education under her mother's eye, and that little Frank, now five years old, should remain with her for three years and then join his elder brother at school. Almost immediately after her arrival in England, however, Mr. Connelly altered this decision and arranged that the two little ones should be sent away at once to school. This was a terrible blow to Mrs. Connelly. One of the companions, who had already joined her, writes of her at that time: "Never shall I forget the struggle of that separation. It was, I think, one of the greatest sacrifices she had to make. Still there was never seen a cloud of sadness; the generosity of her heart was marked on her countenance so that it was noticed by all around. It was at this time that I first knew her, and watched her as I would a saint. She was so patient and gentle, that I wondered how she could be so very calm and peaceful under so many annoying and trying circumstances."

She had indeed allowed herself to be stripped of everything that made up her earthly happiness. In a letter to her brother-in-law, July, 1846, she writes:

> I have this moment received a letter from Pierce. He is well and deeply engaged in the duties of the ministry, instructing, preaching, hearing confessions, etc. So you see it is not for nothing that I have given him to God. You may be sure this thought gives me much consolation and we ought to look for a greater share of the divine love in proportion as we are willing to sacrifice our natural happiness.

A home had been provided for the new society at Derby, where Mother Connelly, as she was now called, arrived with three companions in October, 1846. She was soon joined by several young girls who wished to give themselves

to God in religion. She had begged to be the least and last among them, but Bishop Wiseman discerned the strength and wisdom grounded on humility which so well fitted her for government, and refused to allow her to shift the burden. The convent was begun not only in obedience, but also in real poverty, for now that her children were provided for, very little of her income remained. In after years Mother Connelly would recall this fact with satisfaction as having stamped the society from the beginning with the likeness of Bethlehem. Immediately upon their arrival the sisters began to teach in the elementary schools attached to the church, and in the night schools for the Catholic factory girls. Mother Connelly took her turn in teaching, superintended all the work of the house, and was employed by the priests in instructing some converts. The constraint of the past years of suspense was removed, and she was happy in the work for which God had so evidently destined her. All her former gayety blossomed anew, while upon the sweetness and power which was natural to her rested the gracious light of her union with God. Her spiritual children already loved and revered her as a saint.

In distributing the community offices she took for herself that of infirmarian. One of her companions writes:

> The care she showed to each one was so like that of a mother, and she thought of so many things that we felt as safe and confiding as little children. . . . Her beautiful confidence and trust in God grew upon us so that the thought of not succeeding never entered into our minds, and this made us very happy and cheerful.

When Bishop Wiseman gave the religious habit to her and to some of the others, she said to them with simplicity, "As we are all novices now we shall learn perfection together." "But she was far advanced in perfection," wrote one of them, "and understood practically the science of the

saints. From the first she taught us how to live with and for the Holy Child."

The year of Mother Connelly's noviceship passed quickly by, and in December, 1847, the bishop wrote proposing to receive her religious vows. The Feast of St. Thomas, December 21, was fixed for the ceremony. Mother Connelly then renewed in the presence of Bishop Wiseman the solemn vow of chastity she had taken in Rome, and added her religious vows of perpetual poverty and obedience according to the constitutions of the society, reserving to herself the power, after prayer and the advice of her directors, to make any change in the rule which might appear to be desirable, for the greater good of the society. The ceremony was followed by her solemn installation as superior of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. A seat was placed within the sanctuary to which she was conducted by the bishop, and at the foot of the altar she received the allegiance of the community which God had appointed her to govern, each sister kneeling at her feet, and with the entire devotion of her heart tendering her obedience.

A member of the community gives an account of her impressions of Mother Connelly at this time:

> When I first saw her she had the full enjoyment of her genius, her spirits and her beautiful voice. Her beauty was striking. No one could pass her without being struck with her appearance. Her complexion was pale and her eyes dark, if not black. She impressed me at once with her deep spirituality and her power of attracting hearts to herself in order to lead them on to God.

At recreation, especially, all her delightful gifts appeared. She was as gay and bright then as she was reverent and recollected during the rest of the day. This hour was eagerly looked forward to by the novices, and was a time of real refreshment and happiness.

In spite of Mother Connelly's exterior calmness there was always some sorrow beneath the surface. Her heart yearned for her children, especially for the two little ones recently removed from her care. She was full of compassion for them and tried as far as she could to cheer them by her bright, loving letters. There were other trials weighing upon her at the same time. Mr. Connelly had soon after his ordination accepted the position of chaplain to Lord Shrewsbury at Alton Towers. But he missed the variety and stir of life to which he had become accustomed in Rome, and the tone of his letters disquieted her. Lastly and most pressing of all, difficulties had arisen in the parish at Derby and from various causes, which would take too long to explain here, the sisters found themselves without fault of theirs faced with the prospect of having to leave the town.

In this hour of distress and uncertainty the offer of a new home at St. Leonard's-on-Sea was made to them through Bishop Wiseman. Mother Connelly looked upon this unexpected opening as a direct intervention of Providence in their regard, and gratefully accepted it. In all that happened she recognized God's ruling. "We are sisters of the Holy Child Jesus," she said. "What must we expect but opposition, persecution and flight into Egypt?" When she went to see the property at St. Leonard's there was vouchsafed to her one of those trifling but consoling experiences which mean little to others but which impressed the soul that received them with confidence in the Divine protection. As she walked through the grounds and buildings and chapel, everything seemed familiar to her, and a sweet sense of home came over her spirit. She had seen it all beforehand in a dream and recognized every detail. Before evening she had written the good news to her novices at Derby, calling upon them all to unite in thanks to God for giving to their little society so beautiful a home.

To those who forsake all things to follow Him, Our Lord promises a hundredfold even in this life, "houses . . . sisters and mothers and children and lands, with persecutions." Mother Connelly had already experienced the first part of the promise and she had not long to wait for the second.

The Reverend Pierce Connelly had been living for some months at Alton and had so far refrained from visiting the convent at Derby. This is not the place in which to describe the gradual failure of his high aspirations. Worldly ambition had so worked upon him as insensibly to weaken and destroy his vocation. He began to hanker after his former life and to wish to regain his influence over Mother Connelly. In March, 1847, he appeared at the convent and attempted in various ways to resume authority over her. Failing in these attempts he suddenly removed his children from their several schools and took them to Italy, believing this to be a sure means of inducing her to leave the convent. Her anxiety and grief were terrible, but she could not go back upon her sacred engagements. Not only was she bound by irrevocable vows, but she was also by this time the responsible superior of about twenty nuns. Mr. Connelly next conceived the extraordinary idea of obtaining power over her by posing as the founder of the society. He drew up a rule of his own and, with the intention of forcing it upon her, presented it for approbation in Rome. It was not long before his proceedings were made known to Mother Connelly who wrote at once to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda disowning them in the name of the society.

When Mr. Connelly found that all he could do and say were powerless against her resolution, reason and self-control forsook him. He swore to ruin the convent and break up the Order. Before the end of 1848 he had instituted proceedings in the Protestant Court of Arches to reclaim

his wife. The trial came on in May, 1849, and judgment was given in favor of the plaintiff. Mother Connelly at once lodged an appeal to the Privy Council against the verdict. During the interval thus gained she was urged by her friends to fly from the country and seek safety in concealment. But she steadfastly refused to desert her little community. "We have nothing to fear," she replied, "God and the truth are on our side. To leave the country would be an unfaithful and cowardly step on my part, which might be destructive to the convent."

Now, as ever, with clear sense and dignity and courage she saw the right way and steadily pursued it. She had thought it more conducive to the peace and recollection of the community that they should be kept in ignorance of the trial. Only one or two of the elders, themselves not much more than twenty years of age, shared the secret and gave her their silent sympathy. Long afterward they told of her marvelous self-control and how, in all the agony of her position, she never for one moment lost sight of what was fitting and holy, and never let fall one unconsidered word.

Through the terrible months of suspense, while her most sacred feelings were made the topic of popular discussion throughout the country, she calmly continued her duties in the community with a quiet dignity which seemed to grow more sweet and tranquil in this time of bitter trial. Her trust in God partook almost of the character of inspiration. It was unthinkable that He for whom she had given up all could fail her. Of such sort is the faith that works miracles, and we may without exaggeration look upon the verdict of the Privy Council as a miracle, if we take into account the outbreak of religious hostility which followed upon the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy at this very time. While the "No-Popery" agitation was at its height, on June 28, 1851, the Privy Council reversed the judgment of the

lower court and made Cornelia safe in her religious life, and in the observance of her vows.

Pierce Connelly addressed a final appeal to the House of Commons in 1852, in terms so gross and slanderous that a debate was held as to whether it ought to be printed. As nothing came of it, he carried on for a time a campaign against the Church in general and convents in particular. After a year or two his activity subsided and he went to Italy with his three children whom he succeeded in withdrawing from their religion as well as from their allegiance to their mother. He acted as rector of the American Protestant Church in Florence until his death in 1883. One last letter he wrote to Mother Connelly in 1853 begging her to return to him. After that silence fell between them.

It would be superfluous to comment on the suffering caused to Mother Connelly by these events, or on the ceaseless mental strain of nearly six years' duration which they entailed. Henceforward this chapter of her life was sealed for ever. But the loss and perversion of her children was a wound which never healed. When Adeline grew up she spent a few weeks in the convent, but all intimacy had vanished. It was the same with Frank. He visited his mother twice for a few hours, but these visits merely added to her sorrow. Mercer returned to America as soon as he had finished his education, and died of fever before completing his twenty-first year. After her mother's death Adeline returned to the faith of her baptism and lived a holy life devoted to good works. She died in 1900 of an illness contracted while charitably nursing a poor woman.

After the community had settled at St. Leonard's, Mother Connelly was able to give more definite shape to the plans she had formed for the society, plans which show a comprehensive idealism very characteristic of her. As

she saw the needs of the Church in England, and as her knowledge of souls and their different capabilities increased, her heart expanded with the desire to make room for all vocations and to supply all needs. She wished the society not to be confined to education, although education was its principal exterior work, but to undertake all spiritual works of mercy, visiting the sick and dying, instructing converts, preparing women and girls for the Sacraments, bringing up orphans, providing retreats for seculars, and training young Catholic servants. She also wished that some of the religious might be set aside to live a more contemplative life, reciting the Divine Office, praying in perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, and employing their free time in Church needlework, the painting of sacred subjects, and the writing and translation of spiritual books. She made some beginning in this direction at Derby, but the great demand for apostolic work made the complete realization of her wishes impossible at the time.

She had a special love for poor children, and though the principal work at St. Leonard's was a boarding school for the upper classes, she also established an elementary school there as soon as possible. She taught the nuns to consider it a special privilege to be chosen to teach these children whom Our Lord most resembled on earth. When, therefore, in 1851, Cardinal Wiseman asked her for some sisters to teach in the Gate Street Schools in Lincoln's Inn Fields, she responded at once. This led to the foundation of a convent in London and was the beginning of the expansion of the society. Foundations were asked for in many places long before Mother Connelly had nuns to send, but by 1864 there were six convents of the society in England and two in America.

As her communities grew and multiplied, Mother Connelly's heart seemed to grow with them. She strengthened and encouraged her absent children by frequent letters, and

watched with a mother's solicitude over their wants both spiritual and temporal. Her great desire was that they might grow in heavenly knowledge and cherish the interior spirit which she had always taught them to look upon as "the life and soul of their vocation." "We have given ourselves to God in religion," she wrote, "not to be anything less than perfect religious, not to be housekeepers nor dressmakers, nor artists, nor musicians, nor schoolmistresses, nor authoresses nor superiors." Her own interior spirit was exceedingly simple and her prayer for her children was always that they might take the one true and simple view of things, understanding that the great object of their lives was to please God and to be wholly set upon doing His will.

In the daily duties laid upon them by obedience, she taught, they would find both the means of their sanctification and the perfect accomplishment of God's will. But it needed the golden touch of love to transform the ordinary things of every day into a masterpiece for heaven.

> Let all be diligent in giving daily proofs of love this year [she wrote in 1854] and as you step through the muddy streets, love God with your feet, and when your hands toil, love Him with your hands; and when you teach the little children, love Him in His little ones; and thus may you be blessed in each action and in each member with an abundance of Divine love, and purified and prepared in this world as far as possible to enjoy an eternity of love.

Between the years 1848 and 1863 Mother Connelly was building up with insight and power the educational system of the society. Her whole career with its varied experience had been a preparation for this work, and to it she devoted the rich gifts of her mind and heart. Her outlook was essentially modern and her views were large and generous. Freedom within the spacious boundaries of reasonable laws,

confidence and a spirit of coöperation, joyous activity both in carefully chosen studies and in healthy and interesting play—these were the foundations on which she built up her plans for a "sunny, sinless childhood."

Rules for the use of those teaching in the schools and hints on methods were from time to time written down by her. By degrees this led to the idea of a summary which should embody the educational system of the society. In 1863 the *Book of Studies* thus evolved was printed. Mother Connelly wrote in the preface:

> We have before us the Book of Studies, which is simply the same sort of guide as a chart is to the traveler. We must use it in the same way to assist us in the sweetly laborious duty of education.
>
> Though we so well know that great things are achieved only by untiring labour and suffering we sometimes forget that in training and teaching children it is absolutely necessary to walk step by step, to teach line by line, to practise virtue little by little, in act after act, and only by such acts of virtue as are suited to the age and stage of moral and intellectual development of those we are guiding.

Mother Connelly's moral training was a spirit rather than a system—firmly rooted in unchanging principles, yet varied in application and elastic in detail. Many things have altered since the days when she was the life and inspiration of her schools. This is what she herself would have wished. She knew that education must be ever adapting itself to changing conditions, in vital contact with contemporary social life. So she took care to insert in the rule that her nuns were bound to "meet the wants of the age while leading their children to true piety and solid virtue." Her spirit still lives unchanged, and in the schools of the society to-day, as in her lifetime, it teaches Holy Child girls to honor simplicity, truth, and kindness, to be ready for

self-sacrifice, to love holiness, and to keep a cheerful heart in the midst of trials.

Mother Connelly's spiritual ambition had been a perfect imitation of Christ in a life of action and contemplation or, as expressed in her own beautiful words, "to live on this earth in His society, despising all earthly things, being spiritually crucified and sealed in faith according to His own image." How far this ideal was attained must be guessed from the story of her life.

From her own words, spoken in confidence to one of her nuns, we gather that she enjoyed a continual sense of the presence of God, which was not interrupted even during sleep, that prayer with her was habitual and effortless, that a word upon the attributes of God was enough to capture her soul and fix it spellbound in adoration, that though she carefully prepared her meditation, she was able to dwell upon a predetermined subject only for a few seconds, and then her soul took flight wherever God might guide it. All these things betray the supernatural heights of her prayer. Some of the accidentals of mysticism, its flowers dropped by the way, we know to have come to her, such as the title of her society supernaturally given in response to her longing to have it made lovely with the name of Jesus, the smiles of the Holy Child which beamed down upon her from His picture, as she tried to express in the words of her rule His spirit and His desires. Her children tell of signal graces vouchsafed in answer to her prayers, of peace restored to troubled minds by the mere pressure of her hand upon their heads or by her simple "God bless you."

Mother Connelly had won through hard and strange ways to the haven of inward peace in which the latter half of her life was spent. In the early days of her spiritual life she had received the grace to appreciate the value of suffering, and it was one of her fundamental principles that the sufferings that God sends are more sanctifying than any of

our own choice. "Take the cross He sends, as it is, and not as you imagine it ought to be," she wrote, and was never tired of repeating. And again: "Voluntary penance is chiefly useful in enabling us to accept what God sends." She was accustomed to recite the *Laudete* whenever any special trial befell her, and her children used to recognize such occasions by the more than ordinary brightness of her face and manner.

Those who saw her for the first time were impressed with the indescribable appearance of sanctity which, increasingly toward the close of her life, seemed to radiate from her eyes and in her smile. This was particularly noticed by children.

> Her love of God was almost seraphic [wrote a sister]. When speaking of Him, even at recreation, she would seem transported out of herself. She was very fond of the French hymns, particularly of the one beginning, *"Il n'est pour moi qu'un seul bien sur la terre."* This she often sang for us at recreation, her face becoming illuminated, and her whole soul pouring itself forth. As we listened to her and watched her joy in singing the praises of God, we felt almost raised from earth to Heaven. She had a beautiful voice which sounded spiritual as well as being rich and sweetly musical.

Sometimes after Holy Communion the nuns and children used to remark a brightness in her face that they considered supernatural. "I used to love to see her returning to her place after receiving Holy Communion," wrote one. "Such a bright, beautiful look was on her face, that many a time as a child I wondered if she were really looking at Our Lord and 'could see Him properly.' "

She loved all the saints, and would follow their festivals throughout the year with a joy and interest which flowed from, but did not break up, the simplicity of her spiritual

life. In fact, the sisters used laughingly to say that she had as many patron saints as there were days in the year. Still, it was easy to pick out the special objects of her devotion. First and foremost in her heart was the Holy Child Jesus. This attraction in one whose children had been taken from her under such painful circumstances illustrates the loving Providence of Him who said that they who do His Father's will shall be to Him as brother and sister and mother. She always had on her desk the picture of the Divine Child in His Mother's arms which had smiled upon her in Rome.

Mother Connelly imitated the Hidden Life in her reticence about her own life in the world and in her love of humble labors. For about twenty-five years, until increasing work and ill health made it impossible, she took her part in the manual work of the house. On Mondays she served the community at dinner with great diligence. This practice she continued even when enfeebled by age, and a sister relates how "quietly and gently" she served.

Once a week in the first years she rose at 4 A.M., with others of the community to help in the weekly washing, and she spent the midday recreation with the sisters in the laundry busily ironing. She would often enliven the work by inviting the others to race with her, thus uniting joyful simplicity with labor. The sisters used to say that her childlike gayety was a special grace from the Infant Jesus, and it is an extraordinary trait in one who suffered so much. In spite of the trials and anxieties constantly weighing upon her, she retained her youthful enjoyment of the simple pleasures that came in her way, and never absented herself from any of the little community festivities. She taught that even in sickness and in sorrow there should always be joy in the heart, and that a smile should show the sunshine of the soul.

Less than two years before her death she told some of

the sisters that in her mind she still felt as young as ever, and had not lost the power of finding pleasure in the smallest thing. She had a wonderful gift of making work and recreation delightful. "It is almost impossible to convey in words an idea of her bright, joyous spirit," said one of her first companions, "or of the charm of her personality. Yet beneath it you were at all times conscious of a quiet, reverent strength which told of her union with God. You could not approach her without being reminded of His Presence."

She was accustomed to speak quite familiarly with Our Lord and the saints, and said laughingly one day, "I never quarrel with Our Lord and Our Lady at the same time. If I am *out* with Our Lord I keep *in* with Our Lady, and so I am never entirely in desolation."

She was fond of the word "delicate" as applied to the service of God, and would speak of the delicate conscientiousness with which we should devote ourselves to His work. This was apparent in every detail of her own conduct. She could not bear the least appearance of negligence in the church or sacristy, and she would whisper a word of reproach if she saw a hasty genuflection or a lack of recollected demeanor in church. She shrank, too, from a certain vulgarity in dealing with God which souls sometimes display. "Oh, how ungrateful it is to haggle with Our Lord over the daily crosses of this short pilgrimage!" she exclaims in a letter. "Can we ever be grateful enough for being admitted to Vows and to the wearing of His livery!"

> I have every reason to believe from her words, at different times [wrote a religious who was admitted to her special confidence] that, like St. Teresa, she had obtained permission to make the vow to do always what was most perfect. She would pray and act with a decision and confidence that was very encouraging to those who depended on her for guidance. . . . I have

> known her for thirty-one years, and have seen her deeply afflicted and tried in every way, but I may say I never saw her lay aside that calm dignity so much to be admired in one in authority. She was accustomed to perform her actions with an active quiet and a quiet activity that could proceed only from a soul deeply united with God.

Mother Connelly's whole-hearted devotion to the works of the society in England did not cause her to lose the least part of her love for America. She never forgot the words of Pope Gregory XVI, spoken to her when she expressed the desire that the cradle of her society should be in her own dear land: "From England, let your efforts in the cause of education reach America." Intensely American at heart, she longed to see the fulfillment of these prophetic words which seemed to her to contain a command.

The first call to the United States came in 1855, in the form of an invitation to Texas. At that time, however, subjects were not available and the invitation was sorrowfully declined. Six years later, in 1862, another opportunity presented itself and after many trials and delays, inseparable it would seem from any work Mother Connelly had at heart, she saw the fulfillment of her desire. Louisa, Duchess of Leeds, a daughter of Richard Caton, and granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, herself an ardent American, offered Mother Connelly two thousand acres of land in Lycoming County, and one hundred and fifty acres in Towanda, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, for a foundation in America. It took fourteen months to secure the permission of Bishop Grant of Southwark for the sisters to leave his diocese, and it seemed as if a foundation in Australia would be made instead of that in the United States. Mother Connelly's prayers and perseverance, however, were at last rewarded, and in company with Bishop McCloskey and Bishop Wood, who were returning

to the United States from Rome, the first contingent of Holy Child Sisters crossed the Atlantic in the *Scotia.* Mother Connelly bade them Godspeed on the deck of the vessel at Liverpool, her heart overflowing with joy and gratitude to God for granting her prayer. These first sisters included Mother Mary Xavier Noble, superior, and Mother Lucy Ignatia, assistant.

The *Scotia* with its precious freight arrived at New York on August 12, 1862, after the quickest voyage then known, and Bishop Wood escorted the party of sisters to his residence in Philadelphia, and had them dine with him. During the meal an orchestra playing as a welcome home to the bishop, struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Out of deference for the feelings of the sisters, the bishop immediately requested the players to change the tune, thus manifesting the kindness of heart he always felt for others. Immediately after dinner, the bishop conducted the sisters to the Convent of St. Joseph on Summer Street. The Sisters of the Holy Child always speak with gratitude of the kindness lavished on them by the Sisters of St. Joseph during this time, when their generous hospitality was especially grateful after the long voyage.

On the following day, Bishop Wood introduced the sisters to Father C. I. Carter, vicar general, whose name became a household word in the society as that of their chief support in the early days, and a signal benefactor, one of the many staunch and loyal friends the society has found in the American clergy. His grave in the convent cemetery at Sharon, under the beautiful statue of Our Lady erected by himself, is visited daily by prayerful hearts and thus his desire for the prayers of the sisters has been abundantly realized.

Father Carter accompanied Mother Mary Xavier and Mother Lucy Ignatia to Towanda on August 18, for an inspection of the property. In spite of disappointment,

and what would have seemed insurmountable obstacles to less heroic souls, these two noble women summoned the remainder of the band to join them. When one reads the account of the two years spent at Towanda, the description of the characters of these first sisters is easily understood —Mother Mary Xavier, "one of those souls who seem to refuse nothing to God, eager for sacrifice," and Mother Lucy Ignatia, "won all hearts by her untiring kindness and thoughtfulness for others." The agent in whom the duchess had confidence had proven false to his trust and had misrepresented many things. The house which he had called a "frame mansion" proved to be a mere shed, and the one thousand Catholic families whom he had assured her were awaiting the arrival of the sisters were not there. One of the sisters wrote:

> The house was a frame building of two stories and an attic, with a slanting and unplastered roof that had been for years the habitation of rats and spiders; and the whole building was not in such good repair as the stables of the land-agent. There was hardly any furniture, and instead of opening school at once, as they had intended, the sisters were obliged to spend the first few weeks in papering, painting, cleaning, and otherwise rendering habitable their new convent. The whole building was so unsafe, owing to its foundations having given way in many parts, that the workmen who were repairing it feared every morning to find the occupants buried beneath the ruins.

The sisters, however, continued to write bright and cheerful letters to Mother Connelly, making light of their privations so that it took many letters from Father Carter to induce her to give up this first foundation. The convent journal betrays the real want and suffering. In one place we read, "The nuns became well used to being hungry,

since the pea soup" (their staple food) "was only greenish water with a pea or two at the bottom of the bowl." What they felt more, however, was the deprivation of the Holy Sacrifice. They never had Mass on two consecutive Sundays, and even the renewal of vows had to be made without the reception of Holy Communion. Father Carter had been able to find out something of the real state of the community in spite of the refusal of the sisters to complain, and in a letter to Mother Connelly he said:

> With regard to the sufferings and privations of the Sisters at Towanda during last winter and a part of this, God knows it is worthy of the Christians of the first ages of the Church. They have borne them with patience and resignation and never did I hear the least complaint, but they always carried cheerful and smiling countenances. . . . It has only been within the last few weeks that I began to suspect that they were deficient in necessaries. When I inquired, I ascertained (not from the Sisters) that some mornings when they got up they did not know where their breakfast would come from, and with regard to their bedding, they had to use their habits, cloaks, old pieces of carpet, etc. And even since, when I put the plain question on the subject, I got smiling and evasive answers. But I got sufficient, and this determined me what course to pursue.

He also wrote of the convent in Towanda that the building was a "miserable shanty, far inferior to the stables and cow houses in England."

In the meantime, Mother Mary Xavier became very ill, and the health of the other sisters began to be a source of anxiety. These facts, together with the news of the death of one of the sisters at the convent already established at Father Carter's school of the Assumption, 1135 Spring Garden

Street, Philadelphia, induced Mother Connelly to close the Towanda house in 1864, and send the sisters to augment the community at the Assumption.

Although the health of the sisters had been materially undermined by their sojourn in Towanda, they were loath to leave the place and always spoke of it with affection. More than one loyal friendship was there cemented. One of the students in the school they labored so hard to found became a postulant, and, as Mother Saint Michael Dunn, spent many years in heroic work in Cheyenne and in Philadelphia.

Father Carter, in the summer of the same year, 1864, purchased "for nuns and children in need of country air" a large estate at Sharon Hill in Delaware County, Pennsylvania. The colonial building which had been a Quaker school has been added to, and a gray stone chapel, built in English Gothic style, one of the few examples of that type in America, was erected by Mother Mary Walburga White. She was provincial of the American province for more than a quarter of a century, and her name is held in benediction among the sisters. Sharon became the mother house and novitiate, and at the present time, although there are two provinces of the society in America, the Eastern and the Middle-West province, Sharon is the only novitiate in this country.

Mother Connelly's solicitude for her children in America was boundless, and her frequent letters succeeded in preserving the *Cornum et anima una* as entirely as if the Atlantic did not lie between England and America. Space forbids the quotation of her advice on many subjects. We give one, however, which is typical:

> Take care to keep your children up to all that the good priests wish and never forget that if your efforts are crowned with success, it is always safest and best to let all the glory go to God and His priests, rather

than to take any to ourselves; and give way in all things regarding the parish, to the priest of the parish. This is the way to do the work of God and to labour with real merit. I want to hear that the Bishop and priests are pleased with your efforts, and then I shall be at ease and know that you are working in docility and obedience to those whom God has placed over us. There is no virtue so necessary to every true religious as humility, true humility that claims no reward here, but gives all to God, looking only to His good pleasure and the salvation of souls.

Father Carter visited St. Leonard's-on-Sea, then the mother house, in 1867. Mother Connelly fully appreciated his great-hearted character, and had confidence in his judgment and experience. Father Carter persuaded Mother Connelly to visit the United States, and she, with two companions, spent five weeks in her native land in the latter part of the year 1867. This, Mother Connelly's only visit to America, was the occasion of great rejoicing to all her children here. Here, as always, she gave the example of self-sacrifice. She sought none of her friends, and visited none of the scenes so dear to her heart. Those of her kin and acquaintances who came to visit her were received with her own sweet cordiality, but she did not seek them. All who met her were charmed with her attractive personality and edified by her holiness which her deep humility was unable to conceal. Nine of the girls who were privileged to speak with her became, later, members of the community. During this brief visit, Mother Connelly purchased the property on the corner of Thirty-ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on which two stone buildings had just been erected, and founded there St. Leonard's House. This property has been enlarged by the purchase of adjoining grounds and the building of a gymnasium and other accommodations, and is now a flourishing day school for girls

ranging from primary to fourth year high school, and for boys as far as their entrance into high school.

Mother Connelly was never again able to visit America, but her heart was in her convents there, and the nuns were entirely loyal and devoted during the trials of the later years of their sainted Mother's life. Once indeed Mother Connelly was on the point of embarking to revisit her beloved country, when she learned that her son Frank was to make the voyage on the same vessel. Sending one of her companions in her place, she turned back, seeing here, as in all things, the holy will of God to which she was singularly devoted.

Before Mother Connelly's death few convents of the society were permanently established in the United States, but the growth, although slow, was sure. To-day the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus, scattered in many states from Massachusetts to Oregon, are striving to carry out the ideals of their foundress, to meet the wants of the age, and to train children in her wise and gentle spirit. Besides a number of private schools in splendid standing, the society teaches parochial schools in Massachusetts, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cheyenne, and Portland. Rosemont College of the Holy Child Jesus, situated on a beautiful estate of forty acres eleven miles from Philadelphia, although only in its first years, has already added to the original buildings a large gymnasium, a library, a dormitory, and a building containing lecture halls. In the student body of Rosemont College are to be found girls from nearly every school of the Holy Child in America.

In the annals of every house founded by the society many instances delightful and edifying, of trials, privations, even misfortunes borne with the same joyous spirit as were those of Towanda, abound, but this is not the place for their recital which must await another opportunity.

The story of the next seventeen years is a record of ever-

increasing responsibilities for Mother Connelly. We cannot dwell here upon her multiplied labors, upon her journeys to France, to Rome and to America, nor upon the innumerable trials which beset her path as a foundress and a pioneer. There were difficulties over the property at St. Leonard's, difficulties brought on by her own subjects, difficulties in the work of education and difficulties attendant on the development and approbation of the rule. Her life knew no outward rest. Labors and sufferings were her daily bread, but her will was so firmly and lovingly united to God that she was strong to endure whatever He might send.

As old age crept upon that noble form worn with labor and trial and unceasing care for the welfare of others, Mother Connelly became, if possible, more gentle, more gracious and calm, more easy of access to all who needed her help. Age could not weaken the bright and loving spirit, so quick to understand, so ready to share the joys and sorrows of each one of her children. The instinct of rulership was in her always, but it had been tempered by sorrow and by her own generous coöperation with grace till she appeared to her religious children as the embodiment of patience and gentleness and governed them—to use the words of her rule—"with the strength of a superior and the heart of a mother."

The last foundation which was made personally by Mother Connelly was at Neuilly-sur-Seine just outside Paris where a community was established in 1876. Soon after this work was completed the health of the foundress, which had been failing for some time, broke down completely, and during the remaining two years of her life she was a constant invalid. By the spring of 1879 it was evident that the end could not be far off. Through all her great suffering of body Mother Connelly's mind remained as clear as ever, and her soul dwelt in peace beneath the hand

of God, as, with the shadows deepening around, her brave spirit prepared for the last great venture of death.

Over forty years of spiritual experience lay behind her as she looked down the vista of her life. All the crowded interests and anxieties of those difficult years had been unified and exalted by divine love, and now at length the holocaust was complete and the reward at hand.

Her devotion to God's will had been striking at times, and increased as the end drew near. "Doing the will of God is the only happiness and the only thing worth living for," she often repeated, showing clearly that she was expressing a truth which had become as the very breath of her life. On April 14 she was anointed for the second time in her long illness, and on the 18 of April, 1879, God called her to Himself. She was seventy years of age, and it was the anniversary of the day on which thirty-three years before she had gone forth from Rome to begin her appointed task. Every step had been taken in obedience, every trial had been accepted in love, and now without anxiety or fear she calmly yielded up her soul to God.

All that she worked for has been given to her after her death. Her rule bears the seal of the Church's approval with added words of special praise. Her children in Europe and America are striving to uphold her ideals and carry out her teaching. Her name and her words are constantly upon their lips, and they humbly hope that in God's good time He may grant their unceasing prayer and crown her work by glorifying even on earth this His faithful servant by raising her to the honors of the altar.

MOTHER AMADEUS OF THE HEART OF JESUS

MOTHER MARY AMADEUS OF THE HEART OF JESUS

OF THE URSULINES OF MONTANA AND ALASKA

The Cheyenne Indians of Montana never say, "I love you." Such an expression of endearment is unknown to them. They voice their affection in words something like these, "I take my heart and place it next to yours."

Toward the close of the last century a woman came out from civilization to place her heart next to that of the Cheyenne nation and in return to claim for herself and God the love of these Western Indians. This was the great Mother Mary Amadeus of the Heart of Jesus, Foundress of the Ursuline Missions of Montana and Alaska, and known to-day as the "Teresa of the Arctics."

Sarah Theresa Dunne was born on Courthouse Hill, in Akron, Ohio, July 2, 1846. She made her first Holy Communion when she was but eight years old, an unusually young age in those years for a child to be admitted to the Sacred Table. One day, for this was the time of bigotry in Ohio, the teacher in the public school undertook to speak against the Catholic Church. Sarah, the tiniest in the crowded schoolroom, protested. "I am going home," she said. "My mother told me I should not listen to any lies against the True Church, for I am an Irish Catholic." The child was received in the open arms of the mother, and as the two hearts beat as one, the parent kept saying: "What is to become of this child, for surely the grace of God is with her."

When Sarah Theresa was ten years old she entered the school of the Cleveland Ursulines. Here she became the

leader and the heart-winner of her companions as well as of her teachers. Often she would stop in the midst of her play and, as another Joan of Arc listening to her voices, she would exclaim, "Some day I shall be a missionary in the Rocky Mountains and in Alaska." And the astonished girls would answer, "Oh, Sarah, you won't either, you know you won't!" "You will see," little Sarah would reply, and then she would continue her play with the energy and wholesouledness that characterized her entire life.

Sarah not only studied in the Cleveland convent of the Ursulines but she prayed there as well. She was beginning that life of self-crucifixion which she practiced until her death. Had it not been for the wisdom of the sisters, the little one would have gone to Heaven her great work undone. She was accustomed to spend many hours on her knees, erect and without support, before the Blessed Sacrament. During her thirteenth year she made such strides in the way of perfection that she attracted the attention of the saintly Father Gaudentius, one of the founders of the American Passionists, and friend to the distinguished Father Dominic, who received Cardinal Newman into the Church. Father Gaudentius often saw the child absorbed in prayer, and one day he called her to the foot of the Blessed Virgin's statue and allowed her to consecrate herself to God by the irrevocable vow of chastity. This was July 11, 1859. When the ceremony was over the priest said to Mother Annunciation, the superior, "This child looks like Mary in the Temple."

September 2, 1862, Sarah was clothed with the habit of the Ursuline Order, in Toledo, and was given the name of Amadeus of the Heart of Jesus. Two years later she pronounced her vows. After her profession, she, like her Savior, went up "into the mountains alone," for she was always silent concerning this time of her life. Father Faber says that every soul must have a secret that it tells to no

one. This secret for Sister Mary Amadeus was the year that followed her profession. During it there are intimations of some very special communications with God, but these have never been confirmed. It is sufficient to say, however, that her sisters in religion looked upon her with something akin to awe and veneration.

Sister Mary Amadeus continued to lead this hidden life for ten years. During all this time God was fashioning her for great honors and responsibilities. And Mother Alphonsus, then superior of the community, was having a hand in this divine workmanship. She began to mold the young shoulders for the heavy burden of superiorship which she seemed to realize would soon fall upon them. But unsuspecting Sister Mary Amadeus stood apart from all the plans that were being formulated in her regard, and entered only into the anxieties that were being felt for the health of the superior. Her love for Mother Alphonsus was so great that when the latter died in 1874 and Sister Mary Amadeus was appointed to write the news to the bishop her arm was momentarily paralyzed. And when she removed her headdress that night her auburn hair had turned white as driven snow. She entered deeper into her accustomed silence, communing with her grief, and causing herself to be forgotten, as she thought, by those around her. But although she had hidden herself away in silence and in sorrow, she was attracting the hearts of all her sisters in religion; and when the election was held in October of that year, Sister Mary Amadeus, one of the youngest in the community, was chosen to succeed the great Mother Alphonsus. Yet she was not afraid. Rather, she was as buoyant, as full of trust in God, as a Catherin of Siena. She continued in the office of superior for six years, and after her two terms had expired she became Mistress of Novices, in which retirement God found her when He came to take her to the Indians of Montana.

When in 1879 the United States Government had attempted to move the Cheyenne Indians of Montana into the Indian Territory, they had refused to go. General Miles had accomplished much in quieting them, but they were still restless and the authorities were ill at ease. Some one suggested to Bishop Brondel, first Bishop of Helena, that he secure the services of some sisters, expressing confidence that Catholic religious could do more to train these wild children of the plains than could a regiment of soldiers with arms and force. The bishop wrote to his brother prelates east of the Mississippi for a colony of sisters and one ecclesiastic came to his assistance. This was Bishop Gilmour, of Toledo. Through the columns of the *Catholic Universe* the Ohio bishop asked for volunteers to evangelize the Cheyennes of Montana. Thirty-six Ursulines responded and one of them was Mother Mary Amadeus. Out of the thirty-six who offered themselves for the missions Bishop Gilmour selected six. To Mother Mary Amadeus he said: "I appoint you Superior-General of all the houses you may found in Montana." "My Lord," she replied, "what are these houses to be?" "Whatever you make them." "And whence their support?" further queried Mother Amadeus. "My child, God never sent a bird out into the forest without caring for it. How much more will He care for you." Thus was the momentous question settled between these souls of great faith.

The bishop wrote at once to Bishop Brondel, "I am sending you six Ursulines for a Christmas present, and the Flower of my Flock is at their head."

The morning of departure day stout Ursuline hearts suppressed tears with smiling countenances. But the Ursuline is a deep well of sacrifice; she is satiated with partings of every nature, from all but One. The Toledo community grieved, but it felt honored by this departure and kept repeating the words of the Ursulines of Tours in 1639,

"Is it possible that God has destined our house for so great an honor?" But it was not surprised that Mother Mary Amadeus was going to the missions. The sisters had long felt a secret presentiment that God would draw her out of the enclosure for the accomplishment of some great work. When the missionaries crossed their convent threshold they knew that they were going from home and friends into the wilderness, but yet they were so buoyed up by a supernatural joy, that they could scarcely control its exuberance. The old familiar scenes and the dear faces receded in the distance and they were at last alone, yet not depressed. Incredible though it may seem, they said that the plenitude of their joy that day was so great that they could not express it in human words.

When the sisters arrived in Montana there began for them the very poetry of privation. Despite the generosity of the Toledo Ursulines they suffered keenly for the want of the simplest necessaries of life. Their rations consisted mainly of corn meal. Once they were the proud possessors of a few oranges which a dealer had brought them because, as he said, "they are rotten and I cannot sell them." Often at table they would pass the empty bread plate about and laughingly announce, "I'm not hungry." They made a brave show of smiling as they kept, "with many a quaint device their secret of self-sacrifice." And it was only very much later that the secret of their actual need became known. Father Lindesmith, army chaplain at Fort Keogh, one day met a little girl running through the streets. He stopped her to ask her errand. "I am going to the butcher shop to buy ten cents worth of liver for the nuns," she said. The priest's heart was touched; and "Ten cents worth of liver for the nuns" became the text of the following Sunday's sermon; and with it the bitter need came to an end.

But the love which the Indians gave to Mother Amadeus

as a return for her goodness to them more than made up for all the hardships that she and her sisters were forced to endure. Because of this confidence not only was she able to quiet the tribes along the Tongue River, but she was able to make them lovers of the Blessed Sacrament. The government soon recognized in this unusual woman its greatest asset in its dealings with the Indians, and Heaven itself must have smiled with gratitude on her apostolic labors.

Mother Amadeus called her tiny chapel the "Holy Reserve," and watched over it jealously, for it was the Lord's only trysting place in the Yellowstone Valley. One spring the river flooded its banks and rose so high that the danger became alarming. The chaplain who at the time was away from the mission sent word to Mother Amadeus that if the church was threatened she should take the Blessed Sacrament with her. She watched the rising waters, almost hoping that they would invade her domain and that she might fly into Egypt, as Mary did, with her Lord in her arms. But the waters subsided, and the routine of convent life was not disturbed.

In 1897 the Jesuits who had ministered to the needs of the Indians at St. Labre's Mission for so long a time were recalled by their provincial. Mother Amadeus comforted the nuns in their sorrow and promised that no expense would be spared to have another priest for the mission. This determination saved for the sisters the most Blessed Sacrament. Although they had no priest to minister to them the consolation of religion, yet the knowledge that the Blessed Sacrament was in their midst caused them to love the Sacred Presence even more tenderly than ever before. They strove to make up by prayer and adoration for the absence of the august sacrifice. Mother Mary Amadeus organized the Perpetual Adoration before the closed and silent door. The sisters realized that a new responsibility had been

added to their old love, for they had become the only guardians of the King of Heaven in the little Montana mission.

In those days the Ursulines were very closely united, clinging to one another, in a sort of loving consciousness of their helplessness, of their inability to absolve one another from the slightest sin; and hence they felt a great mutual tenderness and commiseration.

It was during this period of spiritual privation the sisters prepared to celebrate the approaching anniversary of their Mother's religious profession. A priest had written that it might be possible for him to come for that day, yet conditions made the time of arrival uncertain. The day dawned, but the hours passed in silent sameness—a silence such as the sisters were to know later in Alaska when the sea and the river sleep for eight months in the arms of a field of ice. In Montana, however, instead of the cold and ice, the heat was intense. There was not a sound upon the river, not a cloud of dust upon the road. All that long, hot day not a drop of water had touched the Mother's parched lips. From early morning she had knelt upright, a seraph before the Tabernacle. The sisters were awed by an example such as one expects to find only in the lives of the saints. Finally, at four in the afternoon when all hope of the priest's coming had waned, the sisters lifted their Mother, more than led her, to her rest. And although she had to abandon the exquisite hope that a priest would come and give the silent Whiteness to her heart, yet she had had a great feast of love on that most sacred anniversary.

Mother Mary Amadeus's life was an eventful one, and from it, heroic and saintly beyond the power of description as it was, one may single out three scenes of great and graphic danger. Sister Angela Lincoln, one of Mother Mary Amadeus's faithful companions in Montana and

Alaska, and cousin to the great martyred President of the American nation, writes the following:

> While traveling to and from the Crow Mission, Mother encountered three dangers so great that one alone would have sufficed to dampen courage less heroic. She had left St. Xavier's one day with her Ursuline companion, one of the Jesuit Fathers, an Indian boy and the driver, when suddenly one of Montana's blizzards set in and piled up before them massive and impenetrable walls of snow. It was impossible to proceed with the heavy wagon. There was but one thing to do; unhitch the horses and send the Indian on to Fort Custer for help. Night came on, as it does in those blizzards, cold, early, dark and threatening; solitude and silence and the monster stars looking ominously down, with such shelter as the wagon and the snow wall could afford. To know Mother Amadeus you must have seen her in emergencies such as this: the bright eye, nay even the smile of confidence and the precise word of command that belong to magnetic genius. She spent the night rubbing the hands and feet of her companions, cheering them to keep away the sleep of death, and walking up and down in the deep snow. She prayed, too, to Mary, Queen of the Ursulines, Our Lady of the Snow, whom we used to invoke even then, for Alaska was the goal of our ambition. Can any one count and measure those endless hours? The Holy Angels alone, I think.
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> The long night wore on and with the dawn came help from Fort Custer. All were lifted into the Government ambulance and the penitential vigil was over. Our Lord watched and prayed upon the mountain; and called the stars by name as they rose one by one over the verdant Carmel, the snow-capped Hermon, and the broad, rich plain of Esdrelon, to keep Him company whilst He prayed. Perhaps our marvelous work

was born during the night of Mother Amadeus' contemplation and suffering. Many religious orders have been founded during the vigils of the saints.

When they reached Fort Custer, legs and arms frozen, the ladies tenderly lifted the Ursulines into baths of coal-oil and then into snowy beds where they were forced to remain three days before they recovered the use of frozen members. Then again Mother Amadeus was on her way. Another time she was going to St. Labre's to the Crows by the Custer trail over the Wolf Mountain. The driver was vaunting the prowess of his steed. Nunicaweo was in high spirits. He had found at last a person of his own undaunted spirit to labor for the Cheyennes. The horses, too, seemed in high spirits, for at the entrance of a wood they got beyond control and made for the edge of an impending precipice. Mother's unerring eye saw danger. Throwing ahead the basket of provisions she said: "Jump, Father," and out she went just in time to see the horses dash over the chasm, break the buggy into bits, and throw themselves to a bloody death. The missionaries were safe, but the Crow Mission was still very far away. The brave Mother unhesitatingly lifted the provision basket and with words of encouragement led the way through the woods. All night they walked weary and footsore over the crackling snow and yet her heart was ever light and joyful.

As the dawn came creeping over the tree tops and they had reached the outskirts of the wood, other figures, too, gray and ghostly, crept on apace and preceeded and accompanied by an ominous tramp and thud that indicated their numbers. The wolves, the hungry winter wolves! They had scented the travelers and their basket of provisions and they were fearless. Already Mother could discern the keen, bright, pitiless eyes: She felt upon her face the angry breath of merciless hunger. She knelt down in the snow,

extended her tired wonder-working arms in the form of a cross and began aloud: *"Memorare piissima Virgo Maria non esse auditum."* Already the thud had grown less distinct, and when Mother had finished her prayer, she looked up to see the gray cloud of affrighted monsters sweep around the mountain side. Is the age of miracles passed?

Soon again the mighty, protecting arm of God was stretched out over Mother Amadeus' miraculous life. She had made her yearly visitation at St. Xavier's Mission and had gone to St. Charles' Mission at the camp of Chief "Plenty Coos" (Many Scalps) on Pryor Creek. She was returning to Billings with her companions. The Jesuit Brother was following with a wagon-load of freight. The nuns were in a buggy that had been hired at a livery stable in Billings. The day was clear and very cold. It was the feast of St. Barbara in 1894. The nuns at St. Peter's noticed afterwards that at the very hour when their dear Mother was in danger so great, the Most Blessed Sacrament was taking possession of her tiny cell, for the chapel was undergoing repairs and, out of reverence, the nuns had transferred her room into a chapel. Meanwhile the horses were straining their haunches and pulling lustily over the crisp soil. Blue Creek is an affluent of the Yellowstone. The driver thought he remembered the exact spot of the ford. As they drove along, a mile or so beyond the swollen, noisy torrent, Mother Amadeus noticed a cowboy camp, but she took little notice of a sight so common in Montana. The detail, scarcely noted then, came back to her in the hour of danger. When they reached Blue Creek, it was swollen beyond record, and the driver was surprised not to see the Government sign marking the site of the ford, but as he thought he remembered it, and that there certainly would be some warning if the danger were what it seemed, he plunged fearlessly into the roaring stream. Scarcely had the

horses pulled out from the shore than they stood trembling and snorting. The water had suddenly risen above the carriage wheels and reached the waists of the nuns. It was very cold. Huge blocks of ice were floating past and knocking so violently against the buggy that Mother feared that at any moment it might be overturned. Some invisible angel held the horses. One step and all had been plunged to certain death. They stood like steeds of stone, however, only now and again trembling and snorting as though to give warning of the danger.

Mother Amadeus rose to the level of the dread surroundings. The driver had fainted; the nuns were calling: "O, Mother! save us, save us." "I will" she replied and extending her brave arms in the form of a cross she promised to erect in our chapel a statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus pleading. She then roused the driver, scolded him for his weakness in leaving them thus in danger, bade him climb carefully over the hind wheels of the buggy, wade to the shore, detach one of the horses from the wagon, and ride to the cowboy camp for help. This, the only hope of rescue, was the most difficult of execution, difficult and dangerous—an imprudent move would upset the buggy, frighten the horses and dash all headlong into the frozen stream. Dispatch, too, was necessary, for the frozen waters were a menace to life. The noble animals, however, as though conscious of responsibility, stood with almost human intelligence, motionless and firm in spite of the cold, in spite of the blocks of floating ice. The nuns instinctively clung to Mother as all instinctively pay homage to genius and virtue in the hour of danger. Three deadly quarters of an hour passed, interminable and full of anguish, but at length the help sent for arrived. The brave Montana men, as tender, as reverent, as unselfish as ever made a nation, climbed cautiously over the back wheels of the buggy and lifted the nuns one by one to safety.

All wanted Mother to leave first. Not she! She used her authority to remain last in the frozen Charybdis. As the nuns stood upon the shore and watched her standing alone in the stream, they offered to God their lives in exchange for hers. At last she, too, was lifted gently to the shore. Then they all wept, and fell into one another's arms and intoned the *Te Deum.*

"There is no wisdom, there is no prudence, there is no counsel against the Lord." "Let us sing to the Lord, for He is gloriously magnified."

Clouds of steam rose from their habits, as they stood dripping about the fire kindled on the shore. That night the men slept in the snow and the nuns slept in the cabin with the cowboys' loaded revolvers under their pillows. Mother had saved her children.

Mother Amadeus' religious daughters called her "Mother"; Montana called her "The Mother"; the Cheyennes said "Makemahehonawihona"; the Blackfeet "Ninaki"; the Assiniboines "Ethanshayai"; the Gros Ventre "Nagathay"; the Kalispel and the Flatheads "Komenskolinzuten"; the Eskimos "Anayakachpak"—but all these words in the many languages meant the one sweet thing, "Mother."

In 1900 circulars came from Leo XIII inviting all Ursulines to meet in Rome to elect for themselves a Superior General, and to unite under one head and recast their venerable constitutions in order to meet the exigencies of modern times. The Pope's least wish was law to Mother Mary Amadeus. She read in the annals of the old Order how all the great Ursulines of the past had desired the union, and so when Cardinal Vannutelli's letter came, the Ursulines of Montana, by the secret vote ordered, adhered unanimously to the proposed affiliation. October 25, 1890, Mother Mary Amadeus started for Rome with Sister

Angela Lincoln and a little Flathead girl. On her way she said to her companions:

> We three are starting out alone into the unknown. We have no guide save the star of our obedience to Leo XIII. The three Kings going to the crib are our models and protectors. I have not heard of any other Ursulines heeding the summons, but even if I were sure that I were the only one to heed it, still would I go to Rome.

On November 1 as they were sailing from New York, the great Passionist, Father Fidelis of the Cross, raised his hands and blessed them as they went Romeward.

At the first general chapter of the order, Mother Mary Amadeus and Mother St. Julian, of Blois, both held the title of Superior General, and both headed the ranks in the chapter hall. Whenever the former rose to speak all listened with the greatest attention and respect. In Mother Amadeus the order saw exemplified the form it wished to assume, and she became a center, not only for America and the congregation of Paris, but for all. One of the old, experienced nuns remarked, "Mother Amadeus is gentle—yes—but I see great firmness, too, in the corners of her mouth."

Sister Angela Lincoln writes as follows:

> Mother's piety and fervor in Rome were very remarkable. The day the Union was voted, November 4, 1900, her face bore the expression of sublime purity and strength as she wrote with a smile—that smile that means the love of God alone, a name that signed away her title of Superior General and placed her in the rank and file. I knelt beside her, my heart stood still, though I was accustomed to look upon her heroism and forgetfulness of self. A murmur of admiration and wonder broke from the assembly and Father

Lemius said aloud: *"C'est beau cela,"* "That is splendid."

Mother presented her little Indian companion "Kolinzuten" to the Pope who blessed her and all our dear benefactors, and accepted for the Museum of the Vatican an Indian dress and war bonnet. Her artistic soul reveled in the splendors of Rome. She was absolutely lost in prayer at the tomb of the Apostles. She seemed to be lifted up when the Pope asked: "Who is the starry-eyed child, clad in buckskin?" And when the little one died, we sent word to the Vatican and the great Leo himself spoke her panegyric: "I remember her well, the blessed little child."

The General Chapter confirmed Mother Amadeus in her charge of the Montana missions, with the added title of Provincial. Before returning to Montana, she went with the first Superior General to the ancient fortress convent of Calai dell' Umbria, and that night lay awake listening to the old monastery bells which were sounding to commemorate the passage of the angels over Calai, carrying the Holy House to Loreto. At Naples she witnessed the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. So great was her outward fervor and reverence, that after the officiating priest had passed the crystal tube to all, he brought the relic back to Mother Amadeus who received it with the look of a surprised and delighted child. The priest permitted her to keep it twenty minutes in her arms, the martyr blood bubbling up against the heart of the virgin foundress. Was this grace given to prepare her for martyrdom? Probably so, for in Montana a cross was awaiting Mother Amadeus of the Heart of Jesus, one that she had asked of her Crucified Savior but the nature of which she knew not until its shadow fell across her pathway. "Many pages of this story," says little Thérèse of Lisieux, "will never be read

on earth. There are sufferings that are never to be disclosed here below. Our Lord has jealously reserved to Himself the right to reveal their merit and glory, in the dear vision when all veils shall be removed." How applicable is the truth to the life story of the foundress of the Ursulines of Montana.

Mother Amadeus had scarcely returned to America when she was injured in a train collision and rendered a cripple for life. But her unselfishness, her cheerful acquiescence to God's will lasted, sunny and unbroken, even in this her greatest affliction. She kept repeating the words: "May the most high, the most just, the most holy will of God be done. May it be ever praised and glorified." When the crisis was over, she turned to the nuns and smiled. All Helena crowded to her bedside. She lay motionless for nine months, but always with a smile, a word of counsel and encouragement for every one. Once a bystander at her bed of suffering exclaimed in wonder and admiration: "O woman of immense sweetness."

Time passed and Mother Mary Amadeus was able to go about, although painfully and with difficulty, on her excursions of charity. For in spite of her physical infirmities she continued to live a life of incessant activity. It was at this period of her life that several of her important business trips to Rome took place. Once at the door of the Lateran, Cardinal Satolli, Protector of the Ursulines of Montana, who knew the foundress only through her works, greeted her with the words, "Mother Amadeus, have you a heart of gold?" Pius X, whom she often saw, said to her, "Mother, you and I both have a *bastone"*; and he loaded her with unusual blessings and privileges. Before returning to the United States, she visited the shrines of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genezzano, Our Lady of Lourdes, at Lourdes, and those of Our Lady of Victory and

the Sacred Heart, in Paris. Before meeting the Mother General at Havre, with whom she was to go to the United States, she went to Ireland, that blessed country where her father and mother were born. Everywhere in Ireland she was introduced by letters from Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh. The Carmelites and the Ursulines throughout the island received her with enthusiasm. Often she would stop on her way, now to pick a primrose for her dear nuns at home, or again to send a shamrock to another. Austerity and suffering never drove from her heart the entrancing delicacy of the Irish virgin.

Refreshed by all these delightful sights and scenes, she returned to France to pilot the first Superior General of the Ursulines on her first visitation of the United States. At this time Mother Amadeus was formally installed first Provincial of the "North of the United States," with headquarters at Middletown, New York, where on August 15 of that year she opened the first general novitiate of the "Canonically United Ursulines." Then she accompanied the Mother General to Montana, where at St. Peter's both assisted at the election of Mother St. Francis, "the humble violet of the Rockies," as Mother Amadeus's successor in the local government of the missions.

In 1905 Mother Mary Amadeus sent her first missionaries to Alaska. At the time she was going about painfully with a cane and was passing one sleepless night after another, yet as soon as she was free to do so, she made ready to fly herself with the wings of love to that field of labor and privation. But in spite of all these plannings and sufferings she did not hesitate to answer another call that came to her in August, 1910, to attend the convocation of the third Chapter General of the canonically Ursuline Union, which was to be held in Rome. At this meeting she was appointed first Provincial of Alaska, with the commission to organize the great work in the Arctics. On Sep-

tember 16 she left Rome, took ship that night, six days later met her companion in New York, then rushed off to Seattle, and on October 2 with the divine impatience of the saints steamed out from beneath the shadow of Mount Rainier with her companions for Nome.

From the deck of the ocean liner as it sped northward she watched the sea gulls as they spread their lavender wings and circled over the vessel. As a girl she had loved the sea gulls above all other birds. And many a time she had turned her eyes from the plains of Montana to where she knew these graceful creatures of the air were resting on the desolate shores of Alaska, making them beautiful and peopling them with memories. And now she was going to that blessed land of sacrifice herself. She reached the end of her journey just as the shadows were creeping over the hillsides of Nome in a long Alaskan twilight. The day was waning and a great panoply of sunset was spreading across the gateway of the West. To the eastward she saw, however, a land cruel and ungracious to its inhabitants. But to her on that day, and ever afterward, it was a land of wonders, natural and supernatural, her promised land of ice and snow which she would claim for Him who had called her to His service!

Mother Amadeus did not remain long in Nome. She had heard that eighty miles away was King Island, nothing more than a rocky, storm-beaten cliff, whose dwellers climb up its rugged sides to what they call home, strange huts that cling to the rocks and are supported on stakes along the steep coast. But the natives love this eyrie thrown out into Bering Sea and share it with unnumbered birds and Arctic storms. Mother Amadeus learned that so close to Heaven were these King Islanders, as it seemed, that they were thoroughly good and thoroughly Catholic, and were known as the "First Christians of Alaska." Although crippled as she was she finally won the bishop's consent to go to

these Islanders. It was only when he told her that there was no resident priest on the island and that if she went she would have Mass and the sacraments but once a year that she desisted. For there was only one sacrifice that the valiant missionary would not make and would not ask her sisters to make, and that was deprivation of the Most Blessed Sacrament. But the fact that she wanted to go to this desolate Alaskan island shows better than any other incident in her life how much she loved God and souls to the total forgetfulness of everything else. She was forced to remain at St. Michael.

Gaunt and ghoul-like, but with a weird fascination for the Russian adventurer, this little town of St. Michael is built of spruce logs from the Yukon. Above are the silver stars, the loud shrieking aurora, the stately mount of the same name as the village in all its serenity of ice and snow. Many distinguished travelers have passed this way and vanished, and very few points on earth have been more eagerly sought and sighed after, for St. Michael is the seaport of the Bering, the link between beckoning wealth and old home loves and longings. Upon the beach lie fastened in ice during eight months of the year the river boats that have carried much of the world's wealth and hope of wealth. The Catholic Church stands out upon the hill with the Eskimo village "Dajek" at its feet. The burying ground of the Eskimos is there and the God's Acre behind the church where lie two great Jesuits, Father Camille and Brother Paquin. And there in the tiny Ursuline convent the great Mother Amadeus spent one of the most fruitful years of her most fruitful life. The Eskimos crowded about her from their three adjacent villages, Dajek, Longsite, and Stebbins. They felt that an untold grace and blessing had come to the island when she built for them there "St. Ursula's by the Sea." Of these first blessed days Sister Angela Lincoln writes:

The hand of God made it still more beautiful on our first Christmas night. We were just returning from midnight Mass when Mother whispered to me: "Look." I rested my eyes and beheld the Aurora in incandescent splendor. The dancing lights had gathered into one broad semi-circle of gold encircling our tiny cabin. We stood in the center of all this celestial splendor as though God had said: "Look, look at the Beloved of my Heart, who has left all to follow Me in labor and solitude and privation."

All St. Michael gathered about the saintly Mother Amadeus. The winter broke intensely cold and stormy. The anemometer was running ninety miles an hour at the wireless station when it was smashed and no further record could be kept. The furious wind that had smashed it also tore off the tar paper from our tiny cabin that stood out upon the bluff behind the Church, and the green lumber boards on those dreadful nights when our poor walls seemed the strings of some wild Æolean harp upon which the winds kept singing their weird melodies. Often during that first winter we lay awake begging God to save us, for we feared our cabin would be dashed into the Bering Sea as other cabins were. Mother had chosen the coldest corner of the dormitory for herself and one of her feet was frozen.

At this time Mother Amadeus felt keenly the death of a Jesuit brother whose kindness to the sisters the blessed foundress remembered to the close of her life. Brother Paquin had come to St. Michael just three days before the sisters, and had served them graciously and generously in those first days of suffering and heroic sacrifice. In his novitiate days he had prayed for the grace of martyrdom; he had been the first to discover the remains of Father Arnault, the martyr; he had distinguished himself from the first day of his religious life by his energy and his fervor.

Mother Amadeus herself thus recounts the story in a letter written on March 4, 1911, from "St. Ursula's by the Sea":

> On the morning of January 27th before the storm had begun at St. Michael, Brother Ulrich Paquin, S.J., started out with a sled, five dogs and a light load of lumber. He was going to Stebbins, a village ten miles off where he was building a chapel for the natives there.
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> Brother Paquin had often traveled the road before, and on this fair morning he started out in reindeer "parkee" and "mucklucks"—garments worn by all in this northern latitude—but without "sleeping bag" or blankets. No one could suspect that this was to be his last journey.
>
> Out upon the tundra, the wind blew a gale at the rate of ninety miles an hour, and the snow sizzed so madly about that when within two miles of his destination, the young Jesuit lost his bearings and began his last dread battle.
>
> He unloaded his lumber and went on a few feet to the brow of the hill, he thought toward, but in reality away from, the Innuit village. Not seeing it, casting about in vain, buffeted by the sharp, cold wind, bewildered in the pathless snow, beguiled at length by the treacherous Arctic sleep, he lay him down upon his sled like a "warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak about him." Consternation and sorrow reigned here when he did not return, and a diligent search was instituted for the missing brother.
>
> The Eskimos risked their lives in the fearful storm to save him, but it was decreed otherwise, and for a week the winds piled up the snowdrifts and kept their secret.
>
> We still had some lingering hope, for the dogs had not come back, and these Eskimo dogs always gnaw away the harness and come back to give the clue. Wild, voracious, they fall upon and tear one another

to pieces as soon as the guiding hand is stilled. This we knew; therefore we hoped that the brother was awaiting in some village the cessation of the storm. At length, just one week later, the sun came out for a few hours, and two Catholic Indians found the holy corpse sleeping on the hill side. Peter, from Stebbins, the strongest man on the island, lifted it upon his back and started for St. Michael's, but he had scarcely gone two miles when he was met by the government team of eleven dogs, which Captain H. F. Dalton, U. S. A., commanding officer of Ft. St. Michael, had sent to the rescue with his best "musher" —musher is a Canadian word, corrupted from "Marchons," "let us go"—and is used in Eskimo to designate the driver of a dog team. The five skeleton dogs followed, howling their Mahlamute dirge, and thus the weird funeral procession brought the Jesuit back to the church, toward three o'clock in the afternoon, with Peter the "Christopher."

Had the fierce dogs, despite their long fast, the bitter cold, the wild storm, kept guard all the snowy week without food or shelter—held by the frozen hand, the silent lips, the drooping eye? All St. Michael mourned and wondered. It is unwritten in Mahlamute record that famished dogs ever respect a corpse, but we do read in saints' lore of the power of sanctity over the brutal creation.

At all events, what was mortal of Ulrich Paquin, S.J., was brought back unmutilated, untouched, and lay frozen to adamant in the church, keeping his "vigil of arms" in the beautiful attitude of the dying St. Stanislaus at St. Andrea del Quirinale in Rome. The same smile was upon the marble lips—the presence of God and trust in Him written in stone upon the young and open brow, the rosary frozen upon his "parkee" somewhere near his lips, as though his last conscious act in the bewildering storm had been to press it reverently. "Now and at the hour of our death."

And the lady "Ad Nives" must have stood beside him in his agony. For God keeps His own and His mighty arm soon snatched the young religious from the relentless Arctic storm, and laid him down to sleep whilst his Virgin Mother stood beside him. That night an Eskimo boy nailed the rude coffin, and we sat up to line and cover it, and the next morning we sang the Requiem Mass. But the furious winds had arisen in the meantime and kept the body with us four days longer, when another lull and another bit of sunshine allowed the father to lay him away in the frozen God's Acre, where, in adamantine incorruption, he awaits the summoning blast to the last great meeting. St. Michael is an iceberg.

Brother Ulrich Paquin, S.J., had been eleven years in the Order. Born of a very good family of St. Didau, Province of Quebec, Canada, he was full of vigor, activity, energy, kindness. His spirit still lingers about our little chapel where he served Mass with angelic modesty and devotion. He is the first member of the great Order to meet with a violent death in Alaska, and St. Michael venerated him for his fidelity to duty. Ah, it is a strange land, wild and weird, this frozen north, and God is ever teaching mighty lessons.

Again the funeral bell tolled from the little steeple, and Captain Dalton, U. S. A., was brought within the compass of the church's soothing "requiems."

An Ursuline played the strains of Beethoven's pathetic march, as Captain Dalton, U. S. A., all the officers, and companies M and D of the 16th Infantry, filed into the little white and blue church and took their seats upon the benches beside the man who lay asleep in the flag.

And how fit it seemed that those brave men, and the noblest flag the winds of the earth do know, should rest awhile in the arms of the Catholic Church, the house of the old God that dieth not, the mother of all things splendid and beautiful. United States soldiers

listened reverently to the *Subvenite,* the *Libera,* the *In Paradisum,* the time-honored Gregorian that has laid the world's noblest spirits to rest; and then filed through the church doors that opened wide upon the frozen Bering.

Captain Dalton paused for the last time on the threshold he loved so well. Before him lay the beautiful curve of St. Michael's shore, irridescent in winter's magnificence, and beyond the sea that cut him off from all that he had loved in life. At a given signal the firing squad of sixteen men, eight from each company, fired a volley over the corpse into the sea. Again! hark! again! Then rang out the taps clear and solemn for the last time for the Catholic soldier, and the funeral line marched on over the snow back to Fort St. Michael.

And as the regular thud, thud and tramp fell upon our ears, another funeral procession, hastily gathered together and headed by Rev. J. Chapdelaine, S.J., and the cross bearer, hurried off to the little God's Acre, where Brother Paquin lay awaiting them. A poor, consumptive Indian boy, whom he and the Father had nursed with angelic patience and charity, and to whom the latter had brought Holy Communion every day since Christmas—we had sung the *Dies Irae* in the morning—followed by his sorrowing mother, was carried away to burial, and St. Michael's air was vocal again with God's mysterious mighty lessons. Two funeral processions together—the soldiers with all the pomp and ceremony that the flag doth lend, and the poor Indian—a staggering, wailing line lifted up by the emblems of the Divine—both diverging from the one focus to different points, and each speaking its message to desolate St. Michael's.

But there is a bright side to the picture. Our little children, who manifest such great delight in coming to the convent to be taught. Already have they learned the *Missa de Angelis,* which they are to sing

on St. Joseph's day. They do so with sweet simplicity and devotion, and I sometimes think that our Holy Father would be pleased to catch the strains of their obedience here at the Antipodes. Their greatest punishment would be not to be taught, and their sweet innocence is the delight and consolation of our present life. Wondrously weather-wise and cunning to fight the elements are they, with senses and instincts keenly developed. They come in furs and leggins made of the fore-leg of the reindeer, all quite impervious to wind and cold. They loiter about in the snow and stand gazing at the frozen sea with the delight with which our boys and girls at home stretch themselves out beneath the apple trees. But there are no snowballs here, for the snow is too fine, too dry, and all is meditative and silent.

The wind alone has a voice as it rocks the little cabin.

Coal is twenty-five dollars undelivered and thirty dollars when brought by the only horse on the island and the cold is relentless for eight months of the year.

So, dear friends, we thank you for remembering us and our children, and beg you still to do so in the golden charity of your hearts; and not mightier are these words than is the voice of our gratitude ascending in prayer from our hearts to where are Peace and Love.

We do thank you who have remembered us, and beg your dear hands to lend themselves now to the completion of our cabin before another dread winter sets in, for we have to go about sweeping out the snow and catching the dripping water while stiff breezes and joint benumbing cold come in through the rifts of this poor little hut.

You may think of us beginning our daily toils many hours before the dawn, for the winter sun arises at 10 A.M. and sets at 2 P.M., beginning then with prayer for you in our chapel where we have daily Mass and

Holy Communion. It is truly wonderful that you can reach us where we are locked in by snow and ice. Comforting that we can reach and help you in the dear Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Our mail is necessarily slow, so great are the distance and the difficulties, and it has been calculated that a letter which costs you two cents to send costs Uncle Sam one dollar to deliver. Navigation is closer and the dogs cannot carry heavy loads, so each point of the trail has a certain percentage of mail apportioned to it according to the population. For which reason St. Michael gets but little. Moreover, the selection is arbitrary, and of two letters leaving the States together one might go through in fifty days, and the other lie over until the next delivery. Then, too, the trail softens and becomes impassable before the ice goes out on sea and river, and when this happens letters are arrested at St. Michael's and Nome, the northern and Valdez and Cordova, the southern termini, and kept over for the first north-bound steamer, which cannot get in till the middle of June at the earliest. So there must necessarily come a lull, but all is safe and we shall unfailingly write whenever we hear from you. Let us send to each one our thanks in advance. Breathing the blessing of the old Gael, "May thy open hand be filled the fullest," I am,

In great and sincere gratitude,

AMADEUS,

Superior of the Ursulines of Alaska.

"St. Ursula's-by-the-Sea" commanded a splendid view of the Bering at the point where St. Michael's Bay merges into Norton Sound. The Ursulines were the first to see the boats as they came in, the last to see them as they departed. In August of the same year that had witnessed the death of Brother Paquin the mission boat, the *St. Joseph,* manned by the Jesuits and their helpers, came to meet the first

ocean steamer at St. Michael. The *St. Joseph* brought Bishop Crimont, Fathers Lucchesi, Peron, and Treca with Mother Laurentia and one of the Eskimo girls from St. Mary's Mission to St. Ursula's-by-the-Sea. The Jesuits wept when they saw the state of the sisters' cabin and they determined to make it safe against another winter. They sent to Nome for the carpenter brother that he might do the work; but, in the meantime, Father Treca, who was to play so important a part in the lives of the sisters, urged that all the sisters go up and spend the winter at Akulurak. The eloquence of his life, more than his words, prevailed. Hastily the sisters packed in bags their few belongings and left on the *St. Joseph.* The little floating convent broke from its moorings on August 13. Mother Mary Amadeus was unspeakably happy, happy at the thought of daily Masses on the boat, happy at the thought of seeing her first Alaskan missionaries at far-away Akulurak.

On August 15, at one in the morning, the sisters arrived at St. Mary's Mission. At Nunapikluga, Father Treca had baptized a boy, naming him Amadeus, after the saintly guest of the boat. The *St. Joseph* had cast anchor the night before that the crew might sleep, and so the sisters went up the Akulurak River, a tortuous stream that empties into one of the arms of the Yukon Delta. Never had a white woman set foot in the labyrinth before the arrival of the Ursulines whom Mother Amadeus had sent to the natives six years before. At the forty-eighth bend of the stream the sisters came upon St. Mary's Mission, "the end of the world," as it was called by Mother Amadeus, whose arrival was the cause of the greatest joy to nuns, children, and Innuits. Here she remained in peace from August 15, 1911, to June 10, 1912. She said to the children one day: "Dear children, I wish I had been born here that I might stay with you always." These words went up and down the river, until all the Eskimos had come in turn, saying

to the fathers: "Show me the Mother that loves the Innuits." It was the end of the world, indeed, for Mother Amadeus was living in heaven. Everything was done to make her stay a pleasant one, at this poorest Ursuline mission of the world. Later she said that this was the happiest year of her long missionary life.

On the night of November 25, the nuns had just assembled in the refectory for supper when a knock was heard at the door. It was the feast of the second patroness of their order, St. Catherine of Alexandria, and the snow was deep, the cold bitter. A messenger from St. Michael stood there with his dogs and sled. He brought a dispatch from Father Crimont to Mother Amadeus, telling her to return to Valdez as soon as possible. "Soon as possible" proved to be the following June 10, for the river was solid ice from St. Ursula's day to St. Angela's. With her Ursuline companion, an Eskimo girl, the engineer brother and Father Treca, who said Mass for the travelers every day, Mother Amadeus reached at last Nunapikluga just as the midnight sun emerged from its feint of descent below the horizon. Here she waited for the river boat to take her to St. Michael.

Nunapikluga was only a flagging station then, and here one of the Eskimo boys sat night and day on the roof of the house to hail the big boat lest it might slip down the river unawares. Though the privations the sisters suffered during this week were very great, yet the time of waiting was one of spiritual delights. The people poured into the schoolhouse and begged Mother Amadeus to stay with them to teach their little ones. But the bishop's call was sounding in her ears and finally the river boat bound for St. Michael and the ocean steamer to the "outside" came for the missionaries. In order to go to Valdez, Mother Amadeus was obliged to return to Seattle, and there take ship for southwestern Alaska. There is no other way

of communication in the monster land. The day that the boat appeared upon the horizon the Eskimo boy rushed into the schoolhouse to tell the sisters of his discovery. The nuns had but time to gather together their few belongings and Mother Amadeus her cane, her lifelong cross. As the sisters looked back at the shore and saw the saintly Jesuit standing amid the poor, it seemed to them a picture of Christ, the Lord, in His Jerusalem, while they were Babylon in the Kingdom of the world.

Mother Amadeus reached St. Michael just in time to make the *Umatilla* that was steaming for the "outside." In Seattle she caught the *Alameda* on the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, after assisting at Mass in the chapel of the Carmelites and after obtaining their prayers and their promise that they would spiritually adopt the foundation of Valdez. On the *Alameda* Mother Amadeus again became the center of attraction. At the table one day the waiter brought her a gift for the mission with the following note from a stranger who was a Protestant: "To the Reverend Mother, the lady whose smile is a benediction, whose benign face mirrors the eternal spirit of the living God."

On this journey, one of the last that Mother Amadeus ever made, the nuns sailed through some of the world's most exquisite scenery—the "Wrangell Narrows" like the fiords of Norway, threading in and out of pine-girt cliffs; Seymour Narrows with the treacherous "Ripple Rock"; the Siren Acculta, who, the natives say, sings ruin and destruction there; the village of the dead with its mute totem poles that the living have abandoned; Cape St. Elias and Mt. Fairweather in their silent sublimity; the snow-clad Malaspina; and the wonderful Valdez Narrows, with the snow-clads dropping sheer into the deep blue bay. All these marvels Mother Amadeus's soul delighted in as she sped on to that cherished spot at Valdez where in a frame

convent surrounded by lofty and beautiful trees, she founded her second Alaskan convent. When Bishop Crimont met her upon her arrival, he exclaimed: "Already!" He had called on November 25 and this was July 22. But as a true Alaskan he knew that the long journey had been indeed a feat even for Mother Amadeus.

And now it was that Mother Amadeus felt that the time had come for the fulfillment of her heart's desire—the opening of an Ursuline novitiate for Alaska. And this, amid untold difficulties, she did in Seattle. The means had been furnished her by none other than her great friend, Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan, of Virginia.

From Seattle Mother Amadeus made several trips back and forth to Northern Alaska. In 1915 she had gone up a guest of the *S. S. Senator* to visit her nuns at Akulurak and on July 25, 1917, she witnessed in the Seattle cathedral the consecration of her friend of many years, the Right Reverend J. R. Crimont, S.J., as first Bishop of Alaska. Some time later her nuns at Akulurak wrote to Mother Amadeus that they must see her, and no word of her other daughters could dissuade her from going. Added to this appeal that had come from her sisters there was the prospect of a new mission foundation, for the Sisters of Providence had left Nome and the bishop wanted nuns for "Mary's Igloo," ninety miles north of that place. And so she prepared for another tedious journey. She was smiling when her sisters lifted her from her tiny cell in the Seattle convent to the *Victoria* where the captain greeted her as the "riches of the ship." Bishop Crimont was on board, and this gave her great consolation. But in spite of all that the nuns could do for her, and all vied generously in doing it, Mother Amadeus was very ill. It seemed more like a funeral procession than a voyage of the living. The passage was a stormy one, but every day that the bishop was able to do so he came into the nuns' cabin and with them

recited the office of the Blessed Virgin. Both he and the sisters begged Mother Amadeus to remain on the *Victoria* and go back to Valdez where she could have more care. The sainted foundress, however, had set her face to Akulurak as Our Lord's was to His passion in Jerusalem. St. Ignatius day dawned and she sent word to Bishop Crimont that she could not live another day without Holy Communion. It had been too stormy to say Mass and the bishop himself had been ill; moreover, his cabin was so small, so poor that it would not admit of the sisters' entering. But after he had finished Mass that day, he brought the Ciborium into Mother Amadeus's cabin. Rays of celestial splendor illumined the face of the dying saint, and Christ lavished upon her marks of ineffable tenderness.

After a few days' rest at St. Michael's Mother Amadeus went on the *St. Joseph*, the mission boat, now the *Amadeus*, to comfort her children at Akulurak. When her visit there had filled all hearts with peace and joy, she journeyed back toward St. Michael's, stopping at Holy Cross, the mission founded by the Sisters of St. Ann on the Yukon, where she was treated with all the royalty of sisterly charity. Back at St. Michael's she settled down with unspeakable joy in the smallest home she had ever known, her own beloved "St. Ursula's-by-the-Sea." This convent was rich with memories of the benefactors who had made it habitable. The chapel was so beautiful that the bishop called it "My little cathedral." The altar nestled in an alcove built for it by the Eskimos and upon the Thabor there sparkled on exposition days the Ostensorium sent by the Ursulines of Cleveland and before which the little Sarah Theresa Dunne had prayed so fervently in her childhood. The nave of the chapel was large enough, the parlor doors being thrown open, to accommodate St. Michael's congregation during the winter months. Mother Amadeus, now in her chair, now from her bed, kept her eyes always

on the most Blessed Sacrament. She seemed to improve in the busy peace of "Home Sweet Home," for the Eskimos crowded about her, as the queen, and the white settlers paid her the homage of their kindness and respect.

On the Feast of St. Jude, October 28, Mother Amadeus fell from her chair and some time later was found stretched in great pain upon the floor. It was the first sound of the death knell ringing clear and sharp from Heaven. The blessed foundress never walked again, and the doctor whispered to her nurse as he left the room: "Sister, it is the beginning of the end. You must take Mother to Seattle by the last boat that leaves in a few days."

But the great apostle wanted to die in the missions and her daughters yielded to her saintliness and the strength of her will. She grew more joyous, more energetic, always planning and working from her bed, talking about the new mission she had come to open on the Kruzgamipa River, ninety miles north of Nome. Trunks were filled with things her memory recalled in the rooms she had not seen for years. Her sisters were happy in spite of the shadow looming dark and ominous. Sister Angela alone is able to tell the following story of patient suffering and heroic sacrifice:

> I noticed an unwonted light in our Mother's eyes, something like a twinkle in the eyes of a child who knows a joyous secret. But my great reverence for her silenced the question that kept rising to my lips. Next morning after Mother had received Holy Communion and taken her breakfast, she said with a smile and the old ringing laugh of long ago: "Sister, prepare the room, and when it is ready, call Father Robaut. He has promised to anoint me today."
>
> Death in my heart, joy in hers! All the flowers we had—artificial ones of course, our dear benefactors had sent us many—were placed about, and many can-

dles lighted in the little cell. The life of St. Angelo in pictures we hung about the bed, and Carpaccio's St. Ursula, and when I thought all was ready, Mother said: "Place over me the beautiful lace Mrs. Ryan gave me, and lay upon the Altar the pall Mother Blessed Sacrament embroidered for my Golden Jubilee." Mother looked like a young bride. She was joyous, buoyant and exceedingly beautiful. It seemed more like a First Communion day than a room gotten ready for Extreme Unction. "Now, Sister, call Father Robaut." He came, this the first Jesuit ever to set his foot in Alaska, the companion of the martyr Archbishop Seghers, and with him came also the Very Rev. J. B. Sifton, Superior of the Jesuits in Northern Alaska. And the most beautiful rite of the Church unfolded before us. *Per istam sanctam Unctionem,* and the child in Mother's eyes had crowded out the queen. She answered every prayer, followed with exuberant joy every move, so that when he came to anoint them, those blessed eyes of purity, Father Robaut was obliged to whisper: "Close your eyes." Ah, the saints, the saints! And why should they not be winning who live in perpetual union with our Lord?

That day, the first Friday in December, we kept as a first-class feast, at the Ursuline Convent fartherest north in the whole world. The nuns kept swallowing the lump, that Mother's joy might not be overcast.

And from that day forward, the shadow of things human rested not upon Mother Amadeus of the Heart of Jesus. She bade farewell to earth, and thought only of heaven.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception fell on Sunday. It had always been a day of special grace for Mother, all through her sinless life. Masses were celebrated in our chapel, as the church could not be heated because of the intense cold. Many of our people came to Holy Communion, and Mother had them served breakfast in our tiny kitchen. Among

them came, toward the end, a poor erring one who had strayed far from the banquet of the angels. She rushed in, saying: "I must see the Father." Long was her confession, and she, too, tasted of the sweetness of the King.

Our people have many of the instincts of childhood and of nature. Something special attracted them to Mother and to the Convent on that day. The door of her room faced the altar; it had been thrown open, and she had assisted at Mass from her bed. At benediction, the children had sung all her favorite hymns, and our boy Francis had accompanied them on his violin.

Before leaving, all crowded about Mother's bed. Each must have some word, some special sign of recognition.

And when all was over, the huge snowdrifts locked our doors and cloistered us with our happiness, with Our Lord in the sweetest solitude we had ever known. No one came. No one could come that day. We were so happy together. It seems, in the retrospect, that we might have guessed it was our last day at St. Ursula's-by-the-Sea.

The next morning early we were affrighted by dense clouds of smoke. We had but time to lift our precious invalid out into the intense cold—it was 40° below zero, and to call the Father to save the Most Blessed Sacrament.

In twenty minutes St. Ursula's-by-the-Sea was a heap of ashes, for there is no water in Northern Alaskan eight months of the year, and snow and ice are of no avail in case of fire. All our treasures went. Our Lord was telling His Spouse that He was henceforth her sole possession.

We hurried her into shelter, and sent for Dr. Love. Mother was bearing up so bravely. When he came she said to him in her own dear way, "Well, Doctor, the Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

And whilst the woof of great sorrow was weaving into the web of mission life, and the birds were coming north and the snow was vanishing, Mother Amadeus left Alaska never to return. In Seattle she fell into the mysterious silence of Gethsemane, a silence not unlike the one that had immediately followed her profession into the Order long years before. It was not the silence, this, of impotence, but rather that of the queenly will, plighted for so many years to penance and to selflessness. Her room was next to the chapel, so that her last days on earth were passed in the uninterrupted presence of the Blessed Sacrament. So conscious was she of this great privilege that she refused to spend much of the night in sleeping; her nuns would find her lying with eyes wide open, smiling in the darkness as she faced the Tabernacle, her lips moving in constant prayer. Shortly before her death she raised her eyes toward heaven, and in them shone the light of Tabor, while over her countenance spread a smile of triumph, joy, and recognition. In her last moments Mother Amadeus must have seen something beloved and beautiful.

When all was over, the nuns lifted their Mother on a cross of ashes. Then they intoned the *De Profundis* and, as she had taught them for hours of sorrow, the *Te Deum*. Later they conveyed the remains to St. Ignatius, the Montana mission she had loved so well, where the Cheyennes had prepared for her a final resting place. Here at the foot of a great mission cross, in the shadow of the Rockies—rugged, majestic, and as heaven-reaching as her life—they laid a woman whom they still honor as one of the great heroes of their race.

Mother Amadeus of the Heart of Jesus was a great American foundress in the fullest sense of this expression. Perhaps none ever struggled with greater difficulties in a soil so cruel, so barren as Alaska, and in what was then the almost desert of Montana when she came to it. But her

striking personality, her buoyant and joyous union with God, were as a bright light that shone before her feet and frightened away all darkness and desolation. Indeed, obstacles seemed to flee before her. Characters the most widely different yielded to her magnetism and all joined hands and hearts to forge ahead through poverty and isolation and bitter want. She had Indian children from twelve different tribes laden beneath centuries of idolatry, prejudice, and ignorance, and yet all that melted away before her wonderful smile. Penance, worry, mortification, anxiety for her sisters, peace, joy, abundance for her children—that was Mother Amadeus of the Heart of Jesus. There was much of the great Carmelite about her, for there was combined in her Teresa of Avila's zeal for souls and the great love that the Little Flower of Jesus had for the missions. And, too, there is something of the Stylites about her, as she stands before the world in giant forgetfulness of self, lifted high into God-all-aloneness, and yet drawing souls sunk deep in ignorance and degradation. The great Indian missionary, Father Cataldo, the Jesuit, with a heart that was still youthful and vigorous despite his ninety years, said of her: "The success of our missions was due to the untold generosity of the noble-hearted Mother Amadeus."

Si Monumentum quaeris, circumspice. We have but to look at her and wonder that woman could attain so great a height. The most striking evidence of the success of her work may be seen everywhere among the Indians of Montana and the Arctics. To-day scarcely a watchful red light, casting its gleam of hope and joy on the snows of Alaska, but whispers the name of her who is now called the "Teresa of the Arctics." Indeed, her life is a monument, a lofty monument, to Ursuline and to womanly excellence, to religious perfection and to missionary zeal.

MOTHER ALPHONSA LATHROP

OF THE DOMINICAN SISTERS, SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

New England meadows crowned with gentle hillsides, hillsides bathed in May-time glory; crocus, daffodils, and wild arbutus; clover, laurel, and rose blooms myriad; and overhead the canopy of heaven, cloudless, blue, and opal-silver—this was Rosebud's garden her first birthday.

Yes, "Rosebud" they called her, the last child to come to the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife, Sophia Peabody. This was in 1851, in Our Lady's month—for May is always such, the wide world over, even near Lenox where the Hawthornes were living.

Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to a lifelong comrade, on July 24, 1851:

> The most important news I have to tell you (if you have not already heard it) is, that we have another daughter, now almost two months old. She is a very bright and healthy child, and neither more nor less handsome than babies generally are. I think I feel more interest in her than I did in the other children at the same age, from the consideration that she is to be the daughter of my age—the comfort (at least, so it is to be hoped) of my declining years.

In her mother's letters the little Rose appears as the very personification of happy babyhood and childhood. Her smile was likened to "a constellation of stars"; and she would sleep "to the music of pine tree murmurs and cricket-chirpings, and once in a while of birds." At night

she was always with the angels for she believed that the angels took her when she went to sleep, and brought her back when sky and earth bloomed russet-red in the east. She loved the dawn.

There is a distinct fascination in these letters, written by "little Rosebud's" mother, Sophia Peabody Hawthorne, and which the daughter published in book form as *Memories of Hawthorne* some twenty-odd years after her mother's death. So profound in thought and loveliness, they picture simply a circle of life that embraced much beauty, and which made its impress on the baby of the household never to be effaced. It is from these letters of the mother that one may arrive at some knowledge of the daughter. Yet of Rosebud herself there is very little direct information. Occasionally, in this garden of Hawthorne memories, there is found a rose-red petal, whose fragrance is not lost among the leaves and tall grasses; it fills the garden and flows refreshingly beyond it. It comes from the fairest rose of all the Hawthornes.

In his "Prelude" to this collection of letters, Maurice Francis Egan says:

> It is interesting to note the culmination of that idealism—which set her father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, apart from the rest of the world, and caused him to lead a constant interior life—in this woman who has lost all thought of self in her devotion to the poor—the utterly poor—who suffer from cancer.
>
> The Hawthornes, as a family, have never lost that evanescent charm, that elusive flash of the Gleam which sets them apart from the rest of the world; and the head of the family was the first psychological novelist of our time, the most sympathetic and noble of interpreters of human character, made in the likeness of God. The greatest modern master of English style,—with the exception of Newman, Walter Pater,

and Stevenson,—he is a figure whose attraction for us grows year by year. It is hard for the ordinary reader to pluck out the heart of his mystery, to explain his appearance in that garishly lit New England in which there seemed to be, for those who saw it from the distance, only bright sunlight or dismal shadows, unsoftened by "purple mists." It is a platitude to say that Hawthorne waved his wand—his magic wand—and gave to his part of New England a new atmosphere of softness and grace and mystic shades of secrets half unspoken.

A quarter of a century has passed since his daughter Rose, the youngest of his children, unveiled some of his sources of the beauty of his life by printing the letters of her mother, Sophia Hawthorne, born in that exquisite circle—which included the Peabodys, the Emersons, the Prescotts, the Alcotts—of Thoreau, of Ripley, of Holmes, and of all that small society which might easily be called Athenian for lack of a better word. Here are found all the requirements of the simple life. Sophia Hawthorne was a lover of beauty, and nowhere, in any language, can one find more entrancing pictures of the little things which nature offers us every day. Flowers captured her. In England, so precious did she find them that she becomes rapturous over nine moss-rose buds, given her by a friend—nine moss-rose buds, all together! And, while fully conscious of the infinite value of the expanding souls of her little children, she makes us feel that to her they are the most wonderful of flowers. Although the beauty of life was a cult with her, there was nothing pagan about her and nothing Puritan.

It has been an interesting problem for the Peabodys to entice the reticent Hawthornes into the former's genial and vivid existence.

Literature, art, and intercourse [says Rose Hawthorne] were the three gracious deities of the Peabody

home, and many people came to join the family in worshiping them; none were more sought after or welcome than the Hawthornes—mother, daughter, and the young Nathaniel! At the Hawthornes on the contrary [continues Rose] quiet prevailed: caused partly by bereavement, partly by proud poverty, and no doubt not a little by the witch-shadow of Judge Hawthorne's unfortunate condemnation of Rebecca Nurse, whose dying curse was never ignored; partly also by a sense of superiority, which, I think, was the skeleton in every Hawthorne's body at that time.

From Boston, in the year 1839 Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote:

> You are still sweet Sophia Hawthorne, and still your soul and intellect breathe forth an influence like that of wildflowers, to which God, not man, gives all their sweetness. . . . If the whole world had been ransacked for a name, I do not think that another could have been found to suit you half so well. It is as sweet as a wildflower. You ought to have been born with that very name—only then I should have done you an irreparable injury by merging it in my own.
>
> You are fitly expressed to my soul's apprehension by those two magic words—Sophia Hawthorne! I repeat them to myself sometimes; and always they have a new charm. I am afraid I do not write very clearly, having been pretty hard at work since sunrise. You are wiser than I, and will know what I have tried to say. . . .
>
> NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The engagement of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody was announced in 1840 and shortly before the marriage, July 9, 1842, the future husband received from his intended bride the following exquisite bit of poetry:

God granteth not to man a richer boon
Than tow'rd himself to draw the waiting soul,
Making it swift to pray this high control
Would with according grace its jars attune.
And man on man the largest gift bestows
When from the vision-mount he sings aloud,
And pours upon the unascended crowd
Pure Order's heavenly Stream that o'er him flows.
So thou, my friend, hast risen through thought supreme
To central insight of eternal law.
Thy golden-cadenced intuitions gleam
From that new heaven which John of Patmos saw;
And I my spirit lowly bend to thine,
In recognition of thy words divine.

Eight years of unalloyed happiness was God's sweet gift to the Hawthornes, first in their home at the Old Manse, in Concord, and later in Salem. Two children blessed this union of love, first Una and then Julian. In 1850 they sought a home by the sea, but instead they drifted up to the mountains of Berkshire and were happy. There, a half mile out of Stockbridge on the road to Lenox, in "Hawthorne Cottage," Rose, their youngest child, was born; or, as they ever lovingly called her, "Baby Rosebud."

It was in this "Hawthorne Cottage," the birthplace of Rosebud, that the father wrote those things that hold something of the healthy grandeur of nature, the sublimity of a Berkshire winter, the radiance of a New England summertime. They embrace "a joy of untheoried, peaceful, or gloriously perturbed life of sky and land." They express, what the scene that lay before the cottage held for him—a sublimity that reminded him of God. He heard a divine voice that dictated thoughts higher and nobler than if he had remained in a town or village covert. For he led a wholly interior life in this tiny retreat among the hills of Massachusetts, one that gave to his art

an aroma of spirituality, at the same time graceful, tender, and mystic.

The quiet life at Lenox was interrupted in 1853 when Hawthorne was appointed American Consul at Liverpool by President Pierce. Little Rosebud was but two years old at the time; yet she knew that her father was moving in the best literary and fashionable society. Later she wrote that she

> had to be satisfied with a glance and a smile, which were so much less than he had been able to give to my brother and sister in their happier childhood days, for they had enjoyed hours of his companionship as a constant pastime. I was, moreover, much younger than the others, and was never allowed to grow, as I wished, out of the appelations of Rosebud, Baby, and Bab (as my father always called me), and all the infantine thought which those pet names imply. I longed myself to hear the splendidly grotesque fairy tales, sprung from his delicious jollity of imagination, which Una and Julian had reveled in when our father had been at leisure in Lenox and Concord; and the various frolics about which I received appetizing hints as I grew into girlhood made me seem to myself a stranger who had come too late. But a stranger at Hawthorne's side could be very happy, and, whatever my losses, I knew myself to be rich.

Romeward led the way for the Hawthornes in 1857. Here it was in the city of the Popes that a beautiful, frequent companionship sprang up between the father and his little daughter, Rose. Here, too, the child recognized St. Peter's as the "heart of Rome, and its pulse the Pope." So eloquent did she become after she had seen Pio Nono in Holy Week, "high up in the balcony before the mountainous dome, looking off over the great multitude of people gathered to receive his blessing," that her mother pre-

sented her with a little medallion of the Pontiff and a gold scudo with a likeness of him on it. She reverenced both all the days of her life. Unwittingly, she was being drawn to the true Faith of Christ; she was evincing an unusual interest in things pertaining to the Catholic religion. She says that she watched go through the streets of Rome "in brown garb and great unloveliness a frequent monk brave and true." She continues:

> Who does not feel, without a word to reveal the fact, the wondrous virtue of Catholic religious observance in the churches? The holiness of these regions sent through me waves of peace. I stepped softly past the old men and women who knelt upon the pavements, and gazed longingly upon their simpler spiritual plane; I drew back reluctantly from the only garden where the Cross is planted in visible, reverential substance. For the years ensuing this life in Rome, I entertained the family with dramatic imitations of religious chants, grumbling out at sundown the low, ominous echoings of the priests, answered by the treble, rapid and trustful, of the little choristers, gladly picturing to myself as I did so the winding processions in St. Peter's.

The Hawthornes spent the summer of 1858 in Florence. Here, too, the beauties of the Catholic Church made a lasting impression on the visitors; its influence was not lost on the lovely soul of the little Rosebud. From their villa, in one of the towers of which Savonarola had been confined, the Hawthornes could see Galileo's own tower over against them in the distance. Before them lay Florence, "pinnacled and roof-crowned" in the valley with the Apennines afar off, where the sun sets beyond the Arno. In this abode of infinite peace and quiet the days were spent indoors; but the evenings were passed in the sapphire glory of the Italian night, under the moon and stars. At that

time a comet kept company with the other flowers of the nocturnal heavens. In connection with this fact the elders spoke of war and misery, of which the comet was accused of being a messenger. But Rose says that her

> child's heart already knew the iron truth, and was not astonished at the intrusion of such a thought, that beauty and peace must always entertain the herald of the other country—the dark one. There was a sadness about Italy, although it lay under "the smile of God," as my father calls its sunshine. He and my mother often mention this shadow, as before remarked, in their records. At times the cause seems to them to come from the "incubus" of the Catholic religion, although they both believed it capable of being wholly perfect. Glorious scenes were constantly soothing this sense of human sorrow, scenes such as cannot be found in regions outside the Church.

How true is it that God's ways are not our ways. Little by little the young Rose was being led to the source of all Truth, the foundation stone of her later life. Perhaps the strongest influence exerted in this direction was that of a serving maid, Stella, who was at this time in the employ of the Hawthornes. God was illuminating the pathway of the child by the light of this humble Florentine guiding-star, she who is the "Stella" in Nathaniel Hawthorne's romantic *Monte Beni.* The picture of Stella on

> her knees in her bedroom, a bare and colorless abode, her great black crucifix hanging in majestic solitude upon the wall above her handsome old head. I thought her temporarily insane to pray so much, and at all to an audience; but I recognized the gentleness of the attacks, and I somehow loved her for them. Even to the ignorance of error truth can be beautiful. An extremely attractive little Italian maid, of sixteen or less, used also to be found on her knees before the

> crucifix. Stella was obliged to drive this dark-eyed butterfly to her devotions. If I discovered her, I had no reverence, and tried unmercifully to interrupt her soft whispers. Stella's loving revenge for my wickedness was to give me a tiny wax sleeping Bambino, surrounded by flowers under a convex glass, whose minute face had a heaven of smiling forgiveness in it. Often I surreptitiously studied the smile on the sleeping face. I felt that He loved us even during His sleep; and I cherished the gaze of shining gladness with which Stella herself had placed this treasure in my hand, which could so simply quicken sluggish thought.

But Roman and Florentine days came to an end for Rosebud and she was transplanted from the warmth of Catholic Italy to the chill of Puritan New England. Catholicity, however, had penetrated the heart of the child, never to be entirely effaced. She spent melancholy days after her return to Concord; although her mother wrote at the time that

> Rose raised all the echoes of the country by screaming with joy over her blooming crocuses, which she found in her garden. The spring intoxicates her with remembering wine. . . . Little spots of green grass choke her with unutterable ecstasy.

Hawthorne had returned in order to cherish American loyalty in his children. He loved New England, and he wished them to appreciate the American phase of everyday life in its simplest stage. Around the hills of Berkshire he wound the purple haze of which his friend Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke in such ecstasy. He wished the world to see the wealth of beauty and virtue in the land of his birth —that land which then was but only half appreciated. His love for home, too, called him back from across the seas.

> In Concord he entered upon a long renunciation [writes his daughter. But] of necessity this was beneficial to his art. He was not fully primed with observation, and *The Dolliver Romance,* hammered out from several beginnings that he successively cast aside, appeared so exquisitely pure and fine because of the hush of fasting and reflection which environed the worker. It is the unfailing history of great souls that they seem to destroy themselves most in relation to the world's happiness when they most deserve and acquire a better reward. He was starving, but he steadily wrote. He was weary of the pinched and unpromising condition of our daily life, but he smiled, and entertained us and guided us with unflagging manliness, though with longer and longer intervals of wordless reserve. I was never afraid to run to him for his sympathy, as he sat reading in an easy-chair, in some one of those positions of his which looked as if he could so sit and peruse till the end of time. I knew that his response would be so cordially given that it would brim over me, and so melodiously that it would echo in my heart for a great while; yet it would be as brief as the single murmurous stroke of one from a cathedral tower, half startling by its intensity, but which attracts the birds, who wing by preference to that lofty spot.

At their home, "The Wayside," the Hawthornes led a life of simplicity, innocent enjoyment, and sacrifice. The decline of her father's health caused Rosebud no little anxiety; it affected the entire family with half-admitted dread. The first notes of the requiem that was about to surge through the portals of the home shrine that love had built fell through the sounds of everyday life. Hawthorne's great vigor paled, his weakness became more apparent, his hair became snowy white. And little Rosebud grieved, although at the time she was but thirteen years of

age. She saw her father's steps falter and his frame waste away; she saw her mother's silent sorrow and her beautiful resignation. The day her father left the house to take the journey for his health which led instead into the next world, she could hardly let her eyes rest upon her mother's shrunken, suffering form. Little Rosebud was looking for the first time into the eyes of Death and Sorrow, into the Infinite and Eternal. She felt in some vague way that this was a day of real farewell, that he would never return. Of the final leave-taking she says:

> Like a snow image of an unbending but an old, old man, he stood for a moment gazing at me. My mother sobbed, as she walked beside him to the carriage. We have missed him in the sunshine, in the storm, in the twilight, ever since.

The years passed, and little Rosebud bloomed into the fairest rose of all the Hawthornes. For a husband she chose a writer of note, George Parsons Lathrop. They were married in London, September 11, 1871. To this happy union a son was born; but it was not in God's Providence that the mother would know for long the joys of motherhood. The death of her boy was the first real trial to come to the heart of Mrs. Lathrop.

An unusual felicity marked the married life of the Lathrops. Each was a fitting companion for the other; love, patience, faith, and sweet understanding made the years ones of peace and concord. Their greatest joy came to them shortly before the death of Mr. Parsons. The light of divine Faith which Rose Hawthorne had seen in the simple soul of the little Italian maid kneeling before her great crucifix now illumined her own being and passed on somehow to that of her husband. They were received into the Church by the Reverend Alfred Young, of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, and shortly after

were confirmed by the Most Reverend Michael A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, in the archbishop's private chapel. God was preparing the way in which Rose Lathrop was to walk as the valiant woman, the way which led for her into countless hearts of Christ's afflicted children.

Fenelon, the great French preacher and thinker, says:

> There is no greatness in despising little things. On the contrary, it is the narrowness of your view which makes you see that as small, which has such great results. The more distasteful you find this heed of little things, so much the more should you guard against any carelessness. "Who so despiseth little things shall fall by little and little" (Ecclus. xix. 1). Be your own judge. Would you be satisfied with that friend who, owing all to you and ready to serve you in great matters, still refused to comply with your wishes in the little occurrences of daily life?

Shortly before her husband's death Mrs. Lathrop heard of a refined seamstress who, having become impoverished and being afflicted with cancer, suffered much because of neglect, humiliations, and, finally, abandonment. This living picture of Christ and Him crucified touched the heart of Rose Hawthorne, much as did the child whom her father had found in an English hospital long years before and of whom he wrote in *Our Old Home*. Nathaniel Hawthorne's words in regard to this little child had made a deep impression upon his daughter when she read them as a girl; and now her father's perfect charity, his instant and practical sympathy for suffering human beings, found expression in the daughter's soul to an heroic degree. She lavished upon this forsaken woman the first fruits of her new determination. She decided, furthermore, to consecrate her life henceforth to the care of Christ's poor cancer patients. This was in 1896.

Death took her devoted husband from her side shortly afterward. Then it was that she felt herself free to make a complete renunciation of self and self-satisfaction, and to devote herself entirely to the great work that lay before her. She broke away from her circle of charming friends, and from the pleasant intellectual pursuits in which they were wont to engage. It was the heart now, and not merely the mind, that was to call her into action, that was to claim her time and attention. Her position as a short-story writer was already an enviable one; but now the time given to the pen was to be turned over to healing the sick and comforting the dying. She began to study the science of nursing. Then she took up a humble abode on Water Street, New York City, to share her rooms and to divide her bread with the poorest of the poor; to consecrate her whole life to the nursing of their wounds.

All alone in the rude tenement on Water Street Rose Lathrop provided as best she could for every need of her helpless and hopelessly sick family which was daily increasing in numbers; for others had followed the unfortunate seamstress into the outstretched arms of this new heroine of charity whom God had raised up in the maze of tenements of lower Manhattan. As the number of patients continued to increase, Mrs. Lathrop realized her absolute need of help and almost desperately prayed for assistance. She felt her privations, her limitations, her overwhelming responsibilities; for she was still human. The literary lights with whom she had been accustomed to mingle no longer sought her company; it was not long until she was completely forgotten by them. The task she had voluntarily undertaken seemed to crush her with its superhuman responsibilities. But God was with her. She knew it and she would not be afraid.

Archbishop Ullathorne says:

> Remember what you have been so often taught, that nothing becomes great and enduring that has not a slow and difficult beginning. The grass springs quickly, and as quickly fades and perishes; the acorn is long in the ground because it produces a tree that is to last for hundreds of years; it is the dreary winter that prepares the bright summer.

Those first days on Water Street were filled to overflowing with suffering, sacrifices, and hardships; but just when the lowering clouds of failure made the outlook seem altogether hopeless, the sunshine of Christ's ever-guiding Presence flooded the little tenement hospital and the soul of its noble inmate. God was sending her a helper who would share her trials and privations, who would cleanse and bind the wounds of her dear outcasts, who would care for them with a mother's tenderness. And all this she would do because of Him who loved them with an everlasting love. A knock was heard on the door, and in stepped Miss Alice Huber, the daughter of a prominent Catholic family of Louisville, Kentucky. Some time before she had accidentally read about the work which Mrs. Lathrop was doing for the cancerous poor in New York City. She was deeply impressed as she read, and she decided to visit the scene of such heroic charity.

It was the afternoon of December 15, 1897, that Miss Huber, carrying a letter of introduction from the great convert priest, Father Fidelis Stone, of the Congregation of the Passion, set out to find Mrs. Lathrop. When she reached Water Street and stood before the number given to her by the priest she saw a dilapidated frame building; there was no bell, and the door leading into the hall stood open. Some children who were playing about told her that if she were looking for Mrs. Lathrop she would find her in a room at the rear of the hall. Miss Huber entered

the tenement and knocked on the door pointed out by the children. It was opened and then Miss Huber saw her life's work. She herself describes the situation:

> It was opened by a very untidy woman, with loosely done-up hair, who wore a rather short red wrapper, with the underskirt hanging below, another woman, older than the first, was ironing in the room (which proved to be the kitchen); she stood still as I entered, holding the iron in her hand, to hear what I had to say. I was shown into a good-sized room opening from the kitchen (afterward I learned that this room was the living one and dispensary; sometimes it served also as a bedroom when an extra patient came in), and the untidy woman called out, "A young lady to see you, Mrs. Lathrop." A fair, bright-faced woman (who was bandaging up an old woman's leg) rose from her work and came forward to meet me. I handed her the letter—she glanced at it and said, "Have you been in Rome?" I replied, "No." "Do sit down," she said, "until I finish and then we can have a long talk." I sat down on a green sofa, the only comfortable thing in the room, and glanced about; everything was clean, but as crowded, poor, and simple as could be; Mrs. Lathrop was beautiful and youthful-looking, with a mass of rich auburn hair; she wore a nurse's dress and her manner of dealing with the old women was cheerful and simple. The old women themselves were not over-clean, and were exacting in their demands; one seemed a good-natured little person, the second a hard-working woman, and the third was a cross old lady with a stick which she planted firmly before her and gazed fiercely upon her companions (I had the pleasure of improving the acquaintance of all three later on, and found the old lady with the stick quite as fierce as she appeared to be). After a time Mrs. Lathrop finished her work and sat down near me for a talk; we talked for a long

time (at least Mrs. Lathrop did). I was debating in my mind whether or not I would offer to help her, if only for a few hours each week—the neighborhood, the patients, the untidy women in the kitchen all seemed repulsive to me, and yet I could not make up my mind to leave without offering to do something to help her out, so I offered to come one afternoon of each week; by this time the inhabitants of the kitchen were bordering on distraction over my long visit, so I rose to take my departure.

Mrs. Lathrop accompanied me to the street door to point out the most direct way to the Grand Street Ferry. I looked at her as she stood there—the only bright object in all that ugliness and misery—and as I looked a great feeling of pity and affection filled my heart for her, and though since that eventful day my faith in human nature has sadly changed, my faith and affection for Mrs. Lathrop always remained the same.

Miss Huber returned to the house of suffering the following Tuesday to help in the dispensary. At first she felt an intense disgust with the work she had to do, but Mrs. Lathrop seemed so cheerful and happy and when she was about to leave looked at her so pleadingly that she promised to return. Soon, she began to spend two afternoons of each week in the tenement house on Water Street, and then she felt the call of the Master to leave all and stay in this tiny retreat in His service. She answered with rapture; calm and secure, she entered the wide cloister of that Heart soon to be welded to her own.

The two servants nursed the homeless sick in their apartment and visited those who were able to remain in their own homes. One of their patients lived in the Dominican parish of St. Vincent Ferrer. So great was the appreciation of one of the priests of the parish that he went to the Water Street house to thank personally the two nurses. He hesitated to enter, for the poor frame building, leaning

to one side, seemed unfit for human habitation. But within he found order and cleanliness; and, likewise, he found the charity of Jesus Christ. He saw the sufferings of the patients, their disfigured faces and bodies, their open wounds and decaying members. He beheld the work that one reads of in the lives of the saints. And then his eyes rested on a picture of St. Rose of Lima, the American Dominican of the Andes, the glory of the Western Hemisphere. The priest suggested that the two women before him join the Third Order of St. Dominic, to enjoy more fully the inspiration and merits of the saints of the Church. God's call was clear and sweet, and in the happiness of their already partial consecration they answered this pleading of a greater complete renunciation unhesitatingly and joyfully.

They joined the Third Order and made the vows of religion. They became the Tabernacle of the Suffering Savior, a Sanctuary for the very Godhead. "They shall make Me a sanctuary, and I will dwell in the midst of them."

Hardships and sufferings continued in the little convent home. The following account of the early days on Water Street was written by Miss Huber:

> It was only then I began to realize the sacrifice and hardships of Mrs. Lathrop's life; it was work early and late, sometimes far in the night; we were surrounded, for the most part, by a low class of people; we had no time for reading, I could not even write a letter, the change was so great; the patients groaned, the women in the kitchen rattled pots and pans, and the people in the neighborhood never seemed to go to bed, and I became extremely homesick. About that time Mrs. Lathrop became very ill and everything fell on my untrained shoulders; however, she soon recovered and all went on as usual. We were at that time extremely poor—boxes served as chairs, and we ate in the kitchen with the untidy women and some of the

patients who were able to be about, as there was no other place. The summer of 1898 was an intensely hot one, the Water Street tenement quarters became almost unbearable, the walls were filled with bugs, and when it rained the ceiling of the room which Mrs. Lathrop and I occupied leaked, and pans were put about the floor to catch the water; the room was very small and opened upon one occupied by the patients. As is usually the case, the winter was as cold as the summer had been hot; the patients were comfortable in their beds, but we almost froze; however, we managed to pull through, and in the spring several gentlemen who were interested in the work made an effort to secure more comfortable and secluded quarters for us. Mrs. Lathrop sent out appeals and responses came from all parts of the country, and on the first day of May, 1899, we moved from Water Street to 426 Cherry Street—a comfortable, old-fashioned house, in which twelve and sometimes (with crowding) fifteen patients were kept. It had a yard in the rear, and we felt we had secured a home which seemed palatial compared to our few tenement rooms in the old frame house on Water Street.

426 Cherry Street was opened May 1, 1899, and after settling down, we felt it was sufficiently imposing to have a name; it was called "St. Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer." Many benefactors of the work remembered the old St. Rose's Home, and many memories, connected with the foundation and growth of the work, are associated with it.

It was in the Cherry Street home that Rose Hawthorne Lathrop was clothed, on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, with the Dominican habit of white and was given the name of Sister Alphonsa. Her associate and faithful companion became Sister Rose. Happy, indeed, was Archbishop Corrigan when he granted permission to the new Community to have Mass and keep the Blessed

Sacrament in their chapel. When some one mentioned that the beginning of the institute was rather extraordinary, because of the smallness of the sisters' number and their short time of preparation, he smiled and answered: "Let us help them to the best of our ability. For if this work be of men it will come to naught, but if it be of God you cannot destroy it."

That the work is of God is indicated by its growth and development. The Cherry Street house soon became too small. The sisters had many calls for destitute male cases and Mother Alphonsa tried to care for them in rented rooms in the neighborhood. But this was not successful. In the early spring of 1901, a great, rambling, old frame building in Westchester County was purchased and called "Rosary Hill." It was opened June 1, 1901, and to it were transferred the destitute men suffering from the incurable cancer. Sister Rose says of this incident:

> That was the first break—Mother went to Rosary Hill and I remained at St. Rose's. How lonesome it was to see her empty chair before the desk where she had spent so many hours.
>
> The first few years at Rosary Hill were almost disastrous; patients came as soon as the place was opened; there were few helpers and little money; the house was a mere shell, and the wintry winds beat fiercely against it, and the coal bins were often to the last few tons; that first winter was a terrible one, and we fought the battle alone as best we could, for it meant either to sink or swim. At last came spring, and Mother Alphonsa, always responsive, rejoiced in the flowers and budding trees, and the winter was forgotten for the time being. We were advised to give up Rosary Hill, but we refused to do so, and Mother wrote appeals for assistance; sufficient came in to make the place more habitable, and to fill the coal bins. Gradually the work grew, and as gradu-

ally the place improved, improvements were added from year to year, and Rosary Hill is now one of the most beautiful places in Westchester County, and thousands of patients have been cared for.

The house on Cherry Street developed also into the present five-story building at 71 Jackson Street. In 1924 a fireproof annex was built at Rosary Hill and in 1927 generous hearts contributed sufficient sums to erect a beautiful new home on the same grounds. Here is housed one hundred or more poor men and women who have come to the spiritual daughters of Mother Alphonsa to spend their remaining days with bodies tortured and slowly decaying.

Other noble souls have enlisted under the banner raised aloft in the name of Christ, and for His poor neglected, by Mother Alphonsa and Sister Rose; others, but only a few. The work grew rapidly for the story of such gentle ministrations was passed from lip to lip in all New York and beyond the city's confines. As a consequence the houses became taxed to capacity, yet sufficient helpers were always lacking to carry on the work. For an increase of laborers, Mother Alphonsa prayed daily. To this end she adopted the prayer of the great Teresa:

> O my Jesus! how deep is Thy love for the children of men! The greatest service we can render Thee is to leave Thee, for the sake of loving and aiding them. Then do we possess Thee most entirely, for, though our will enjoy Thee less, yet love delights to please Thee. During this mortal life, all worldly delights are found to be uncertain, even though they seem to come from Thee, unless the love of our neighbor bear them company. Who loves not his brethren loves not Thee, my Lord, for Thy Blood, shed for us, bears witness to Thy boundless love for the sons of Adam.

St. Joseph's House—a part of the Rosary Hill home of to-day—was blessed April 24, 1924, and to it on the

following day the sick patients were transferred from the old wooden house which was on the property when the sisters came in 1901. Soon it was apparent that larger quarters were imperative, and Mother Alphonsa, ever trustful in Divine Providence, began to lay plans for a three hundred thousand dollar fireproof building for her dear charges. She had great confidence in the general public and felt they would respond to her frequent newspaper appeals voluntarily. The following was her last letter to one of the papers of New York City, and which she intended sending at an early date. It was found among her papers shortly after her death:

> I have been superintending the raising of funds for building a fireproof house for cancer patients who are penniless and beyond cure. There is a large sum yet to be collected, and to the people of New York (accustomed to a rapid advance from a starting point to a finish) years of time would seem absolutely unnecessary for begging for a charitable need. To tell the truth it seems to me to be a terribly slow progress; it is like going to the North Pole in the old way, by ship and dog-teams.
>
> Many persons know nothing of our work for the cancerous poor, and if accosted by a person asking for a donation would give a sum out of politeness, mentally asking "what unheard of thing is this?"; we are practical enough to want every one to know what it is, and to give a bit because their hearts are touched; to help us build this house of mercy because they are sorry for the sick, and never to forget to care for them when the house is built; when the sick will need food and warmth. Our method in caring for the support of our invalids is tedious indeed, but it seems to have been beneficial in many ways. We have a host of generous spirited letters of donation that show friendship has been won for all the future for the cancerous

poor, not only among New Yorkers but beyond the city.

If we are slow in pace, we are not in the least moderate in desire for monumental strength; we need one of the large sums that are going through the air for every purpose; we not only need a fireproof Hospital-Home, but we need a fireproof Chapel and Convent, and expect to get them only after another terrible journey of a few years. The Community will principally sleep in the old wooden house close by the new one and will worship in the wooden chapel and carry on generally as if we were on an Asiatic mission. We keep clearly before our eyes that first of all we want a secure Home for our incurable cancer patients; that we want it so well paid for by the citizens of New York that we can make it admirably good, and at the same time avoid a mortgage of $100,000.00.

MOTHER M. ALPHONSA LATHROP, O.S.D.,
Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, N. Y.

An amount was collected in 1925 sufficiently large to warrant the beginning of operations for the erection of the new building. Mother Alphonsa's heart was filled to overflowing; how sympathetic always is mankind for the afflicted! She hoped to have the patients settled in their new home Christmas Day of that year; but in this she was disappointed. She had a trustful disposition, however, and she looked forward happily to the coming of spring, for then certainly would her hopes be realized. Spring came and went and summer settled over the hills of Westchester. Only then was the building commenced. This was in June. The month had scarcely ended when she passed away.

Shortly afterward Sister Rose wrote:

On the ninth of July we lost our Mother. There had been no foreboding, no weeks of anxiety; while

Mother Alphonsa had not seemed as strong as usual, she was active, and her mind was unusually brilliant, and we felt that she would live to be very old, so her death came as a bolt from a clear sky, unexpected, unforeseen. Much has been written of Mother Alphonsa, but few knew the many difficulties, sacrifices, and hardships she passed through. There were times when it seemed that the work was on the point of failure, but she met such times cheerfully and bravely, saying, "We will trust in God, and if He wants this work to succeed, it will do so"; her trust in Divine Providence was absolute, hence she felt little anxiety for the future.

She is now at rest in the Gate of Heaven Cemetery; we saw her coffin sinking slowly into the grave, the edge of which was lined with green branches and elderberry blossoms; they covered the coffin as she passed from our sight, peacefully, as she had passed from life.

She has gone, but her work remains as a monument of her love for the poor and afflicted.

We can always remember Mother Alphonsa as beautiful, brilliant, and wonderfully cheerful—she showed no sign of age or decay; may she watch over us from her eternal home, and may her work for the afflicted poor be carried out in the spirit in which it was founded.

Mother Alphonsa let her mantle fall on worthy shoulders, for scarcely had the requiem ended over all that was earthly of the sainted foundress but that Sister Rose—now Mother Rose—began to carry on the work with indefatigable zeal and earnestness. On October 2, 1927, Rosary Hill was blessed by Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, and dedicated to the cause for which Mother Alphonsa had given up home and kindred and pleasant surroundings, some twenty-six years before. The formal

opening of the new home marked the close of another chapter in the epic story of the heroic struggle of Mothers Alphonsa and Rose, and their devoted little band of Dominican sisters to provide a home for the poor old men and women who come to them, in misery, poverty, and abandonment, to spend the evening of their lives. It is a work that is close to the heart of Christ.

In preparing those "who must go for the most beautiful adventure of all," Mother Alphonsa saw the true dignity of the poor. She recognized them as God's favorite children. She thought upon the days of old and remembered Job, covered with ulcers, abandoned by his friends, mocked by men—yet loved by God. She saw in her charges, Lazarus the despised, lying at the gate of the rich man who was clothed in purple and fine raiments but who refused to the outcast the crumbs from his table. But God loved him, she remembered, for the angels came the next day and carried him into Paradise. But neither Job nor Lazarus were more neglected nor more abandoned than those upon whom Mother Alphonsa lavished her care and affection. She chose the poorest of the poor, the most afflicted of the afflicted—the cancerous sick who were penniless and beyond cure. She sought them in the tenement houses of the city and brought them to her own humble abode to become their servant for the love of Christ.

> I am trying to serve the poor as a servant [she wrote]. I wish to serve the cancerous poor because they are avoided more than any other class of sufferers; and I wish to go to them as a poor creature myself, though powerful to help through the open-handed gifts of public kindness, because it is by humility and sacrifice alone that we become worthy to feel the holy spirit of pity and to carry into the disorders of destitute sickness the cheerful love we have gathered from the Heavenly Kingdom for distribution.

> In tending the sick poor, we should be made up of souls who are in love with self-denial. We must be capable of renouncing ease and pastime for the sake of that true love of God which shares the sufferings of Christ in a mode of life which He recommended and lived.
>
> Any one who reads the historical records of charity can discover what such labors accomplish in evolving: an activity that may be felt everywhere. And I hope for the sake of so great a benefit to the larger number, women will realize that self-consecration is even now both fitting and possible on the very lines made clear by sturdy and spiritual workers of the past.

Mother Alphonsa realized that she must give a personal service to Christ's beloved poor. When God had freed her from family duties, she broke completely all worldly and social ties and consecrated her entire being to His service. And this service consisted in an intelligent understanding of the task at hand, a sympathetic heart to undertake it willingly, and loving and gentle hands to minister cheerfully. She saw in the poor who had gathered around her that other group of sorely afflicted who had come to the outstretched arms of Him whose blessed call of mercy had sounded over Judean hills and up and down the shores of Galilee. "Come to me all ye that suffer," she, too, had cried, and when they came to her she knelt and cleansed their wounds and bound their bleeding members. Many love Mother Alphonsa because she did not hesitate to bend her knees to do the humblest work for the humblest of Christ's poor. But those to whom her gentle ministrations brought comfort, peace, and quiet, love her because she persevered so valiantly in this consecrated service, continuing it for more than a quarter of a century, even to the very hour when the angels took her, like Lazarus, into the House of the Father.

For her adopted children, Mother Alphonsa believed there was nothing too good. Because they were so helplessly and hopelessly poor, she was not content with giving them a mere shelter and daily sustenance. She viewed their plight and saw its relief in the light of the Gospels. They were Christ's favorite souls; they were to be given the very best the world has to offer. She brought to them a comfortable, artistic, and beautiful home; she placed it amid ever-changing scenes of valley and mountain; she put at their service and their command an efficient band of consecrated women who were there primarily and exclusively to be their servants. And while she brought to them the pleasing and refreshing gifts of nature, she realized that, above all things, her greatest gift to them was the consolation of religion. She tabernacled in their midst the Comforter of the Afflicted, the Solace of the Dying.

Mother Alphonsa was the sustaining angel of mercy to these poor afflicted in their days of Gethsemane. She walked with them along their road to Calvary and helped many to carry the Cross to the heights of Golgotha. She taught them to suffer and to die like Christ. She pictured for them the mount of the Transfiguration, the glory of Tabor. She lifted them from their bed of suffering to the seventh heaven, from the bondage of earth and earthly things to the freedom of the saints and the joys of eternity.

Mother Alphonsa was a woman of spiritual common sense; in other words, she had a boundless confidence in Divine Providence. She felt that the Father in Heaven who feeds the birds of the air would always give the daily bread to her chosen family. Yet for this sustenance she never failed to pray. Humbly and with childlike simplicity she persevered, during all those years when she depended upon the charity of friends and benefactors for even the bare necessities of life. And God answered her petitions;

for it seems that there never was anything wanting to that household of Christ.

The same heroic work to which Mother Alphonsa consecrated her time, her talents, her very life, is going on to-day with devoted earnestness. But the helpers are few and the sisters who are faithfully following in the footsteps of their foundress cry out with the Master that the fields are already white with an abundant harvest. They pray that others of the world will come to the hills of Westchester and take from the blessed, motherly hands that now are folded in peaceful solitude, the cream-white habit of St. Dominic and wear it faithfully in the service of the poor. For others, too, can be as rosebuds in God's garden, just as this flower of the Hawthornes became the Dominican Rose of North America. In the fields of Paradise she is to-day. But her memory on earth is as sweet and fragrant as on the day of her translation into a place eternal. She, too, has been missed in the sunshine, in the storm, in the twilight, ever since.

AFTERWORD

SUCH stars as these can never vanish from the firmament. Their light will continue to enkindle added lamps of knowledge and more generous fires of charity until the end of time. By their radiance the world will know that although once they wore the habiliments of mortality, to-day theirs is the glory of immortality, since their memory is in the keeping of living minds and their ideals perpetuated in hundreds of loving hearts. The sacrifices of these women were not in vain. They sowed in tears and sorrows, it is true, but how rich are the harvests of these sorrowings. Great institutions have come into being through their inspiration; numerous bands of virgins have followed in their footsteps; countless souls have been won to God because of their zeal and devotion.

Yet in spite of such abiding witnesses to the faith and courage of these women the work they began remains unfinished. But in this they may find a place in that notable company which Cardinal Newman describes as "the real heroes of Holy Writ and ecclesiastical history, Moses, Elias, David, Athanasius and Chrysostom, Gregory the Great and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and many others who died without being permitted to see the fruits of their labors."

Even in the life stories of these holy ones of God, the immutable truth that imperfection stamps the noblest work of man is strikingly verified. In regard to their own lives, our great American foundresses must have realized this also. They, too, must have known that they were but planting the seeds of a harvest which would ripen only after

they had passed into eternity. They knew full well that, as Newman expresses it, "One only among the sons of man has carried out a perfect work, and satisfied and exhausted the mission on which he came. One alone has with his last breath said: *'Consummatum est.'* "

It is for the successors of these women, then, to carry on the work which has been handed to them, either directly or indirectly. That in the past they have been faithful to this charge is beyond questioning. But, because they realize that even they will be unable to complete it, they are looking with anxious eyes to-day into the faces of the young women of America. With real concern they are searching there for that answer which alone will give to their work continuance and expansion. With what depth of yearning do they not pray for the approach of souls who can make possible added Bethlehems and Nazareths, other houses of Martha at Bethany. They see a world bloodstained and scarred from the ravages of sin, one that needs much healing and solace and kindly ministrations; a world whose sick and dying must not be neglected, one whose poor and abandoned must be given refuge; a world that calls for more gardens of contemplation, more classrooms that are cloisters. They see that numberless little footsteps need direction into the Temple, some to be guided to the very Tabernacle of the Godhead.

What a hopeless prospect would this task be but for that other vision which is vouchsafed them as they minister to those whom the world has forgotten. This time they behold in their charges Christ and Him crucified, and are wrapt to the third heaven. With St. Paul they are caught up to Paradise and hear sacred words which it is not granted man to utter. With the Apostle they look into the eyes of the Blessed Savior, and read there His promise of assistance. And because of this promise they are serenely hopeful. On their countenances the world may read an

expectancy of something that is certain of fulfillment; in their hearts may be found a thousandfold welcome for those who will assist them in the work of the Master.

For those who will be called to participate in this Divine adventure, it is a matter of no little concern that they sense the importance of the invitation. They should realize the high degree of honor that has been done them by an Omnipotent Providence in asking that they take part in a work which is great in its conception, great in its nature, and great in the reward of its continuance. So great, indeed, that only the foolhardy would dare incur the consequences of giving it a refusal. For, where may light be found by those who have refused to look into the brightness of Christ's countenance; where may peace be found by those who have spurned the call to be one with Him in the work of salvation? What bitterness for those whose wisdom is such folly; what wisdom for those who know the bitterness of such folly.

Can any one imagine a privilege greater than that of being allowed to labor with Christ in the education of the young or in the nursing of the sick, in the caring for the poor or in the conversion of the heathen? Is not this call of the Divine Savior a patent invitation to live with Him awhile in Nazareth and the Holy City, to talk with Him in the silence of the Temple, to walk at His side over the fields and the hills of Galilee to the lake shore of Genesareth? It is this reaching with mortal hands into eternity that gives to the simple, unromantic strivings of everyday life their reward and glory. The fatigue of earthly labor is thus made bearable by joys not unlike to those "that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" those inconceivable joys that God has prepared for those who love and serve Him.

The work of these great American foundresses is not to perish. Christ loved them too well for that. It is to be continued with that same wisdom which was theirs in such

abundance, the wisdom of exchanging a perishable life for life everlasting. And thus they are to remain like stars, reaching down as lights of glory into a world that needs the brightness of the heavens.

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